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By Sidney Zion

Imogene Coca
Hits the Spot,
By Tom Burke

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MARCH 13, 1978
NEW YORK

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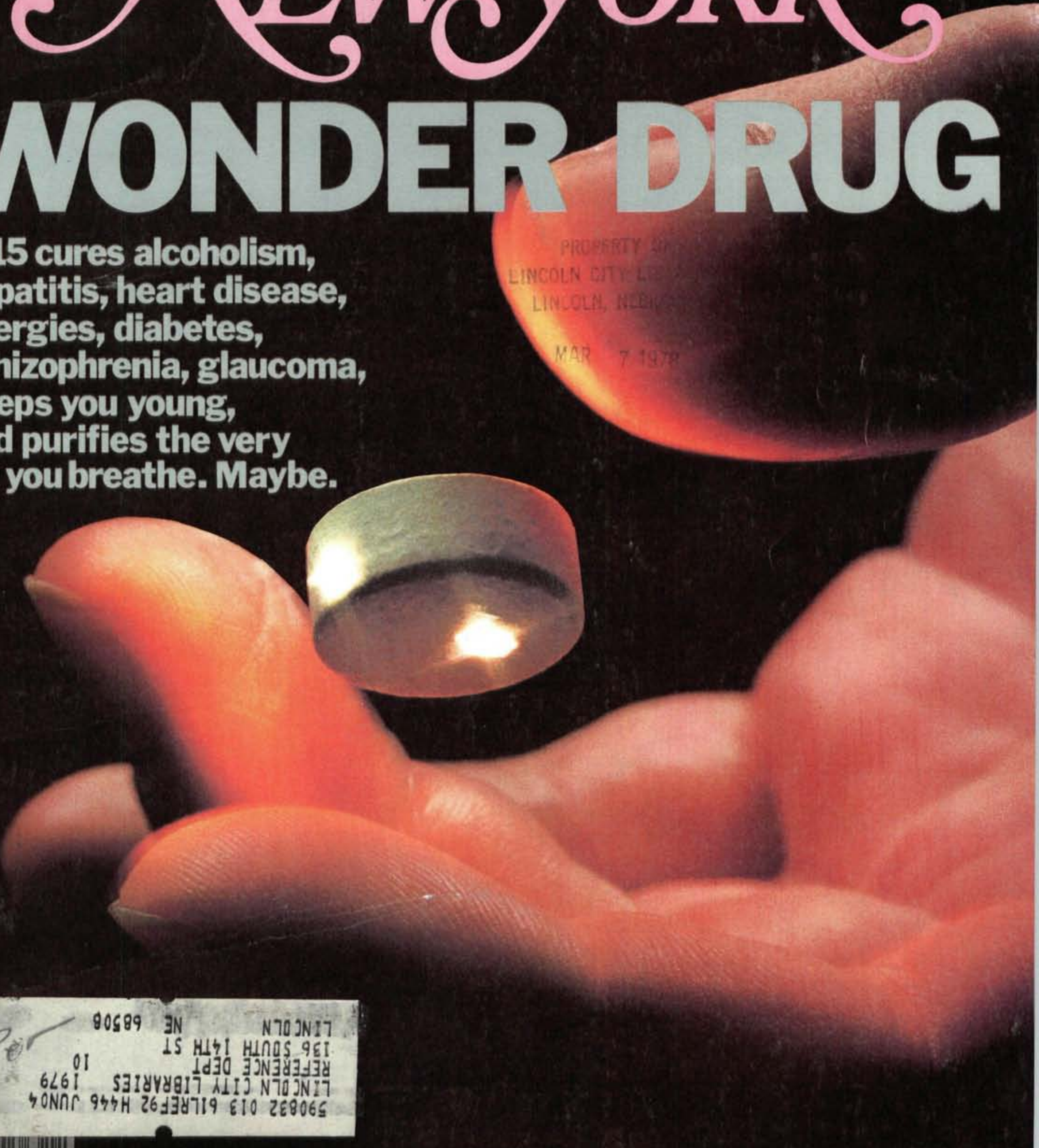

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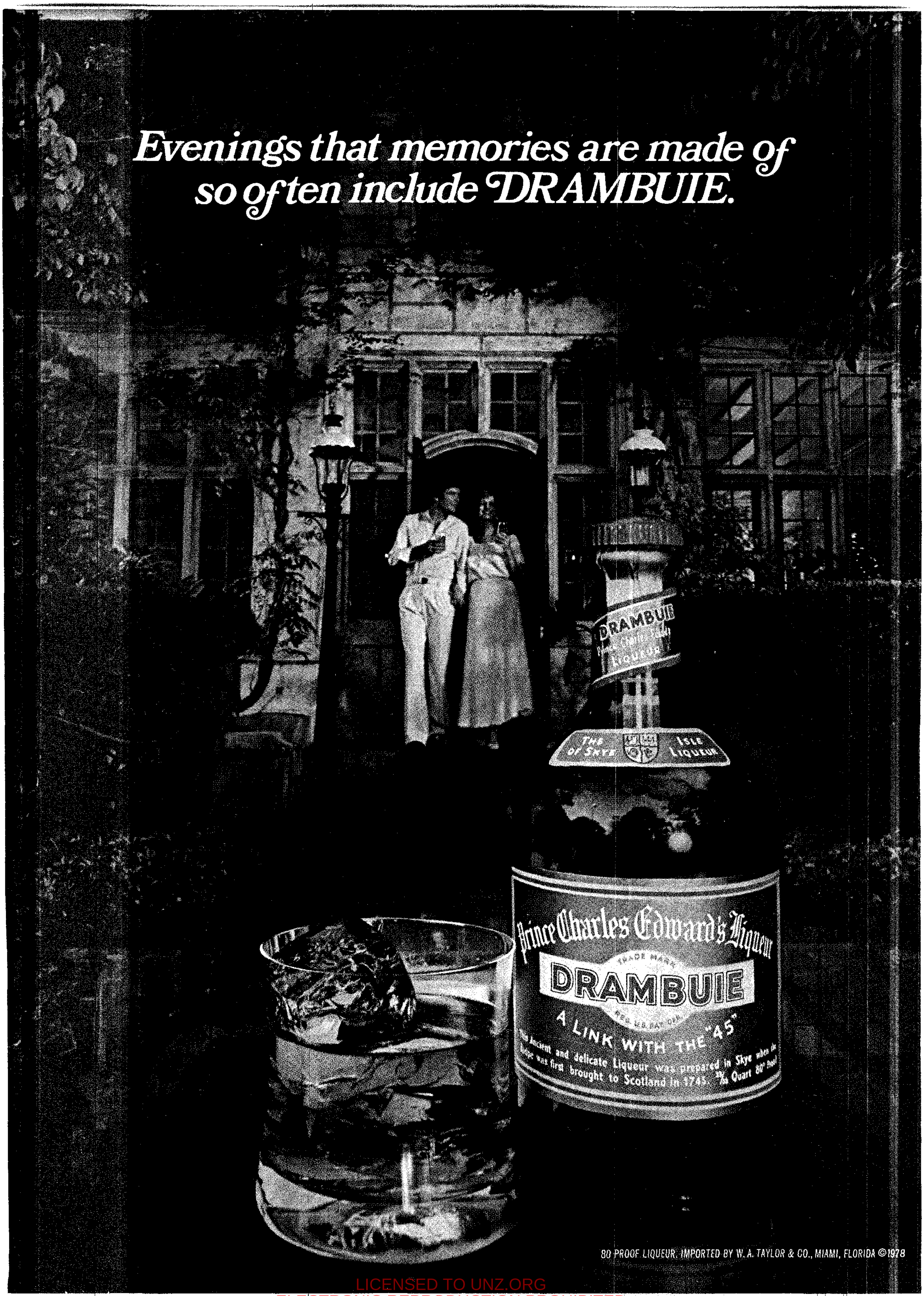

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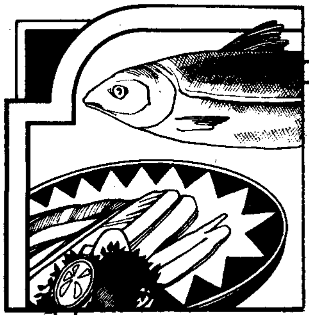

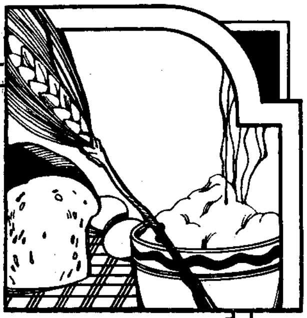

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the cellar

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VOL. 11 NO. 11

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By Philip Nobile
Hard on the heels of Laetrile comes a second offering from the pit of the apricot. Reporter Nobile untangles a complex web of wonder-drug claims, promising cures for everything from angina to childhood autism. Athletes, both pros like Muhammad Ali and amateurs like jogger Dick Gregory, have been popping it—and so are the horses on the U.S. equestrian team. The FDA, meanwhile, is on the warpath. Nobile's conclusion? Judge for yourself.

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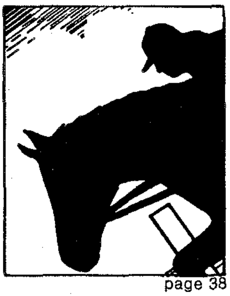
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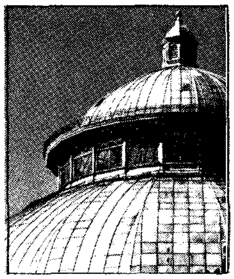
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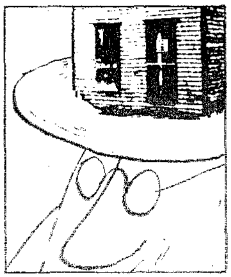
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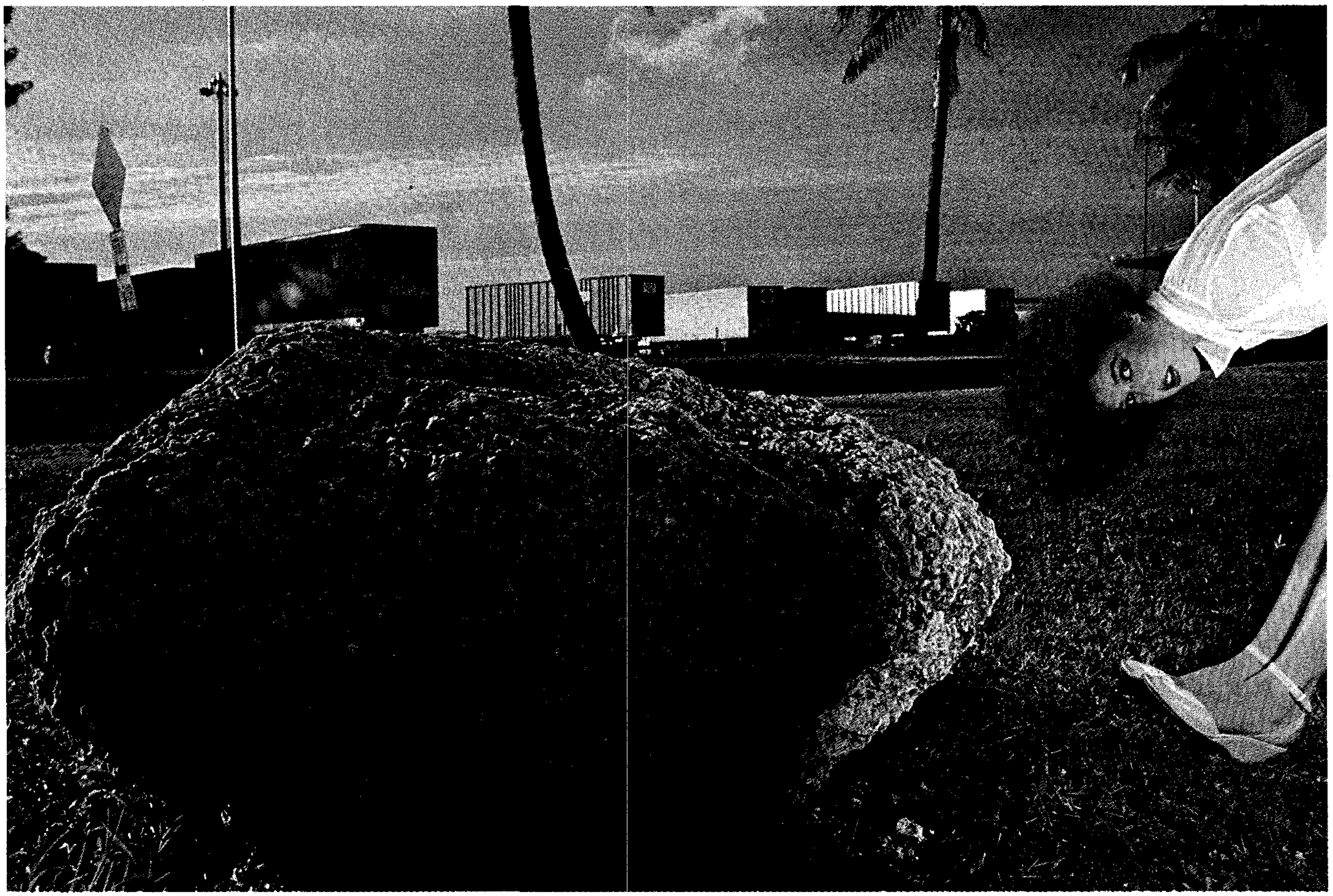

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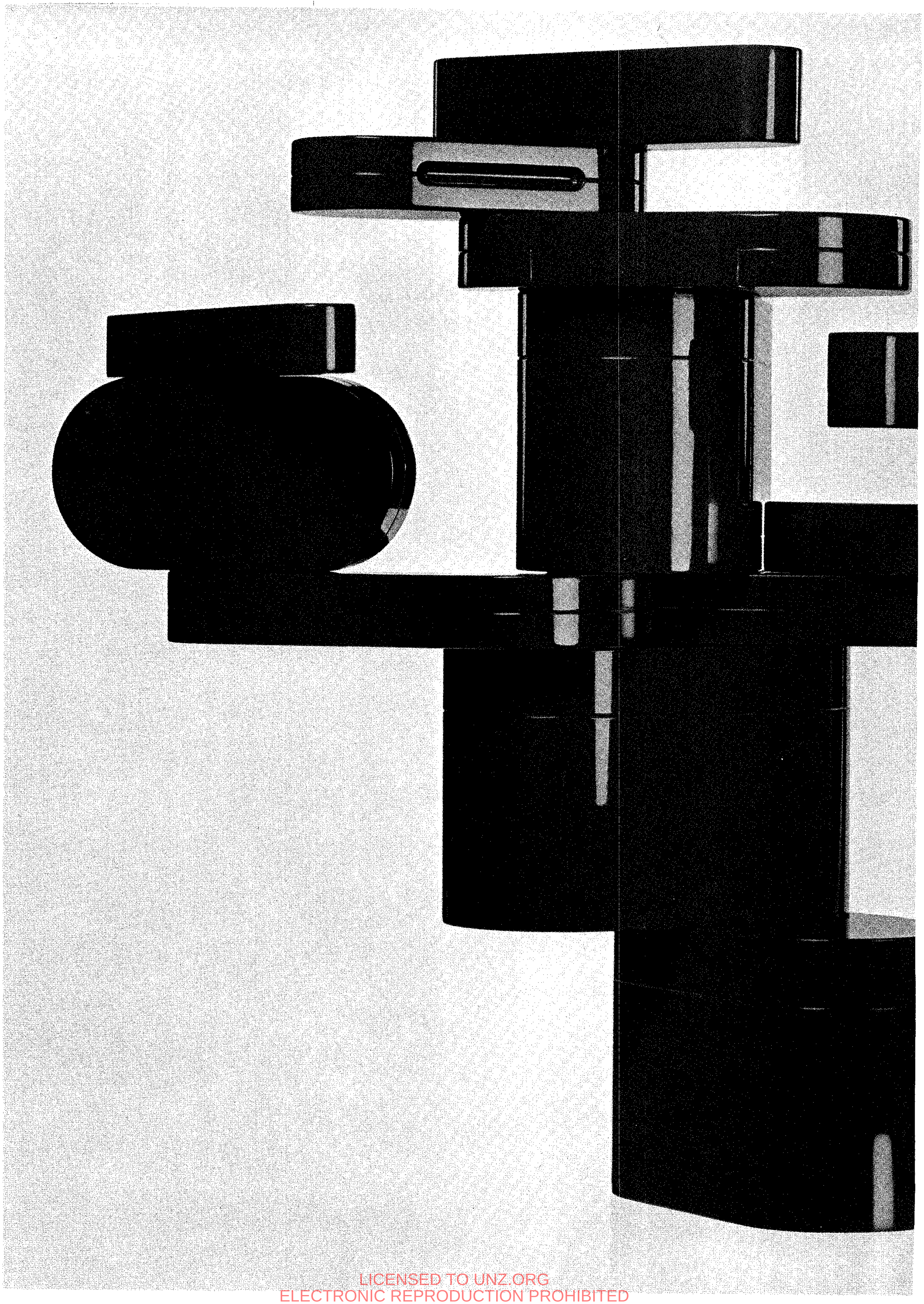

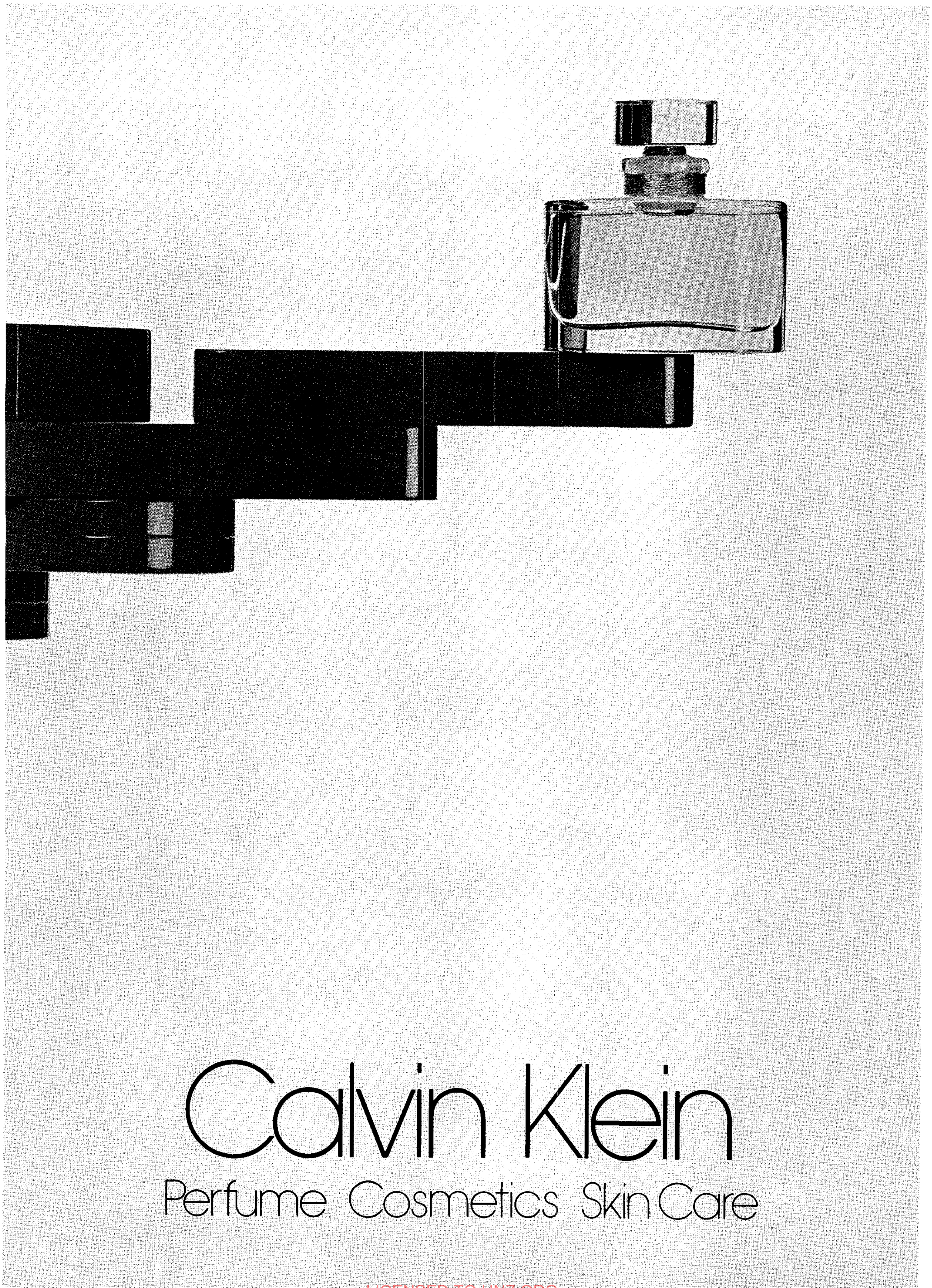
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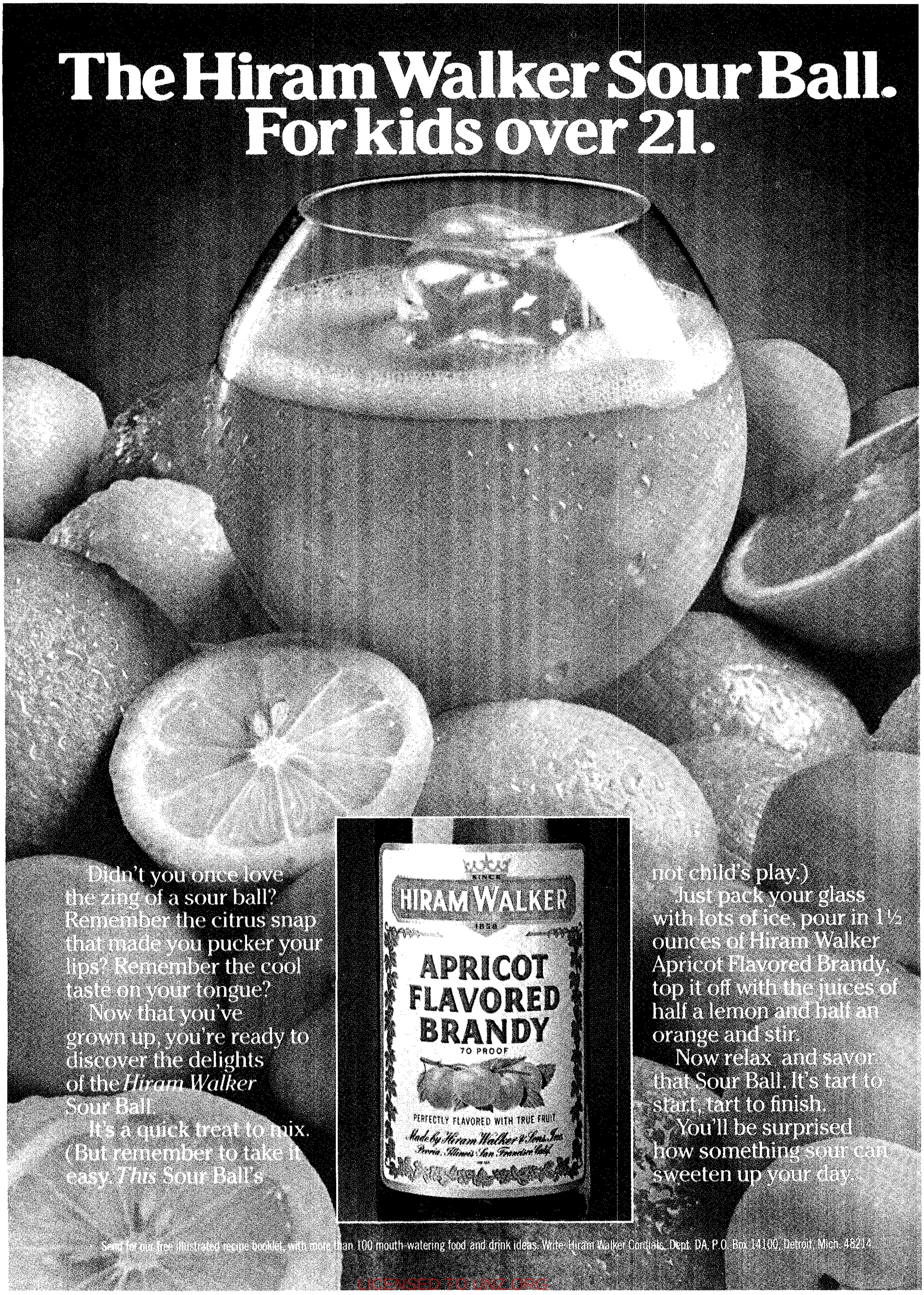
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LETTERS

The Debate Rages On

As the moderator of the Hayakawa-Moynihan "debate" described by Garry Wills ["Moynihan and the Politics of Flattery," March 6], I should appreciate the opportunity to add some observations. Wills's depiction of the situation was precise, notwithstanding his gratuitous slurs cast upon Towson State University and its president. Still, I would like to add a few points to apprise your readers of the full egregiousness of Senator Hayakawa's irresponsibility and arrogance (Moynihan's having been well exposed by Wills).

Several weeks before the "debate," I was told that Hayakawa's office had called Towson's Student Government Association office to inform Towson that he and Moynihan were dissatisfied with the debate topic (an evaluation of President Carter's first year in office). Subsequently, we learned that Moynihan had in fact expressed no such dissatisfaction, and, after we had tried to ascertain what Hayakawa's specific objections were, his office indicated that all objections were withdrawn.

Throughout the dinner preceding the "debate," Hayakawa gave no indication that in lieu of speaking on the debate topic he would give his platitudinous and irrelevant blueprint for reversing what he saw as the current trend in this country of emasculating our children. In fact, at one point at dinner Moynihan asked Hayakawa, "What are you going to say [in the debate] about the Panama treaties? Surely you're going to deal with that." Hayakawa responded by saying only that he now supported the treaties. I suspect that he calculated his answer to avoid confronting publicly his plotted dereliction of responsibility.

In sum, it appears that Hayakawa decided to speak on whatever he pleased while maintaining the impression that he would debate the agreed-upon topic. In that way, we would not replace him and would have no likely recourse later.

Richard E. Vatz, Ph.D.
Assistant professor
Communications Arts and Sciences
Towson State University
Towson, Md.

Park Slope Continued

Before we read Denis Hamill's article in the February 13 *New York* ["Park Slope: The Myth of Neighborhood"], we thought we lived in a lovely old family neighborhood in Park Slope. The houses are well maintained. Children play safely in our street, and neighbors know each other. We are not all Hispanic (Mr. Hamill so describes us), nor are we all white. Some of us are young, and some are old. We certainly never knew that we lived in a "slum." Yet we live "on the other side of the 9th Street tracks," so we must live in a "slum," because *New York*, through Mr. Hamill, has said so.

Like almost every other neighborhood in the city, ours certainly has its problems. But we do not believe that *New York* would print an article accusing Manhattan's Upper West Side of being a slum simply because one will find, on some of its blocks, seedy rooming houses and occasionally a sealed-up building. Like Park Slope south (and north) of 9th Street, it contains some pleasant blocks and some which are not so pleasant. Such is New York.

David Sandgrund
President
10th Street Block Association
Brooklyn

It's surprising that a native son like Denis Hamill would treat his home neighborhood so sensationally and superficially. Knowing the area well, he wouldn't have had to do much homework to profile Park Slope fairly. Hamill's choice to speak only of Park Slope's problems ignores the efforts of a wide variety of organizations that are trying to solve or, at least, minimize those problems.

For instance, Hamill could have written about the numerous rallies and meetings that the anti-redlining group, Against Investment Disinvestment (AID), an outgrowth of Park Slope's United Block Association, a neighborhoodwide organization, has held and the pressure they have brought to bear on the Greater New York Savings Bank, rather than focusing on one meagerly attended rally. Hamill also neglected to report on the Fifth Avenue Committee (FAC), which grew out of opposition to a shopping-center development nearby. Initially concerned about the shopping street, FAC is also working hard on housing through its Housing Committee and Tenants Council. FAC has a broad constituency made up of homeowners, renters, merchants, blacks, whites, and Hispanics. Numerous other grass-roots community organizations, such as Park Slope Together, Park Slope Tenants Council, Hispanos Unidos, Slope Sports, among others, continue to make a difference in our neighborhood.

I would welcome any judicious analysis of Park Slope that can function as an example of the current state of an inner-city neighborhood or with any other constructive point of view. But to blackball a neighborhood and to attempt to breathe credence into the argument by invoking Jane Jacobs is reprehensible.

Now that the "myth" of Park Slope has been presented, when will you report on the real Park Slope?

Patricia Zedalis
Brooklyn

Safe Places

I just finished reading Philip Ross's article "Sex and the Single Girl" in my February 27 issue of *New York* and what I'd like to know is at the end of that ridiculous episode, did that guy still have his wallet?

Ernie Richstone
Rego Park

Private Matters

Your article of February 27 ["What Happens When You Go Into 13 Elegant New York Restaurants Without a Reservation and Ask: 'Where Is the Men's Room, Please?' " by William Bayer] suggests that such an action constitutes acceptable conduct. Your article thereby constitutes a disservice to the city and to public behavior.

An essential ingredient of civilized life is the cultivation of self-discipline and self-control—and not only of the urinary bladder and the bowels—so that one need not make demands on or otherwise intrude upon the privacy of other people. People with manners and delicacy do not ask their neighbors, on the airplane or on the block, for a match, nor for the time of day, nor for a glass of water, nor for a cup of flour, unless they have prior acquaintance with those neighbors. Certainly there are exceptions, but your article encourages the making of such demands when there are no exceptional circumstances justifying them.

Your article speaks of rights. What rights? Your reporter was a stranger in the restaurants he visited, not a patron or customer, and I do not believe he had any right to use the facilities of those restaurants.

J. Philip Anderegg
Forest Hills ■

The first visa-free route to Russia was found by the Finnish explorer, Leif Gravlax, when he got lost trying to discover a warm-water route to Kansas.

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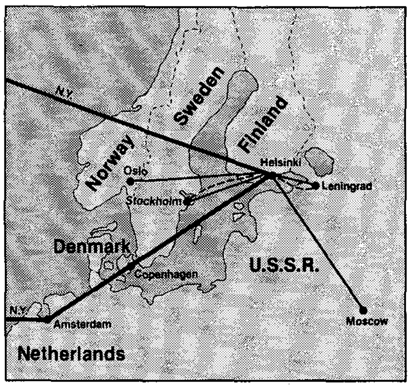

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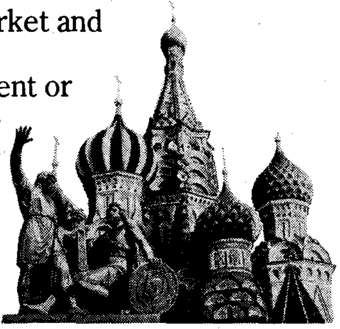

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Paul Bocuse's New Book: A Case of Too Many Cooks?

Paul Bocuse's French Cooking, a bible of the *nouvelle cuisine* and last year's hot Christmas book, is essentially a warmed-over collection of other chefs' recipes.

The Pantheon book is based on *La Cuisine et la patisserie française*, by Alfred Guérot, a French editor and chef who died in 1965. *La Cuisine* was published in France by Flammarion, Bocuse's publisher, in 1953, and ten years later in America by Golden Press, as *French Cooking for Everyone.*

The French edition of Bocuse's book (but not the American one) is dedicated to Alfred Guérot, and Bocuse acknowledges him in his introduction: "I use many of Guérot's recipes, which I find marvelous. . . . His recipes are the most perfect in existence; and in this book I use them for the most part. In cooking one invents nothing. . . . There is the tradition, to which, to be sure, one must add the margin for innovation that I have been talking about. Therefore I have adapted Guérot's recipes, transformed them."

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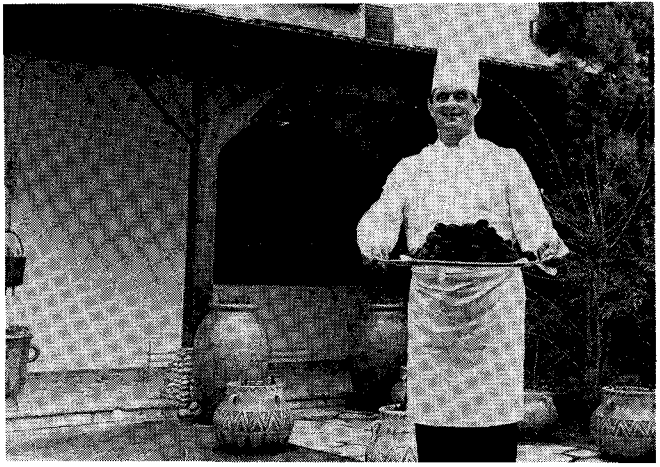


*Bocuse: Not-so-*nouvelle *cuisine.*

A comparison of the two books, however, turns up many instances in which Bocuse has not "adapted" or "transformed" Guérot's recipes, but simply reproduced them. Explanations of cooking methods, chapter headings, and the sequence of recipes within chapters are in many cases virtually identical. Often, Bocuse has simply changed a measurement or two (frequently adding salt) and reworded the directions.

When asked about the striking similarities, Bocuse's Flammarion editor, Gisou Bavoillot, said that he had purchased the rights to Guérot's book from his widow, and added, "Guérot was a chef known only in France. His book . . . was never published in the States. Bocuse wanted to write a basic book that would be useful to everyone, and he told us, 'I could write it myself, but Guérot's book is the best ever written.' . . . The book," the editor went on, "was difficult for anyone to use—it was all mixed up and not at all clear."

And what ever happened to the *nouvelle cuisine*, with its lyrical lightness, its crisp-cooked vegetables, its flourless sauces? Abandoned in the rush to press, alas. There are scores of flour-based sauces here and green beans cooked to a classic limpness. Spinach boils away. Lettuce simmers more than an hour. This from the champion of the vegetable with a bite.

None of the French critics dared—or cared—to criticize the Lion of Lyons. Perhaps their silence was a tribute to the honor he has brought to the kitchen—how this one man's passion and ambition have made the country's greatest chefs into jet-set superstars. It would have been delicious if Bocuse had sat down long enough to detail many of his favorite recipes. But no one who knows how driven and distracted he is can be surprised. He has entrusted his kitchen to a talented alter ego, Roger Jaloux, and abdicated from a personal statement by entrusting his cookbook to Guérot. —**Jane Salzfass Freiman**

Unknown Louis Bout Revealed

Loving the heavyweight champion of the world isn't all honeysuckle and roses—or so Lena Horne found out at the end of her affair with Joe Louis. The champ, in his forthcoming autobiography from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, says that one day in 1943 "Lena started cursing me like nobody ever had. Before I knew it, I hit her with a left hook and knocked her on the bed. Then I jumped on her and started choking her."

Lena was saved from further damage by her aunt, who ran in threatening to call the police. Joe's comment on his loss of control: "Passion can mess you up."

Soviets Delay on Prisoner Exchange

The Russians are dragging their heels on a proposed new exchange of political prisoners with the West, but worldwide diplomatic circuits are buzzing with rumors that some kind of a swap may be in the offing.

Simon Wiesenthal, the hunter of Nazi criminals who now concentrates on the defense of human rights in communist countries, reported from Vienna last week that Chile and Uruguay have offered to exchange nineteen communists in their prisons for an equal number of imprisoned Soviet dissidents. These dissidents would be taken from a list of 25 political prisoners provided by the Soviet physicist Andrei Sakharov to the Copenhagen-based Sakharov Hearings Committee, which is working on the exchanges.

PICTORIAL PARADE

Wiesenthal: Working on swap.

However, Wiesenthal, chairman of the committee, says that the Soviets have failed to reply to the Chilean-Uruguayan offer. In the worsening East-West relationship, he thinks Moscow does not want to acknowledge that many of these prisoners are "politicals."

In Washington, there are reports that the son of East German lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, who arranged the exchange of U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers for Soviet superspy Rudolf Abel, recently visited the United States for mysterious discussions about the release of another Soviet spy—an American citizen—serving a 30-year sentence here. The State Department doesn't want to talk about any of this. The Israelis are reportedly working through other channels for a swap of Jewish dissidents in Russia for imprisoned Latin American communists. —**Tad Szulc**

The War of the Moles, Continued

In the two weeks since "New York" began publishing the two-part article "The War of the Moles," by Edward Jay Epstein, Intelligencer has come into possession of new information which throws into even sharper focus the spirited war between the intelligence agencies of the Soviet Union and the United States.

The Capture of Agent X

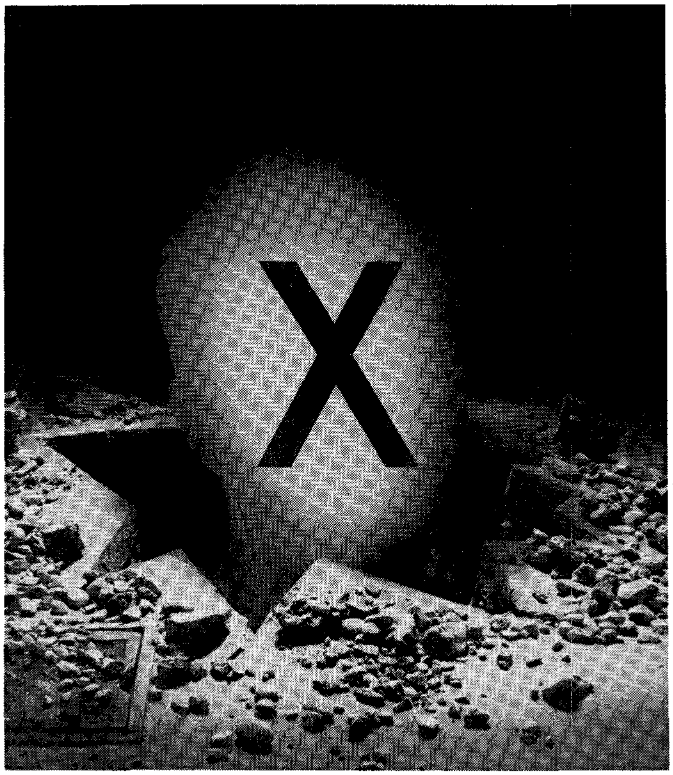
Though it is still a closely guarded secret in Washington, the CIA is now reeling from the capture within the last few months of its most important agent in the Soviet Union. The documents passed by this "mole" to the CIA were regarded as the most valuable intelligence on Soviet plans since the material furnished by Colonel Oleg Penkovsky before his exposure in 1962.

According to a Senate source with access to intelligence oversight, the CIA has been hoping that the capture of this valued "mole" (referred to hereafter as Agent X) would remain secret. But within the CIA, this disaster poses once more the enigma that has haunted it for twenty years: How has the KGB been able to ferret out every important western "mole" since 1959?

To Catch a Mole

As a former deputy director of the CIA's Soviet Russia section has pointed out, "It takes a mole to catch a mole." By this he meant that the Soviets could only have caught Agent X and his predecessors by having their own man (or men) planted in U.S. intelligence.

Is this conceivable? Many U.S. intelligence officials put the question the other way around. The Soviets have demonstrably infiltrated every other western intelligence service. Their triumphs have included emplacement of such moles as Kim Philby in Great Britain, Heinz Felfe in West German counterintelligence, and the Topaz ring in French intelligence. To many top CIA officials, it seems inconceivable that the Soviets have not made every effort to infiltrate U.S. spy agencies, which they consider the main enemy. The recent capture of Agent X seems to be just one more link in a long chain of evidence that the Soviets have been successful in such efforts.



Caught: How did the KGB sniff out our mole in Moscow?

Did the FBI Betray Popov?

In 1959, the CIA was stunned by the capture of its only mole in the Soviet Union—Colonel Peter S. Popov. In the postmortem on this disaster, the CIA is known to have focused some suspicion on the FBI's New York office.

One of Popov's last messages concerned the arrival by plane in New York of a female Soviet agent. The CIA turned this information over to the FBI, whose prerogative of maintaining security within U.S. borders had always been zealously guarded by J. Edgar Hoover. But soon after Popov's news had been routed to the FBI, Popov was caught in Russia.

To this day, the suspicion in the CIA persists that a person (or persons) in the FBI's New York office betrayed Popov on receipt of his information.

The Man From the KGB

Into this atmosphere of suspicion came the crucial figure of Anatoli M. Golitsin. (Details of this case were outlined by Edward Jay Epstein in *New York*, February 27.) In brief, this high-level defector from Moscow stated that there were Soviet moles already in place, not only in the FBI but also in the CIA.

Golitsin added that the mole within the CIA had been activated in 1957 by V. M. Kovshuk, one of the highest-ranking Soviet executives in the KGB, who paid a personal visit to the United States using a fake diplomatic passport for cover. (Given Kovshuk's high position, it was as though James Angleton had been sent on a personal visit to the Soviet Union.)

Golitsin's good faith was buttressed by his disclosure that the Soviets had a minor mole in the CIA, code-named Sasha. Sasha was subsequently identified as a contract employee working out of Germany. Soon after, he was photographed in contact with the Soviets and then rapidly retired out of the service.

Sullivan's Last Suspicions

At the same time, the FBI received indisputable evidence that it had been penetrated. Three top-secret documents had vanished from its Washington office. Hopes that they had merely been mislaid were shattered when a Soviet diplomat offered to sell back these same documents to a United States naval attaché for $10,000. This episode convinced William C. Sullivan, deputy director of the FBI, that Soviet moles were in place in the FBI.

For fifteen years, Sullivan came to believe, the Soviets had been passing misinformation to the FBI through Agent "Fedora," a person trusted by Hoover as an asset of extraordinary value. Not only did Sullivan consider that Fedora, working in the Soviet U.N. delegation in New York, was a plant; he also inferred that Fedora must be receiving support from another Soviet agent actually employed by the FBI in New York. Sullivan was openly avowing these conclusions to Epstein shortly before his death in a hunting accident in the fall of 1977. (At one point Sullivan believed he had identified the Soviet operative inside the FBI, but the investigation was terminated on orders from Washington.)

The Zep Factor

In 1962 came another disaster: the capture of Colonel Oleg Penkovsky. The official account put out by the Soviets was that Penkovsky had been detected through routine surveillance. Such a version would evidently provide a protective umbrella for a betrayer of Penkovsky, working for the Russians within the CIA (or any other intelligence service). Indeed, CIA counterintelligence still had some doubts on the case.

Its reasoning displays the Byzantine workings of counterintelligence. On his release from the Soviet Union in 1962, the British agent Greville Wynne reported that the KGB in the course of interrogation had quizzed him about someone named "Zep." Since Zep was a girl in London with whom Penkovsky had been briefly involved in 1961, the CIA surmised that the Russians had Penkovsky under close surveillance well before the time he had officially come under suspicion. This once again suggested the existence of a Soviet mole somewhere in the CIA.

The War Within the CIA

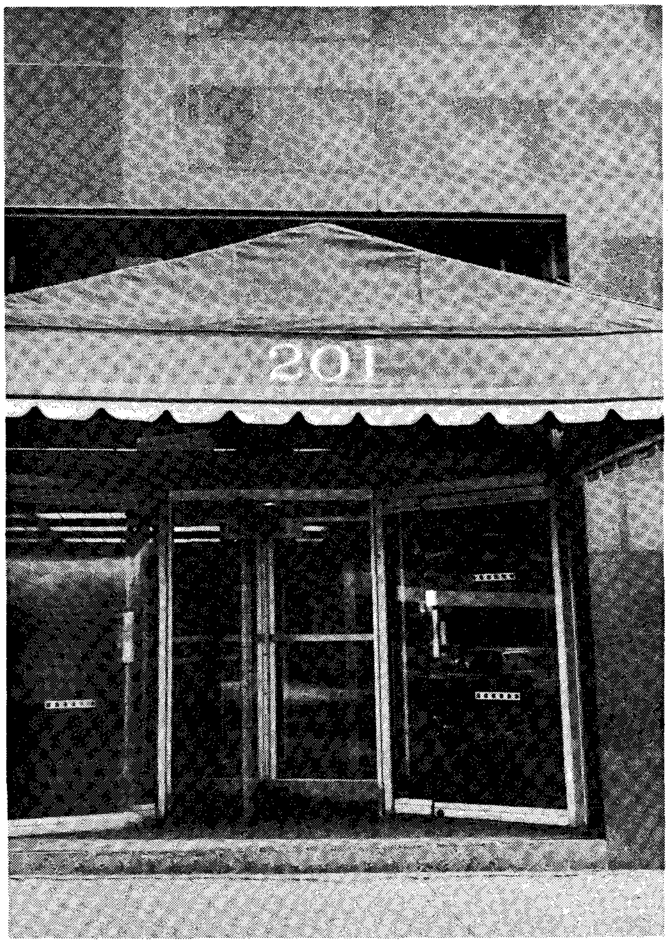
It is hard to overestimate the fears, suspicions, and paranoia generated within the U.S. intelligence agencies by the hunt for the Soviet moles. At the height of the debate over the credentials of Yuri Nosenko (who defected in 1964, claiming that Oswald had had no contacts with the KGB), no less a person than the head of the Soviet Russia Division within the CIA was accused by one of his own men of being a Soviet agent. It was only after a full investigation by the FBI that the head was exonerated.

Mutual suspicion between the CIA and FBI of each other's moles and sources became so intense that in 1971 Hoover broke off relations with the agency. The war within the CIA itself came to a head with Director William Colby's summary firing of Angleton and forced resignation of his three top aides at the end of 1974.

In the wake of the Colby massacre, the notion of a Soviet mole within the CIA was dismissed as "sickthink." But the capture of Agent X has once again brought the issue to the fore. Now that it is known that Nosenko, actually indicted by the CIA's Soviet Russia Division as a Soviet spy, has been rehabilitated and is handling 120 cases for both the CIA and the FBI, the simple question has to be asked: Did he have any access to the Agent X case before the latter's capture?

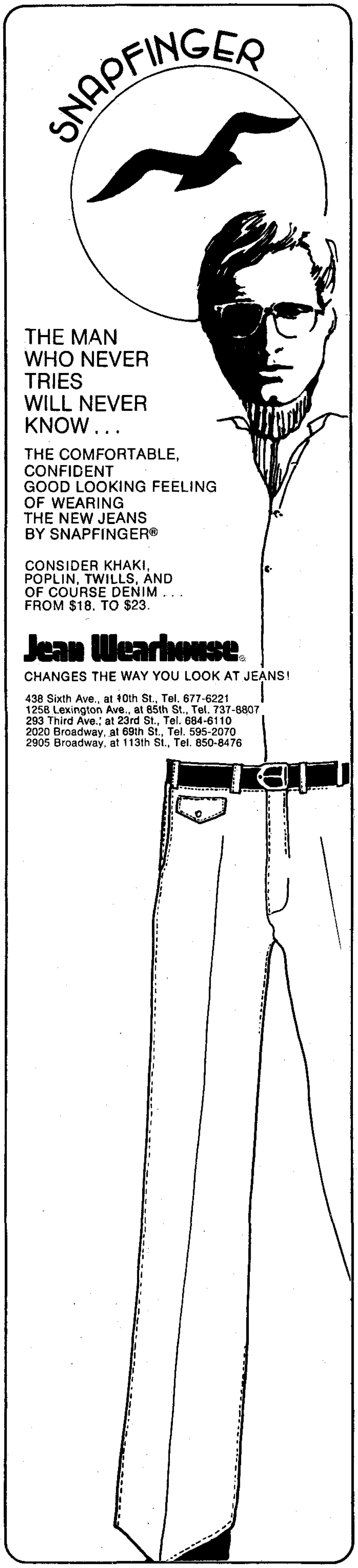
Admiral Stansfield Turner, director of the CIA, confided last month in a secret session of the Senate Intelligence Oversight Committee that he considered the disclosures made by Frank Snepp, the author of the CIA exposé *Decent Interval,* one of the most serious problems facing the agency. Turner now might ask himself if the prosecution of Snepp for his innocuous revelations is really as pressing a problem as detection of the presumed betrayer of Agent X.

Over at the FBI, its new head, Judge William Webster, might also inquire why the bureau, which has spent so many years harrying presumed Communist subversives in other organizations, has yet to ferret out the cause of so much suspicion within its own New York office. ■



RICHARD PAN

The house on 69th Street: Does a Russian agent go through these doors every day to work for the FBI? Suspicion exists that an FBI agent, working for the Soviets, may have been responsible for the capture of our mole within the KGB. The "Agent X" case has a precedent in the apprehension of Colonel Oleg Penkovsky. The circumstances surrounding his arrest indicated the presence of a Soviet mole within the CIA.



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The Koch Watch/Jack Deacy

MAYOR MOUTH

During last September's mayoral primary, a Mario Cuomo TV ad showed the face of John Lindsay slowly dissolving into the face of Ed Koch. The message from the Cuomo camp was anything but subtle: Tune into Koch and you'll get a Lindsay rerun. It didn't work—or else John Lindsay can still pull votes.

For a while last week the ad played over and over again in the minds of New Yorkers. And this time Ed Koch made it work.

First came L'Affaire Limousine, a comic one-acter which the mayor handled like a morality play.

Next, the mayor displayed an arrogance worthy of Big John himself. When told that the people of 61st Street in Brooklyn had dumped tons of garbage in their street because the stuff had gone uncollected for three weeks, Ed told them they wouldn't get away with it. Not a word about garbage pickings. No visit to see what the problem was.

Then, on the *Call Mayor Koch* TV show, one New Yorker inquired, quite reasonably, why blacks weren't getting a fair share of top jobs in the new administration. The mayor said he bitterly resented the implication that his administration was discriminating against blacks.

The very next night the mayor stormed out of a civic meeting in Queens, charging the group had used "terror tactics" and had attempted to make him the kangaroo in their kangaroo court. Koch called them "decent but misguided." John Lindsay could not have said it better.

"We remember John Lindsay as the mayor who left the snow in Queens," says one wag. "Now we'll remember Ed Koch as the mayor who left the *meeting* in Queens."

Mayor Koch, whether he knows it or not, is building a reputation—especially out in the boroughs—as The Mouth. He recently had to apologize publicly to Bankers Trust officials for charging that the bank had "blackmailed" the Beame administration into depositing $2 million in city funds in its Brownsville branch.

So what's with Ed Koch? What happened to Koch the Listener, Koch the Compromiser?

Could it be the public surfacing of an arrogance and pomposity Koch heretofore displayed only in private against political enemies?

"Oh, I don't think it's arrogance," says a friend of the mayor's. "That's not Ed's style. I think he's just frustrated with the bureaucracy he now runs. He is the Establishment now. I see it as a momentary lapse. And I don't think he's gotten credit for his handling of real problems—the appointments, the snowfalls, fiscal belt tightening, Board of Education reform."

That was said before the mayor withdrew his support for Representative Shirley Chisholm as schools chancellor. Ed dropped Shirley almost immediately after UFT head Al Shanker—and several black political leaders—threatened to wreck Koch's plans to get control of the Board of Education.

And what about Koch's failure to find a Real Property commissioner, a vacancy underscored last week when the *Daily News* reported that the city had auctioned off—for prices as low as $50—more than 40 abandoned buildings. The rub is that the buildings are located in the South Bronx neighborhoods scheduled for inclusion in Jimmy Carter's expected $900-million redevelopment plan for the area. The city or federal government may now have to buy back these same buildings at inflated prices in order to get the redevelopment plan going.

The Koch administration shouldn't take the major rap for this one; most of the properties had been approved for sale by the Board of Estimate before Koch took office.

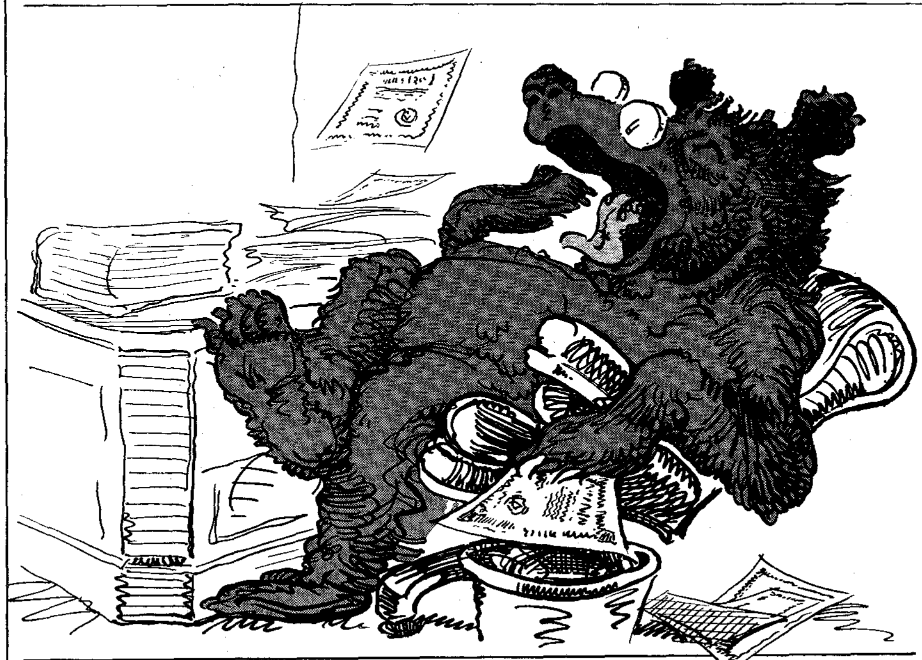
Besides overseeing the auction process, the Division of Real Property manages the more than 5,000 deteriorating buildings the city acquired when landlords refused to pay real-estate taxes.

The city of New York is the biggest slumlord in town, a slumlord without the staff (Real Property has only 40 realty managers) or funds to adequately service the buildings and their 100,000 occupants. Worse still, under a new city regulation, by midyear the city will find itself the reluctant landlord of at least 5,000 more buildings in tax arrears. Some say the figure will be closer to 10,000. How will the city handle that kind of work load?

After six weeks of charisma and two weeks of shooting from the lip, isn't it about time Ed Koch started displaying the competence he told us about? ■

The Bottom Line / Harold B. Ehrlich

BEHIND THE BEAR MARKET



Curing Sell Fever

The rotten action of our stock market during the last fourteen months could shake the financial foundations of our free-enterprise system. If stock prices keep dropping, then eventually the prices of other assets from private homes to antiques to productive machinery could also plummet. The value of one of the greatest assets held by Americans today—their claim to pension benefits—has been endangered already by the stock market's fall. Ironically, the sponsors and investment managers of the pension funds, which are by far the most powerful force in the marketplace, have been cutting the worth of their own portfolios through steady liquidation of equities. This pension-fund liquidation alone is a major reason why most stocks are so sharply *under*valued in 1978. Zealous buying by pension-fund managers made the top-tier stocks just as *over*valued in the more halcyon days of 1972 as they are undervalued today.

No one else with enough power to offset the pensions' selling force is inclined to do so. And who can blame people from shying away from the stock market? After all, for the past decade investors have been able to earn so much more, on average, from Treasury bills, bonds, and a variety of other assets — even non-income-producing ones—that people may withdraw even farther from the equity area. The consequence? A no-growth economy and a deflation—or else the government will have to provide a large portion of the funds required for plant expansion and modernization. Shades of Britain.

Economist Harold B. Ehrlich is chairman and chief executive officer of Bernstein-Macaulay, Inc., investment counselors.

However, there is another, much more optimistic, prognosis. The decline in stocks in recent months is nothing compared to worse trials the American capitalist system has withstood—such as the Depression of the 1930s or the financial crunch of four years ago. A new bull market is more likely to emerge in the near future than is a cataclysmic collapse of capitalism as we know it. The price trends of every kind of asset, except for equities, may be a clue that the stock market is seriously undervalued and that a turnaround will come soon.

For almost a decade now, even the prices of non-income-producing assets like raw land, antique furniture, artwork, cooperative apartments all over New York City, and single-family homes in California have been rising sharply while the prices of such sterling dividend payers as General Motors' common stock have declined. During the same period, the cost of building productive assets like plants and machinery has climbed steadily, while the market prices of the claims on those assets—stocks and bonds—have eroded. How can it be that it costs appreciably more today to open a McDonald's franchise on Second Avenue, but the value of the company's stock continues to sink? How can it be that it costs Exxon more and more to find new oil and to build new filling stations while its stock price falls?

This curious financial schizophrenia has affected even the most sober corporate executives. A number of management teams have bid large premiums over prevailing market prices for the equities of their own companies or for the stock of so-called "takeover" candidates. For example, J. Ray McDermott & Company last September ended up paying more than a 100 percent premium over the original market price for Babcock & Wilcox, in order to win out in a bidding war with United Technologies. Yet, at the same time, in their capacity as trustees of pension funds, many of these same executives have exhorted their investment managers to "reduce risk," a euphemism for dumping stocks. Major companies like Union Oil of California have cut back equity portfolio managers drastically and major banks on both coasts have been dramatically reducing the percentage of equities in their portfolios.

Why the sell fever of institutional investors while the price of virtually every other asset is rising? For one thing, some trustees of pension funds, who now have personal liability under ERISA, have been pressuring their investment managers to sell in order to reduce the legal exposure that stock ownership brings. Many businessmen are trying to restrain the escalation of company contributions to pension funds caused by embarrassing stock-market losses. And union leaders from the coal industry to Detroit are pressing for liquidation of stocks in order to forestall any diminution of benefit payments to already angry members aggravated by market reverses.

A number of investment managers have been selling simply to retain their jobs. Firms and portfolio executives who have inherited new accounts are eliminating the "mistakes" made by others and are especially anxious to show how prudent they can be in comparison with a previous manager or investment company. Finally, some pension investors are selling simply be-

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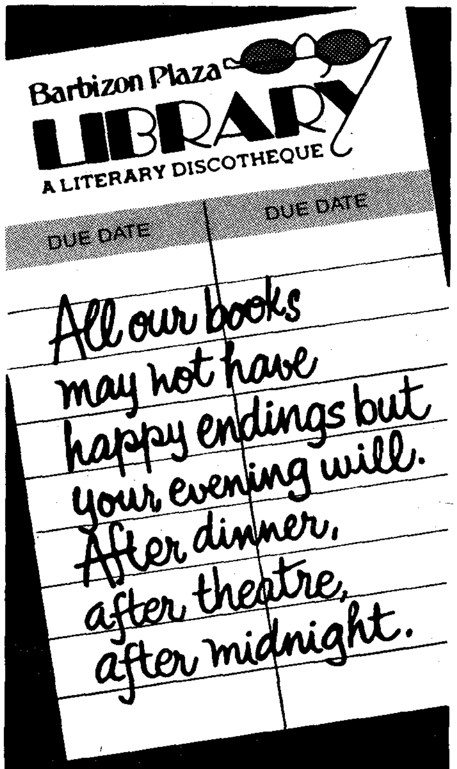
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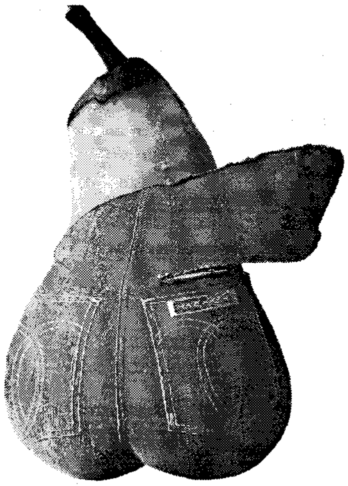

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cause they are tired of losing money in stocks when bonds yield more than enough to cover the "actuarial" requirements of their funds.

However unsound all these personal reasons for selling may be, the liquidation can drag on for the short run, because prices are "made at the margin" by small changes in buying or selling. Similar and emotional buying by pension funds pushed the prices of top-tier growth stocks up to seriously overvalued levels in 1972, unrealistic levels which could not have been forecast in advance. For example, during 1972 the stock of drug giant Merck sold at a peak price-earnings ratio of 45. Today, Merck is selling at thirteen times earnings—a drastic drop. In 1972 Schering-Plough sold for an average of 39 times earnings; today, it sells for 9 times earnings, and nothing bad has happened to the company. The price-earnings ratio of the Standard & Poor's 500 Stock Index itself has dropped from an average of nineteen times for 1972 to about eight times today, despite a 70 percent *increase* in the composite earnings of the index from 1972 to the present.

As incongruous as these facts may seem, stock prices going down while earnings are climbing, there are several fundamental reasons—aside from pension-fund liquidation—which account for the latest market drop:

☐ Faith in many of our basic institutions, including the government and even the presidency, is flagging.

☐ The return from fixed-income securities is rising while the earning power behind stocks is falling as inflation pushes interest rates and labor costs up.

☐ The earning power behind equities may remain weak because manufacturing volume has been flat since mid-1977 while the cost of production has been rising.

☐ Our rate of economic growth is slowing down in many ways and a recession can be forecast with some assurance. Institutional investors rarely buy stocks aggressively until they can measure the likely erosion of earnings due to a business slowdown.

☐ There is still a widespread conviction that our trade balance will remain deeply negative and that the dollar will remain weak because our dependence on imported oil hasn't improved.

☐ Foreign and even many domestic interests remain reluctant to hold financial assets denominated in dollars until they believe the value of the currency has stabilized.

Is it possible for the market to find a solid bottom, let alone mount a meaningful and sustained advance, while all of these issues are still depressing investor psychology? What will it take to turn things around?

The bull case rests upon six events, all of which should happen within the next twelve months:

☐ Our rate of inflation must show definite signs of weakening.

☐ Some sort of national energy program must be adopted to cut the contribution of petroleum imports to our trade deficit.

☐ The U.S. dollar must show signs of price stability in order to calm domestic investors and to encourage an increase of foreign funds in U.S. markets.

☐ A meaningful tax-reduction—*not* tax-reform—program must be passed in order to initiate the restoration of confidence in our government.

☐ Economic forecasters must switch from discussing the current vigor of our economy and start pointing to the next recession, reassuring professional investors who are always reluctant to buy equities when earnings growth rates are slowing down and when they have no idea how badly earnings will be hurt in the next decade.

☐ Pension-fund investors must reach the "comfort" level with their buildup of cash reserves and liquidation of equities.

When a new upthrust starts, it will get a powerful push from the combination of the huge "short position" on the New York Stock Exchange and the enormous "open interest" in "naked" options. One analyst has estimated that calls on some 50-odd million shares have been sold "short"—i.e., investors are committed to sell that many shares but do not now possess them or have contracts to buy them.

Caution toward equities is still probably the proper policy, at least until inflation starts to decelerate again, until recession seems closer, until the dollar stabilizes, and until the liquidation of equities by pension funds has abated. Rallies seem few and far between these days and not long-lived. But a sustained upward movement will come because the pricing pendulum has already swung deeply into undervaluation territory, and the forces pushing the market down will finally diminish this year.

If the market does not turn up, then a good case can be made for a fall in the price of most other assets, and even for a major change in our economic system. Admittedly, our system seems headed for a major change, but probably not so soon as to prevent another bull market in the meantime.

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Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0161). *Coma.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 3/7, *Bwana Toshi; Woman in the Dunes.* 3/8, *Claire's Knee; Bed and Board.* 3/9, *The Sandpiper; On a Clear Day You Can See Forever.* 3/10, 11, *Death in Venice; Contempt.* 3/12, *Adam's Rib; Pat and Mike.* 3/13, *High Sierra; Ceiling Zero.* 3/14, *Rashamon; Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 3/7, *The Courtship of Eddie's Father; The Sandpiper.* 3/8, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever; A Matter of Time.* 3/9, *Au Hasard, Balthazar; Mouchette.* 3/10, *Stavisky; Pierrot Le Fou.* 3/11, *The Virgin and the Gypsy; Under Milkwood.* 3/12, *Othello.* 3/13, *Ordet; La Symphonie Pastorale.* 3/14, *Weekend; The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Coming Home.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Fingers.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). From 3/7, *Furtivos.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 3/7, *Sometime Sweet Susan; Story of Joanna.* 3/8, 9, *The Misfits; The Stripper.* 3/10, 11, *Barbarella; Flesh Gordon.* 3/12, 13, *Queen Christina; Sylvia Scarlett.* 3/14, *Lenny;* Lenny Bruce performance.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 3/7, *Annie Hall.* From 3/8, *A Little Night Music.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-2720). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Serpent's Egg.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Coma.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 3/7, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 3/8, *The Turning Point.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 3/9, *The Betsy.* From 3/10, *Gray Lady Down.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Annie Hall.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Julia.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Duellists.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). To be announced.

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 3/14, *The One and Only.* From 3/15, *The Fury.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 3/16, *The Boys in Company C.* From 3/17, *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 3/15, *The One and Only.* From 3/16, *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 3/16, *The Boys in Company C.* From 3/17, *Casey's Shadow.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 3/14, *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain.* From 3/15, *House Calls.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Julia.* II. *The Goodbye Girl.* III. Thru 3/14, *Saturday Night Fever.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Thru 3/13, Perspectives on French Cinema. 3/14, noon, short films; 2:30, Expressionists (not recommended for children); 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains; The Fishing Village.* 3/16, 2:30, *Torajiro Aiaigasa;* 6 p.m. *Otoko Wa Tsurai Yo;* 8:30, *Torajiro Junjyo Shishu.* 3/17, 2:30, Formalists; 6 p.m. *Mayerling.* 3/18, noon, Pioneers; 2:30, Formalists; 5 p.m. Expressionists. 3/19, noon, Pioneers; 2:30, *On the Avenue;* 5 p.m. *J'Accuse.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *A Special Day.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 3/14, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 3/15, *Semi-Tough; Demon Seed.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 3/7, *Beyond and Back.* From 3/8, *Semi-Tough.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 3/14, *Coma.* From 3/19, *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Julia.* II. *The Turning Point.* III. *The Children of Theatre Street.* IV. *Sebastiane.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). Thru 4/12, *Crossed Swords.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 3/7, *King Kong,* (the good one); *Son of Kong.* 3/8-11, *Top Hat; Dance, Girl, Dance.* 3/12, 13, *Little Women; I Remember Mama.* 3/14, 15, *The Window; The Spiral Staircase.* 3/16-18, *Citizen Kane; The Magnificent Ambersons.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 3/7, *Paint Your Wagon.* 3/8-14, *Oklahoma.* II. Thru 3/9, *Beyond and Back.* From 3/10, *Gray Lady Down.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 3/9, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 3/10, *Gray Lady Down.* II. Thru 3/9, *The Turning Point.* From 3/10, *The Goodbye Girl.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 3/7, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 3/8, *Semi-Tough.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 3/7, *Outrageous!; The Man Who Fell to Earth.* From 3/8, to be announced.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 3/7, *The Reckless Moment; Letter From an Unknown Woman.* 3/8-14, *A Doll's House.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 3/7, *Rain or Shine; Carnival.* 3/8, *Washington Merry-Go-Round; Man's Castle.* 3/9, *This Is the Army; Private Buckaroo.* 3/10, 11, *To Be or Not To Be; We're Not Dressing.* 3/12, *It's a Wonderful Life; My Son, My Son.* 3/13, *The Stars Look Down, Kipps.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The One and Only.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Blue Collar.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Julia.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Betsy.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *The Betsy.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 3/7-15, *Residual Regions* (Francesc Torres).

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

OPENINGS

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Tuesday, March 7

Furtivos–Jose Luis Borau's allegoric condemnation of the Franco regime which heralded the birth of a new era in Spanish cinema. Shot on location in the forests of Segovia, film dramatizes the eternal battle between a mother, her son, and the girl he loves. Cinema Studio.

Wednesday, March 8

A Little Night Music–Harold Prince's play, features the music and lyrics of Stephen Sondheim, and stars Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, Lesley-Anne Down, and Hermione Gingold. At Columbia I.

Friday, March 10

GO DOWN, MOSES

Charlton Heston stars in David Green's **Gray Lady Down,** which tells of a homeward-bound nuclear submarine rammed by a radar-less Norwegian freighter off the coast of New London. Others in the cast are David Carradine, Stacy Keach, Ned Beatty, Stephen McHattie, Ronny Cox. RKO Cinerama II; Eastside; RKO 86th St I.

THE MOVIES

Barbarella–The movies of Roger Vadim are midway between picture spreads in girlie magazines and press releases for films in the process of shooting. This one is on the borderline, too, between sci-fi and soft-core pornography, based on a French comic strip, and probably less good. The best strip, though, comes from Jane Fonda, who was not yet politically committed and content to be a sex object. And what a sex object! Miss Fonda, bless her, does nothing by halves. 3/10, 11, Cinema Village.

Bed and Board–Continues Truffaut's saga of Antoine Doinel, who is now married to Claude Jade. Fairly typical French young-married mixups, with Jean-Pierre Leaud's performing as Antoine beginning to pall fairly seriously. Truffaut's invention, too, sags, though there are a few bright moments. 3/8, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Betsy–Who says they don't make movies like they used to? Daniel Petrie's film is as deliriously and extravagantly bad as anything turned out by Ross Hunter in the late 50s and 60s. Adapted from the Harold Robbins best-seller, it is a saga of wealth and corruption that takes us through four generations of one family. Laurence Olivier, aristocrat of the theater, creates an image of defilement that is exquisitely lurid in its own right. This is the best junk movie in years. U.A. East; thru 3/9, Eastside; Waverly.

Blue Collar–An engrossing if oddly lethargic drama of three Detroit automobile workers and their disasterous attempt to rip off their criminally corrupt union. Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, and Yaphet Kotto star in Paul Schrader's film, which has none of the hopped-up violence or faddish obsession that one has come to expect from screenplays. Kotto steals the picture for the significant reason that only he is simple and direct, richly transparent in every move. Trans-Lux East.

Blue Country–Brigette Fossey, Jacques Serres, Gi*nette Garcin in Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about* an urban career woman who goes to the country to find simplicity and freedom. 68th St Playhouse.

The Children of Theatre Street–Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornhelm and Earle Mack. Quad.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Coma–Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Criterion; Bay Cinema; Plaza.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietman that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Cinema I.

Crossed Swords–What little levity manages to survive in this plodding adaptation of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is provided (with a little help from George C. Scott) by the English veterans: Rex Harrison, Oliver Reed, Harry Andrews, and David Hemmings. But our own Richard Fleischer paints a heavy canvas. Thru 4/12, Radio City Music Hall.

Death in Venice–Luchino Visconti at his most rotton ripe. To make a movie from Mann's novella was a bad enough idea; to make this movie, unforgivable. Sumptuous decor and costumes; middling photography of Venice (still something to look at), uninspired performance by Dirk Bogarde, and a lot of pretentious nothing besides. Even Mahler gets badly played on the sound track. 3/10, 11, Bleecker St Cinema.

Demon Seed–Donald Cammell's film takes place in the proximate future when a giant computer with a hypertrophic brain outwits the human beings running it, and turns Julie Christie into a captive in her own house. The computer half rapes and half seduces her, and after much terror, murder, and kinky bondage sex, she bears what appears to be his child. The direction contributes some fairly slick scare effects and a great deal of overarching unwholesomeness. From 3/15, Olympia.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie–This late Bunuel film is, like all of late Bunuel, tired, self-indulgent stuff, epigonous surrealism at its worst. Shapeless and incomprehensible plot, dialogue vainly striving to be clever, tiresome performances by competent actors. Got enthusiastic critical reception—truly the Emperor's new clothes. 3/14, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

A Doll's House–Jane Fonda stars in Joseph Losey's 1973 adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's drama, with Trevor Howard, David Warner, Delphine Seyrig, and *Edward Fox. Thalia.*

The Duellists–A little known Joseph Conrad story is the basis for British director Dudley Scott's film of two officers locked in an unending series of duels. Keith Carradine, with his indolent "I'm easy" charm, and Harvey Keitel, all ragged urban nerves, are the contenders, but placed in a highly ritualized European milieu, they are like somnambulists who have wandered into somebody else's dream. Fine Arts.

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain–If you think Lina Wertmuller's title is long-winded, wait until you see the film. It is a frenzied chronicle of the courtship and marriage of Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen, told in scattershot fragments that have no chronological or realistic context. Wertmuller's handling of the two sexes suggests that she is trying her damnedest to make peace with the feminists and deny charges of a male bias. Thru 3/14, Loews Tower East.

Fingers–A drama of music, sex, and violent crime set in New York City. It tells the story of a driven man who dreams of being a concert pianist but who becomes increasingly involved in gangland activities. Directed by James Toback, film stars Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow, Jim Brown, and Michael Gazzo. Cinema II.

The Fury–Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Charles Durning, and Amy Irving star in Brian DePalma's new film about a man who is trying to rescue his son, possessed of psychic powers, from a supersecret U.S. government agency which is using him. From 3/15. Loews Cine.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. From 3/10, RKO 86th St II; thru 3/9, RKO 86th St I; thru 3/7, D.W. Griffith.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Charlie Matthau, in real life the son of Walter Matthau, plays the son of Glenda Jackson in **House Calls,** a film, directed by Howard Zieff, about shenanigans in a hospital. Also in the cast, Art Carney and Richard Benjamin. From 3/15, Loews Tower East.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III.

Homage to Chagall: The Colors of Love–A film inspired by the life and works of one of the world's greatest living painters, written, produced and directed by Harry Rasky, narrated by James Mason, with Joseph Wiseman as the voice of Chagall. Baronet.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Quad; Festival.

Madame Rosa–Simone Signoret stars in the title role as a Jewish concentration camp survivor and former prostitute who in her later years raises the children of young prostitutes. Directed by Moshe Mizrahi. From 3/19, Plaza.

The One and Only–The young man in Carl Reiner's latest film is played by Henry Winkler as a cross of Sammy Glick and Holden Caulfield. His self-promotion begins as an undergraduate in a midwestern college set in the fifties. Here is the germ of what might have been an affectionate and witty send-up of the early days of television, but the film remains *a blunt and unerringly vulgar assault on the funny* bone. Thru 3/15, Loews State I; thru 3/14, Loews Cine; 34th Street E.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Guild.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audi*tion for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes* where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Thru 3/14, Olympia; Art; Gramercy; thru 3/7, 72nd St E.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skins, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. 3/8-14, Playboy; 72nd St East.

Sebastiane–Derek Jarman's daring interpretation of the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Legend has it that he was captain of the Praetorian guard in the palace of the Emperor Diocletian, and he is most commonly depicted in art as bound and shot with arrows. This is the first feature film ever to be made in Latin (with English subtitles, of course). Quad.

The Serpent's Egg–Ingmar Bergman's first film as an exile (made in Munich, where he now lives), and set in 1923 Berlin, attempts to capture the social and political currents that would produce fascism. But it is a major disappointment. Bergman has no special feeling for the interplay of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly. A cabaret chanteuse, played by Liv Ullmann, looks about as decadent as a Meissen doll. David Carradine, who plays her brother-in-law, proceeds to turn into one of the most unpleasant characters in Bergman, and soon repels us. Coronet.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. New Yorker.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001.* But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

Stavisky–Alain Resnais here substitutes opulence and slickness for his former originality; the entire film seems to be shot through a glitter filter, and everything sparkles except the script, direction, and most performances. A fascinating sociopolitical phenomenon—the rise and fall of a historic conman—is treated superficially and confusingly; neither the man nor his political significance come to life, and, for further confusion, Trotsky is dragged shaggy-doggedly into the plot. Belmondo gives a dimensionless performance, and only Charles Boyer is a joy to watch. 3/10, Bleecker St Cinema.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin.* Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; Quad; RKO 86th St I; from 3/8, D.W. *Griffith.*

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

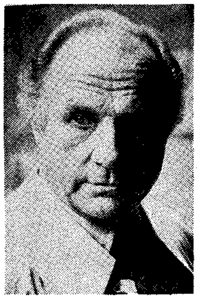
Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, March 7

Double Bill–A revival of David Mamet's *The Water Engine*, together with his new play *Mr. Happiness*. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat mat at 2 p.m. Sun at 2 & 5:30 p.m. Previews now prior to a 3/15 opening. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

UNDER FIVE HATS



Jack Warden in **Stages** is a dying actor playing five different roles which are metaphors for his state of mind in the absurdist comedy by Stuart Ostrow. With him are Philip Bosco, Lois Smith, Gretel Cummings, Diana Davila, and William Duell. Directed by Richard Foreman. Previews now prior to a 3/19 opening. Belasco, 111 W 44th (354-4490).

Thirteen Rue de L'Amour–Louis Jourdan, Patricia Elliott, and Bernard Fox star in a comedy by Feydeau, adapted by Mawby Green and Ed Fielbert. Directed by Basil Langdon. Previews now prior to a 3/16 opening. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Thursday, March 9

ALONG CAME RUTH

Lorie Shelle plays the featured role of Ruth in **The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds**—a revival of the Paul Zindel play, which stars Shelley Winters and Carol Kane; directed by A. J. Antoon. Also in the cast are Marie Earle and Lolly Boroff. Previews start tonight prior to a 3/14 opening. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

Tuesday, March 14

A History of the American Film–A comedy by Christopher Durang, with music by Mel Marvin, about five archetypal movie characters as they ricochet through movie history as baffled orphans of the film. Directed by David Chambers; choreography by Graciela Daniele. Previews start tonight prior to a 3/30 opening. ANTA, 245 W 49th (246-6270).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Deathtrap–John Wood stars in a new murder-mystery thriller by Ira *(Rosemary's Baby)* Levin, with Marian Seldes and Marian Winters, directed by Robert Moore. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 2 & 5. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello Dolly–Carol Channing stars in a revival of the Jerry Herman-Michael Stewart musical, based on Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker.* Eddie Bracken co-stars. The director is Lucia Victor, the choreographer Jack Craig. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 S 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

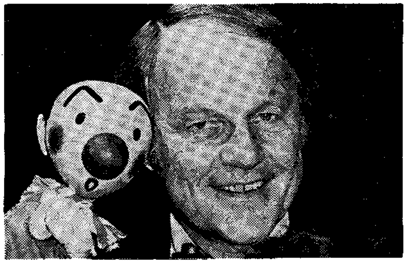
The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Mon thru Wed; Fri & Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

WHERE'S FRAN?



Kukla and **Ollie,** with the aid of **Burr Tillstrom,** narrate the action of **Side by Side by Sondheim,** this generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Nancy Dussault, Jack Blackton, and Carol Swarbrick join in the action. Monday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; matinees, Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m. At the Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Timbuktu!–Eartha Kitt, Gilbert Price, Ira Hawkins, and Melba Moore in a new all-black musical adapted from *Kismet,* with a new locale, set in the 14th century—by Luther Davis, Robert Wright, and George Forrest, with choreography, direction, and costumes by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Mon thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

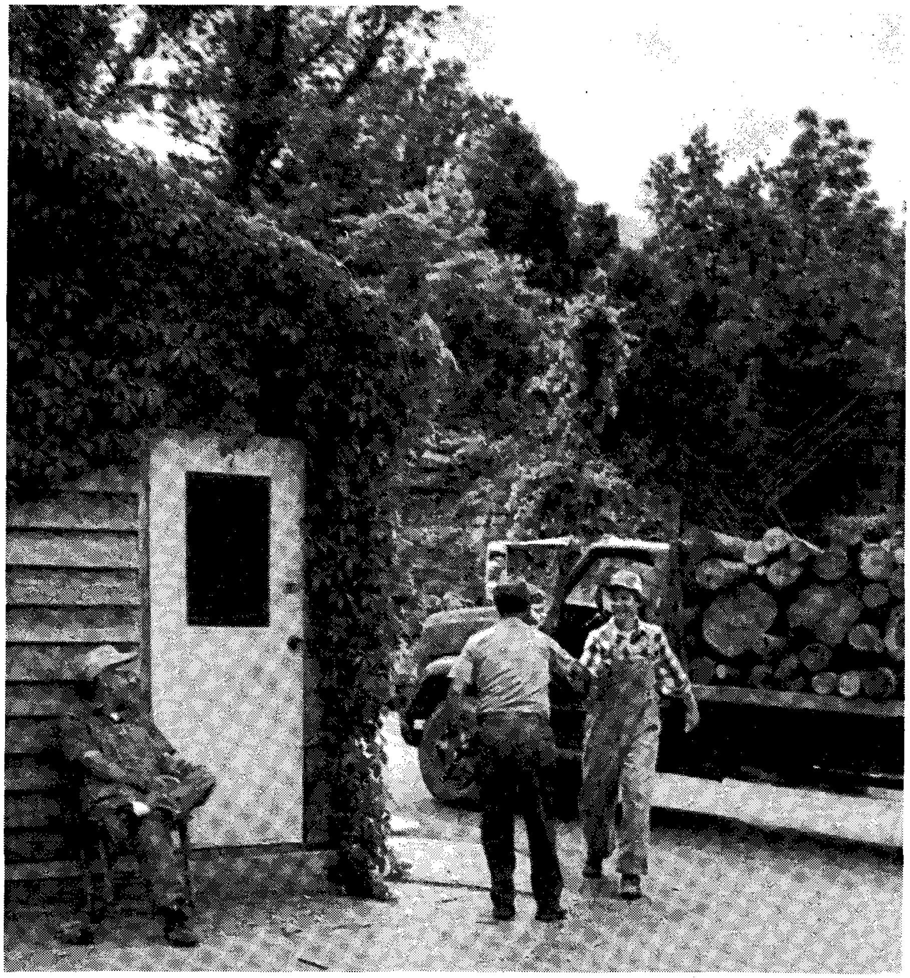
Academy Arts Repertory–Noel Coward's *Private Lives,* Fri & Sat at 7 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. thru 3/12. GBS's *Arms and the Man,* Fri & Sat at 9:30, Sun & Mon at 7:30, thru 3/13. $3. 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Annual Seduction of Emerson Fitzgerald McWadd–A comedy by Jeannine O'Reilly, directed by G.W. Reily. Sun thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Thru 3/16. No Smoking Playhouse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

MALE AND FEMALE

David MacEnulty and **Linda Howes** in a revival of Philip Barry's **The Animal Kingdom,** directed by Thomas Luce Summa, 3/9-12 and 3/16-19 at 8 p.m. also at 3 p.m. 3/12 & 19. At the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South. Reservations: 228-0900.

Arms and the Man–George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Loukas Skipitaris. 3/10, 11, 12, 13, Fri & Sat at 9:30; Sun and Mon at 7:30. $3. Hotel Sutton East, 330 E 56th (486-1431).



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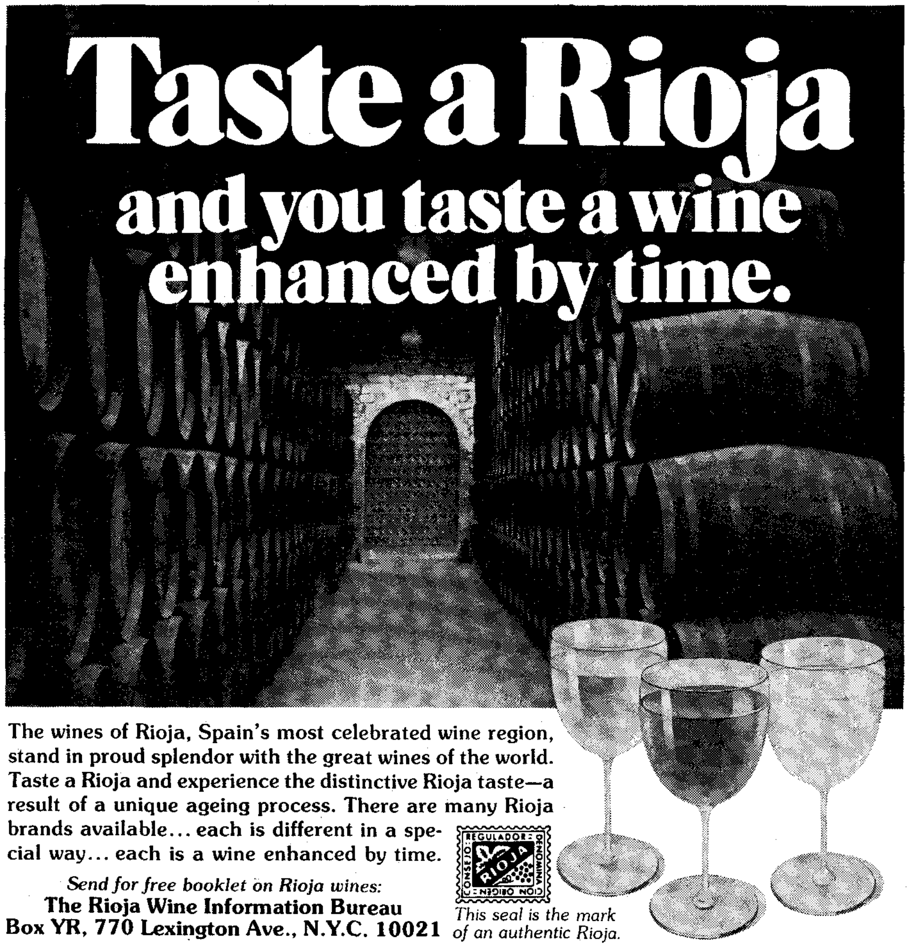
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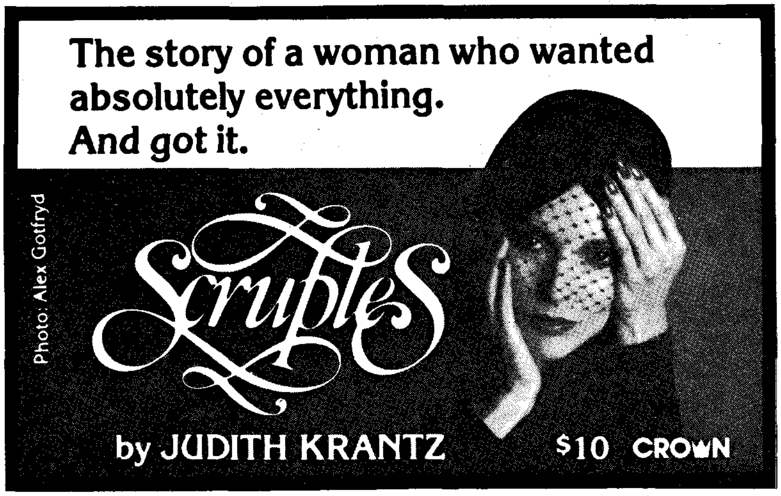
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Arthur–Ferenc Molnar's play, translated by P. G. Wodehouse; about a master swindler, and his greatest swindle. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Mon at 7:30 p.m. thru 3/20 $3. Counterpoint, 150 W 66th (799-6954).

Baal–Bertolt Brecht's play describing the degeneration of an artist. Thru 3/10. The Changing Space, 120 W 28th (877-9172).

Bed and Breakfast–Marion Fredi Towbin's comedy, directed by John Desmond. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 3/12. $3. Park Royal Theater, 23 W 73rd (679-7174).

The Chalk Garden–Enid Bagnold's story of a troubled young girl, directed by Bruce Cornwell. Wed thru Sat, thru 3/18 at 8 p.m. $3. 1 W 88th (874-7995).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

CSC Repertory–Ibsen's *Rosmerholm;* Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Karen Sunde's *The Running of the Deer,* and Giradoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot.* CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Conjuring an Event–Richard Nelson's contemporary play about a reporter who attempts to go beyond natural observation. Michael Christofer has the title role. Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. mats Wed and Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thurs eve at 6:30. 3/10-4/2. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

The Coolest Cat in Town–A new musical by William Gleason, with music by Ann Leslie. 3/9-12, at 8 p.m. $4. La Mama ETC, 74A East 4th St (475-7710).

Contributions–A play by Ted Shine, directed by Edmund Cambridge. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 3/10-26. Theater Genesis, 10th St & 2nd Ave (533-4650).

The Curse of the Starving Class–Sam Shepherd's play set in the rural poverty-stricken farm areas of the southwestern states. Directed by Robert Woodruff. Thru 4/9. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Double Bill–James M. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look;* Anatole Frances' *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife.* Wed & Thurs at 8:30; Fri, Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 3/11. $2.50. New Media Studios, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Ethan Frome–Edith Wharton's chiller, adapted by Owen Davis and Donald Davis, directed by Alan Coleridge. 3/6, 7, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. *Evenings at 8 p.m. Sun matinees at 3 p.m.* $2.50. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

Exiles–James Joyce's work which reflects the portrait of the artist as a mature man, directed by Vincent Dowling. 3/10-12, 17-19 at 8 p.m. and Sun mats 3/12 & 19 at 3 p.m. York Players, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Father's Day–Oliver Hailey's black comedy about divorce. 3/11, 12, 15-19. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sun mats at 3 p.m. The Changing Space, 120 W 28th (877-9172).

Gay Divorce–Revival of the Cole Porter musical, directed by Robert Britton. Although there are similarities, this is *not* the movie version. Also it will feature at least two hitherto unpublished Porter numbers. 3/9-26. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. Equity Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

The Gingerbread Lady–A revival of Neil Simon's play, directed by Marvin Kahan. Wed thru Sun, 3/8-19. $3. Off Center Theater, 436 W 18th (581-2900).

Innocent Pleasures–Arthur Giron's comedy about a couple in the bedrooms and board rooms of New York's business world. Harold Stone directs. Thurs thru Sun, 3/9-4/2, at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore–John Ford's Jacobean tragedy, directed by David Willinger. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4:30 p.m. 3/9-26. $3. NYT Ensemble, 62 E Fourth St (477-4120).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Cocktail Party;* Ibsen's *Love's Comedy;* Sartre's *No Exit.* Ben Jonson's comedy, *Volpone.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Journey to Eldorado–A dramatized portrait of Edgar Allan Poe by and with Robert Minford. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 & 7. Thru 3/19. Actors Playhouse, 100 7th Ave So (924-9785).

The Knack–Ann Jellicoe's comedy involving four characters who explore different attitudes toward sex. Directed by Toni Napoli. 3/14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, at 8 p.m. $3. Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St (638-0834).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lunch Time–A strange melodrama by the great Leonard Melfi, directed by Bob McAndrew. Mon thru Fri at 1:15 p.m. thru 3/17. $1.50. (Senior citizens and students free). Bring your lunch. Quaigh Theater, mezzanine, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Millionairess–George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/23. $3. West Side Repertory Theater, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Moby Dick, Rehearsed–Orson Welle's drama adapted from the Melville classic, directed by James Butler. 3/10-12, Fri thru Sat at 8; Sun at 4; thru 3/12. $2.50. All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave & 80th (LE 5-3356).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Adapted and directed by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Moliere's tragic/comic theatrics in the court of Louis XIV as seen through the eyes of the Soviet playwright. Tues thru Sat at 7:30. $6, $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

Moonchildren–Michael Weller's play, 3/9, 10, 12, at 8 p.m. $2. Smith Auditorium, Manhattan College, 242nd St & Bdway (548-1400, ext. 231).

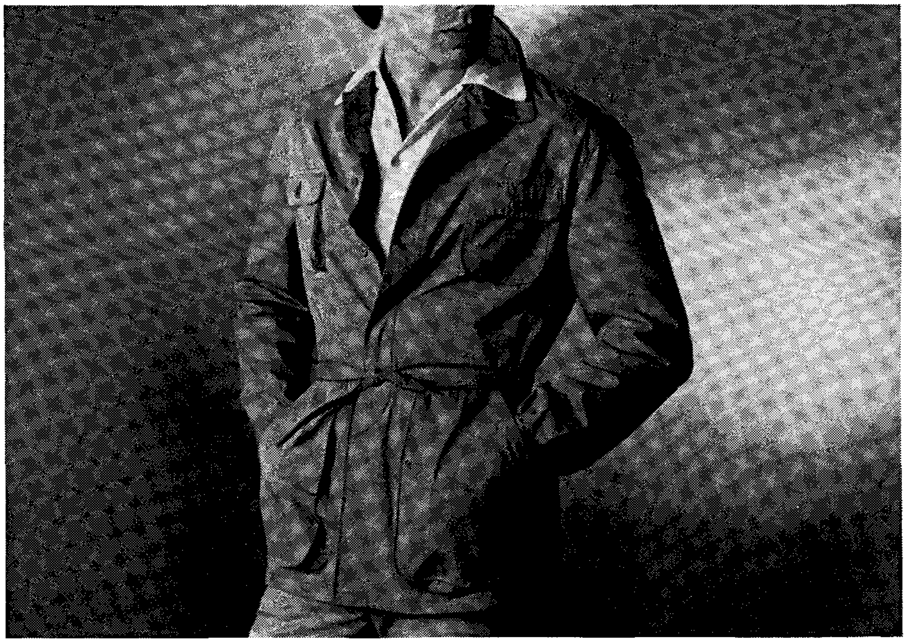
Museum–A new play by Tina Howe, directed by Max Stafford-Clark. Thru 4/2. Public/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Negro Ensemble Company–Gus Edwards's *The Offering* has been extended thru 4/2. *Black Body Blues,* also written by Mr. Edwards, ends its run 3/12. Douglas Turner Ward directed both plays. St Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue (239-7177).

Night Life–A revival of Sidney Kingsley's drama, directed by Robert Petito, set in a bottle club crowded with troubled or noxious people in New York City. Thurs thru Sun, thru 3/19. $3.50. American Ensemble Co, 28 E 35th (571-7594).

Onury–Shauneille Perry's play about a 12-year-old who copes with the first crisis of her young life. 3/11, 12, 18, 19, 25, 26, at 3 p.m. $.25 for children; $1 for adults. Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Othello–Earle Hyman stars in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m.



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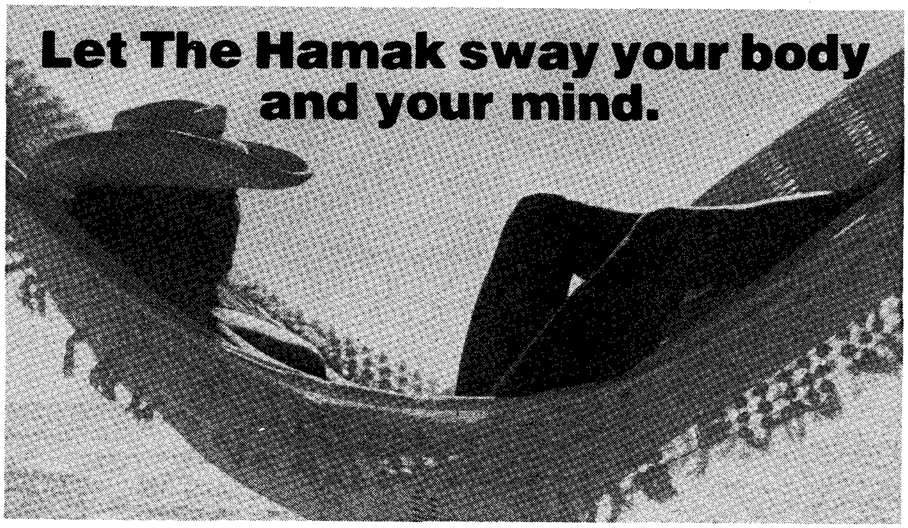

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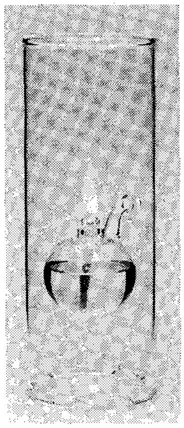

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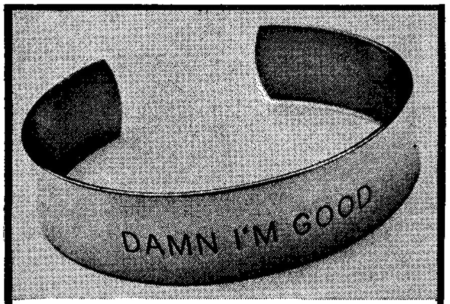

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thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Phantom of the Opera–Back again, this time haunting a concert hall, attempting to win the love of a young dancer. Adapted by Albert Reyes, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 & 8 p.m. 3/17-4/9. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

The Play's the Thing–Ferenc Molnar's play, as adapted by P.G. Wodehouse, directed by Frank Dunlap, with Carole Shelley, Kurt Kasznar, George Rose, Rene Auberjonois, Austin Pendleton, Stephen Collins, Rex Robbins. Thru 3/19. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4123).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–A rewrite of James Kirkwood's play about a series of disasters that befall a New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Red Fox/Second Hanging–Story of the legendary Doc Taylor, a tale of native Appalachia, directed by Michael Posnick. Wed thru Sun at 8; Sat and Sun mats at 2:30. Thru 3/26. $3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida,* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Sundays at 4 p.m. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Runaways–A new entertainment written, composed, and directed by Liz Swados, about today's teenagers. Martinson Hall/Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

ON THE ROAD

Edward Seamon stars in **Cabin 12,** A one-act play by John Bishop about a father and son searching for dignity in the death of a truck driver. Also on a double bill here at the Circle Repertory, is Lanford Wilson's **Brontosaurus,** directed by Daniel Irvine. 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100), Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m., Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3.

Shay–Anne Commire's portrait of an American woman who hides from her family and the world. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 3/11. $3. Playwrights Horizon, 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

Soho Repertory–Brian Friel's *Philadelphia, Here I Come.* Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Magistrate.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory–*Bodas de Sangre* by Lorca; *Te Juro Juana Que Tengo Ganas* and *El Censo* by Carballido; *Cien Veces No Debo* and *Los Japoneses No Esperan* by Talesnik, directed by Rene Buch, Delfor Peralta, and Braulio Villar. All plays in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru March. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 127th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

Stings–Created and directed by Margaret Beals and Lee Nagrin, piece is a theater production with motive based on *Ariel,* the final poems of Sylvia Plath. Thurs thru Sun, thru 3/26 at 8 p.m. Theater in the Loft, 228 West Bdway, 3rd floor (850-4065).

The Taming of the Shrew–A jazz age staging of this classic, directed by J. P. Duffy, set in a New York speakeasy circa 1920. Fri thru Sun, 3/10-26 at 8 p.m. $2.50. RML Theater, 648 Bdway (254-7139).

Tell Me a Riddle–A play based on Tillie Olsen's award-winning story. 3/10-12. $3. Brecht Auditorium, 186 W 4th St (entrance on Barrow) (989-6493).

This House–A play by Barbara de la Cuesta, directed by Ellis Santone. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. 3/10-4/2. BMT Theater, 137 W 22nd (691-7950).

Three by Chekhov, Strindberg & Pirandello–*The Boor, The Stronger,* and *The Man With the Flower in His Mouth.* Fri & Sat at 8; Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 3/26. $5.50, $3.50. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th (755-5120).

Triple Bill–Tennessee William's *At Liberty;* Frederich Durrenmatt's *Episode on an Autumn Evening;* Ivan Klima's *The Sweetshoppe Myriam.* 3/7-19, Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Quaigh Theater Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Toy Room–Bob Angelica's play, directed by Kevin Marshall. Mon thru Wed at 7:30; Sun at 8:30. Thru 3/15. $2.50. Studio 13, 50 W 13th (924-9785).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Walden Pond–Joe Renard's comedy about contemporary America, directed by Norman Thomas Marshall. Fri & Mon at 8; Sat, 7 & 10; Sun at 3. Thru 3/20. $3.50. No Smoking Playhouse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Winds of Change–A new play by Barbara Field, directed by Kathryn Placzek. Wed at 8; Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Thru 3/11. $2.50. Vandam Theater, 15 Vandam Street (674-0498).

Zinnia–Emily Frankel's work, directed by John Cullum. Sun at 3 & 7:30. $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

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Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Curtis Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Ceal's Place–39th & 9th Ave. A homey place specializing in soup & bread; Laine Cooke, with David Lahm at the keyboard, sings Saturdays. Other entertainers other nights, Eric Oxendine and friends, and jazz pianist Patti Brown (947-7779).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3884).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. David Pepper entertains 3/9-11. Dancing to the music of the Irving Fields Trio Tues thru Sat, 8 to 4 a.m. (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. From 3/8, Joyce Bryant, Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra (Pazant Bros). Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. 3/17-25, Lionel Hampton with Sir Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet (Grady Tate, Frank Wess, and George Mraz), at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. nightly (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Giovanni's Oasis–42 W 58th. Restaurant club, with Angelo on accordion and Pasquale on electric guitar playing Italian folk and other music Wed thru Sat, 8 to midnight, thru 3/18 (PL 2-7085).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Hurrah Discotheque–36 W 62nd. Gerri Griffin, singer of soul, gospel, rock, opens 3/7 for two weeks. 3/7-11, The Village Group Tues thru Thurs at 10 p.m. (586-2636).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jilly's–256 W 52nd. Thru 3/11, the Muzzy Band, Tues thru Sat at 11 p.m. 12:30 a.m. and 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (581-5564).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Jazz pianist Dorothy Donegan here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. thru 3/11. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. Lainie's Room: Lainie Kazan sings here (PL 2-3100).

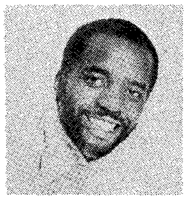
Rainbow Grill–Sixty-fifth floor at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Tremendous view, and a good floor show. 3/6-11, Mimi Hines (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Lester Lanin and his orchestra play for dancing thru 3/11 (except on Mondays). Sy Oliver and his orchestra arrive 3/14 (PL 7-9090).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Warren Covington and his orchestra alternate for dancing with the Ramon Argueso band. From 3/8, Don Glasser Orchestra. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, thru 3/25, Gary Edwards and Sage, with a mixture of pop hits, ballads, and show tunes (421-0900).

IT'S AHMAD MAD WORLD



Ahmad Jamal brings his hot quartet into **The Sibi** (the upstairs den over Club Ibis), at 151 E 50th Street. Jamal and company will cook in hour-long sets at 10 p.m., midnight, and 2 a.m. every night but Sunday, through March 18th (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. A popular Greek-Israeli nightclub, with Aris San headlining the two-hour revue of singers, bouzouki players, belly dancers, and dancing waiters Tues thru Sun (683-9409).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 3/25, pianist George Shearing. **Bemelmans Bar:** Teddy Wilson, the patron saint of swing piano and one of the most stylish of improvisors, is alone at the keyboard on weekday nights.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio play quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, thru 4/1, Head Over Heels. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

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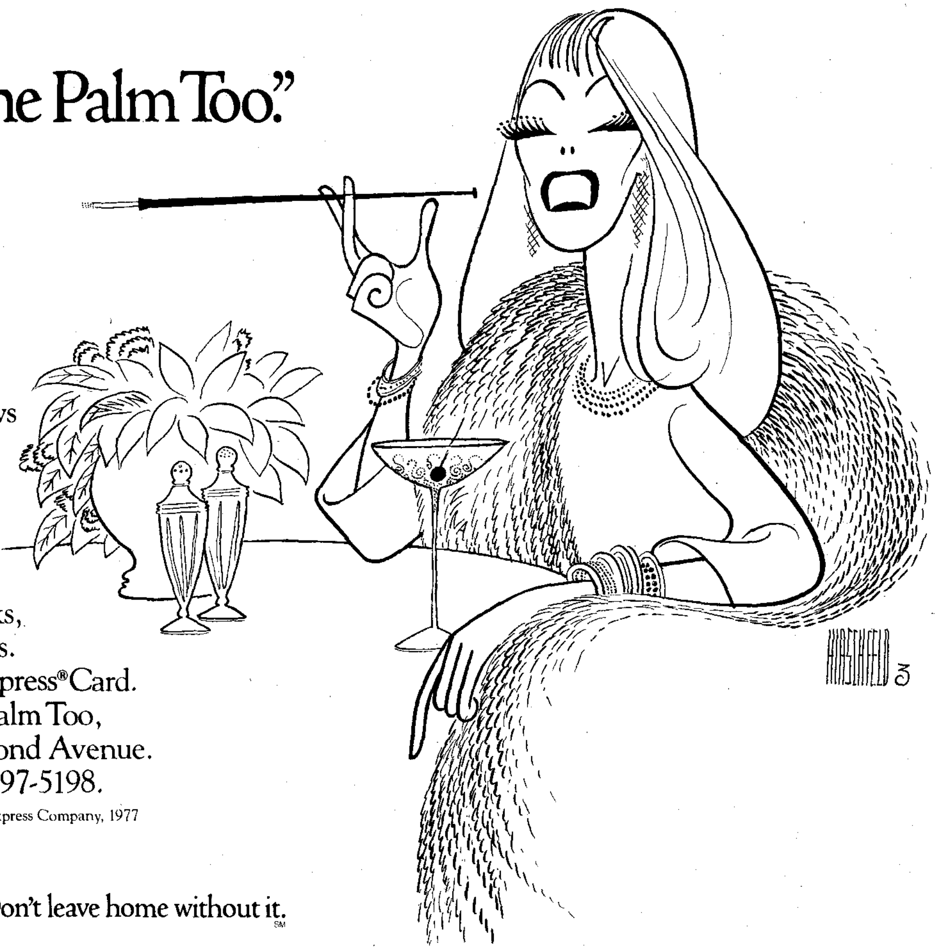
Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. One of the many virtues of drummer Rashied Ali's adventurous and amiable club is the opportunity it provides for talented musicians to escape sideman duties and try out



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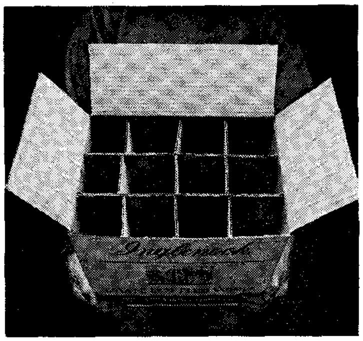

An empty case of Inglenook Estate Bottled Charbono, 1973.

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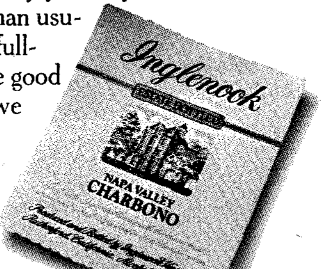
But that's just the way many truly great wines are created—in carefully made limited bottlings. Limited, in the case of Charbono, by the small quantity of grapes grown. Which makes Charbono one of the rare wines of the world.

That's why you may have to look a little harder than usual to find our full-flavored ruby red Charbono. Sure, it may not be good business for a winery to run out of a wine. But we refuse to lower our wine making standards in order to meet public demand.

So once again, we've created too little of a great tasting wine. But at Inglenook, we would rather apologize for the lack of quantity, than for the lack of quality.



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their own groups. Bassist Stafford James, a musician whose work has been growing in leaps, fronts the band through 3/7. On Mondays the 14-piece orchestra of trumpeter Ted Daniels holds forth (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. *By Strouse*— an evening of music by the composer, with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (673-9121).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. Thru 3/11, the lounge is given to the Ron Carter Quartet minus Ron Carter: that is, pianist Kenny Barron, bassist Buster Williams, and drummer Ben Riley. The advantage here is that the excellent Barron will be better able to display his wares. (675-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

Blue Hawaii–135 3rd Avenue. The month of March is given to pianists, a different one every night of the week, two on some evenings. The schedule includes Walter Davis, Jill McManus, and on Sunday evenings, the brilliant keyboard entertainer Jaki Byard (260-7690).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. 3/8, 9, NRBQ. 3/10-12, An Evening with Lou Reed. 3/13, 14, Keith Carradine (228-6300).

The Bushes–23 W 73rd. Tim Cassidy, with comedy and songs, mostly pop standards, with four musicians, and three lady backup singers, is here 3/9-12 (874-8091).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here indefinitely, thank God! Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat at 12:15 also. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 to 1 a.m. with Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban's house band includes the suavely creative trombonist Vic Dickenson, as well as Jim Andrews, Bobby Gordon, Connie Kay, and a sterling trumpeter named Ed Polcer. On 3/7, trumpeter Warren Vache, a silvery toned traditionalist with a slightly modern accent and contagious energy, joins the house band. 3/12, the Scott Hamilton Quintet (265-8277).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned bassist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 6th Ave. From 3/6, electric violinist Michael Urbaniak, and a jazz rock group, with singer Urzula Dudziak. 9:30 & 11 p.m. Mon thru Sat, with an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Jazzmania–14 E 23rd. The city's sole floating jam session, with guests sitting in with the regulars Fri & Sat, 9 thru 2 a.m., and an All-Star Invitational Jazz Session, which is something less than all-star, but usually lively on Sun, from 5 p.m. Trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater is the sitter-in on 3/10, 11 (477-3077).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th St. 3/7-12, Sarah Dash. 3/14-18, at 9 p.m. Carleton Carpenter with Songs from Tin Pan Alley, and at 11:30 p.m. Geraldine Fitzgerald, with her Songs of the Streets. Blossom Dearie continues, Wed thru Sat, 6 p.m. til 7:30 (691-0900).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes *clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt.* Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fri 5:30 to 8, Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, the young repository of classical jazz piano pieces, stride orthodoxies, and arcame as well as pop Ellington, works with Ellingtonian bassist Aaron Bell, whose tone and time is flawless, and drummer Shelton Gary Thursdays thru Saturdays; on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, the drummer is Sonny Greer, who introduced Ellington to Harlem and vice versa (744-2540).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and a Lithuanian pianist, Lev Schneider, who runs the gamut from the classics to jazz and rock, from 7 p.m. to midnight (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. Singer-pianist Diana Finn entertains Tues thru Sat from 7 to midnight (628-3333).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Dick Sudhalter is at the head of the septet (with vocalist), including the exceptional clarinetist Johnny Mince and the barrel chested saxophonist Eddie Barefield, playing the music of Irving Berlin. Tuesdays thru Saturdays, thru 3/25, from 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. Thru 3/11, The Cobble Mountain Band. 3/13-18, The Johnston Brothers, a Pennsylvania group. (Special St. Patrick's Day celebration 3/17, of course) (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. The fine drummer Andrew Cyrille, who also has a knack for organizing small combos, is here 3/6. The next evening, guitarist John Abercrombie brings in a quartet, thru 3/11 (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green–(in Central Park—just tell the cabbie, he'll take you)—Elm Bar: Pianist-singer Charlie Cochran performs Wednesday thru Sundays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (873-3200).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Judy Stevens. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 3/8-11, The Rich Look Show, and 3/15-18, singer Pat Benatar, at 8:30 & 10:30. Showcase Tuesday nights (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker & Thompson. Stanley Turrentine, a gifted saxophonist who almost always plays beneath himself and attracts a huge audience for it, heads a quartet 3/10, 11 (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 Seventh Ave So. The Woody Shaw Ensemble is installed thru 3/12, and though it is a ramblingly uneven band, whose arrangements rarely match its intentions, there are some fine improvisors on board, most notably a young tenorist named Carter Jefferson (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

GREAT BRITON

British heartthrob **Tom Jones** returns to New York *for another engagement at the Westbury Music* Fair. The energetic entertainer will give nine shows during the week of March 13-19. The schedule is as follows: Monday-Thursday at 8:30, Friday at 8 & 11:30, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, and Sunday at 7:30 (516-333-0533).

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Art Ensemble of Chicago, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), 3/8-9 at 11, 3/10-11 at 10 & 12.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Elvis: The Legend Lives, Palace Theater, Bdwy at 47th St. (757-2626). Tues-Thurs at 7:30, Fri & Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

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Blue Florentine French Limoges Cache Pot	originally	110.00	now	40.00	Clichy Christmas Trees, Crystal	originally	140.00	now	50.00

GERMAN

After Dinner Cups & Saucers	originally	40.00	now	10.00	White German Tureens	originally	45.00	now	15.00
After Dinner Cups & Saucers Cobalt	originally	12.00	now	3.00	German China White Vases	originally	16.00	now	5.00
After Dinner Cups & Saucers Cobalt	originally	14.00	now	4.00	Individual Crystal Fruit Bowls	originally	10.00	now	3.00
6 pc. German Crystal Coaster Set	originally	20.00	now	7.00	Dessert Plates (Saxon)	originally	6.00	now	2.00

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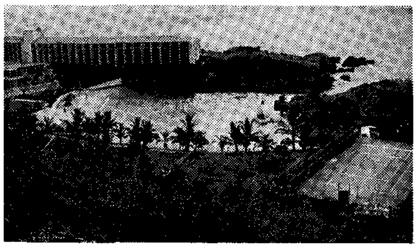

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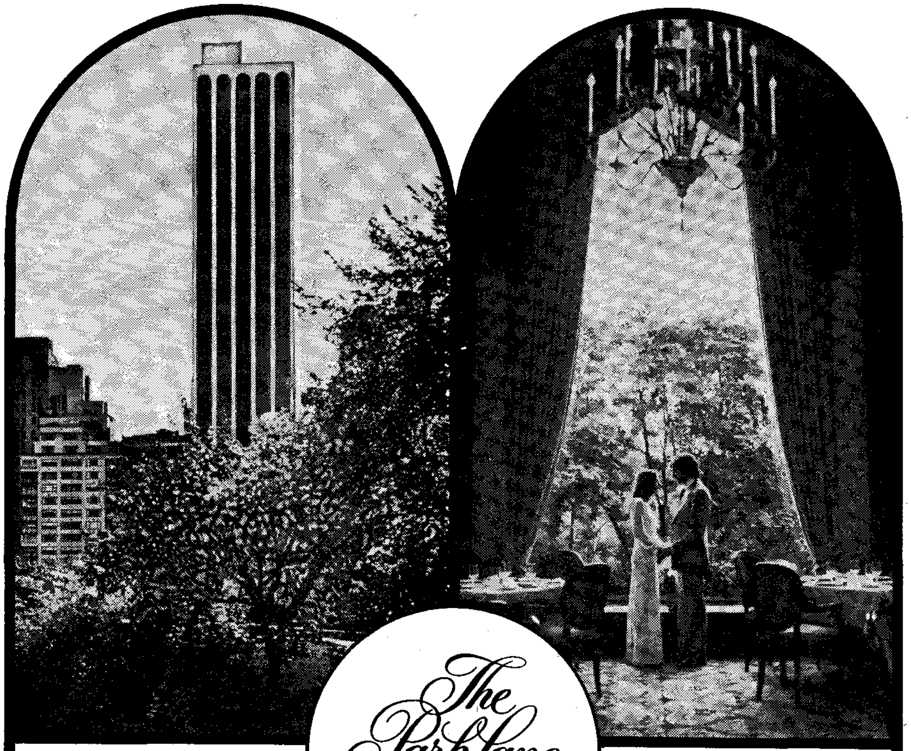

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Concerts

Tuesday, March 7

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Thomas Demenga, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Marguerite Coughlin & Sabra Loomis, Deutsches Haus, 42 Washington Mews (598-2217), at 5:30.

Wednesday, March 8

Galina Vishnevskaya & Mstislav Rostropovich, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Gundula Janowitz, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Shuldiner Center, Boardwalk at W 29th St., Bklyn (682-6567), at 1:30.
Jack Gilford, Town Hall, at 5:45.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Da Capo Chamber Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, St. Peter's Church, Lexington at 54th St. (989-3591), at noon.
Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Jazz Legends on Film, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (598-3757), at 8.
Vanessa Vickers, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 9:30 & 11:30.

Thursday, March 9

Okinawan Dancers, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Jack Hardy, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 9 & 11.
Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
The New Music Consort, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Claude Savard, Town Hall, at 8.

Friday, March 10

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Tarack Chamber Ensemble, BAM Lepercq Space, at 8:30.
Derek Smith, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.
Sandra Warfield, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Michel Block, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Marion Feldman & Gena Raps, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Guarneri Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Leon Russell & Mary Russell, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.
Ilse Friedenberg, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4771), at 8.
Music & Poetry, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave, at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.
Aulos Ensemble, Metropolitan Club, 1 E 60th St. (752-4907), at 8.
Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.

Saturday, March 11

GUEST APPEARANCE

The **Cleveland Quartet** will perform at the Hunter College Assembly Hall (69th Street between Park and Lexington Avenues) on Saturday, March 11. The quartet, artists-in-residence at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, is composed of Peter Salaff, Donald Weilerstein, Paul Katz (left to right) and Martha Strongin Katz (front). At 3 (421-8900).

Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, 8.
Toby Appel, Alice Tully Hall, at 2.
Chamber Music, BAM Lepercq Space, at 8:30.
Barbara Stein Mallow, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
New Little Orchestra Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 a.m. & 3.

Ron Carter, Town Hall, at 8.
Vladimir Ashkenazy & Itzhak Perlman, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Susanna Curran, Scene 1, 432 Hudson St. (929-9478), at 11 & 1.
Hear America First, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Gregg Smith Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Leon Russell & Mary Russell, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.
Confronto Quartet, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Mark Zeltzer, Washington Irving High School, 16th St. at Irving Pl. (586-4680), at 8.
St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, St. Luke-in-the-Field Church, 487 Hudson St. (943-0950), at 8.
Chamber Music 99, P.S. 99, 82-37 Kew Gardens Rd. (849-6997), at 8:30.
Shem Guibbory & Sylvia Maizell, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 3.
Queens Symphony Orchestra & Eglevsky Ballet, Queens College (268-3440), at 8:30.

Sunday, March 12

O CANADA

The **Canadian Brass** will perform at the 92nd Street Y (at Lexington Avenue) on Sunday, March 12 at 8. The quintet, whose repertoire ranges from renaissance to ragtime, consists of (from left to right): Eugene Watts, Frederick Mills, Charles Daellenbach, Ronald Romm, and Graeme Page (427-6000).

Guarneri Quartet & Lynn Harrell, Alice Tully Hall, 3.
Betty Munro, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Jimmy Buffett, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Vladimir Horowitz, Carnegie Hall, at 4.
Chinese Music Society of New York, Town Hall, 2.
Queens Symphony Orchestra & Eglevsky Ballet, Queens College (268-3440), at 3.
Chamber Music, BAM Lepercq Space, at 2.
New York Motet Choir, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 4.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Forest Hills Community Center, 108-25 62 Dr. (682-6567), at 2.
Michael Chapuis, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Ichiro Suzuki, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
New York Piano Trio, Community Church, 40 E 35th St. (683-4988), at 3.
Hank Jones & John Lewis, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. (369-8040), at 5.
Parnassus Chamber Ensemble, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.
Pamela Sklar, Gustavus Adolphus Church, 155 E 22nd St. (674-0739), at 2.
Music of the Andes, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 4.
The Musicians of Swanne Alley, Corpus Christi Church, Bdwy at 121st St., at 3.
Canadian Brass, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
New Symphony Orchestra, Town Hall, at 8.

Monday, March 13

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8.
Music From Marlboro, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Meyer Kupperman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, March 14

Ramsey Lewis, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Olivier Gardon, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Yoshi Wada, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Music for Strings Concert, Grace Church, 245 Hicks St., Bklyn (875-4748), at 8.
Gerri Griffin, Hurrah Discotheque, 36 W 62nd St. (586-2636), at 10.

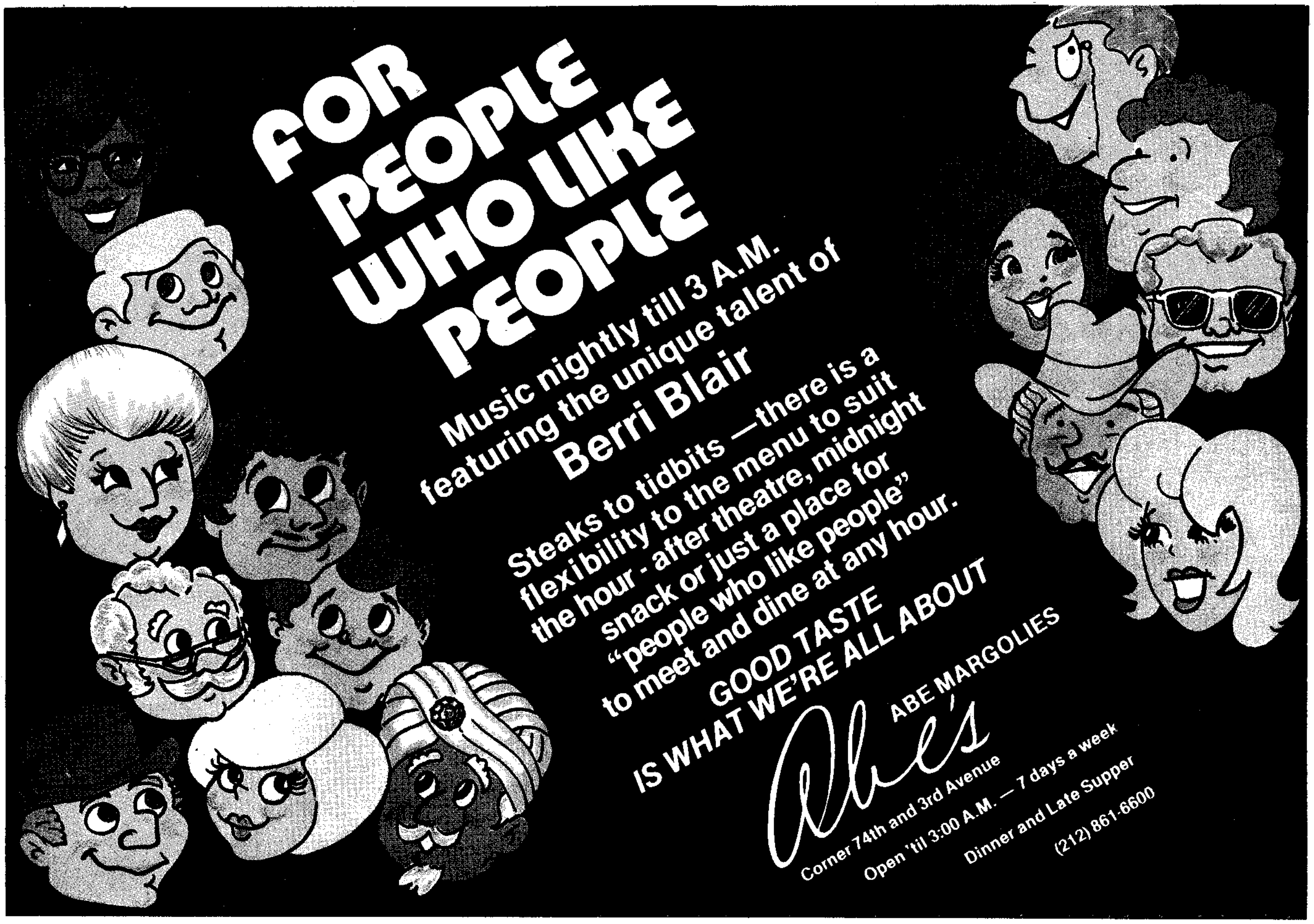
MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 3/7 at 8: **La Favorita** with Verrett, Smith, Pavarotti, Milnes. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Tavernia; designers: Lee & Greenwood. Wed, 3/8 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** with Caballé, Cossotto, Alexander, Quilico. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Merrill; designer: Cristini, after sketches by Paravicini. Thurs, 3/9 at 8: **L'Elisir d'Amore** with Blegen, Di Franco, Carreras, Sereni, Corena. Conductor: Caldwell; director: Merrill; designer: O'-Hearn. Fri, 3/10 at 8: **Don Giovanni** with Sutherland, Varady, Tourangeau, Morris, Brecknock. Conductor: Bonynge; director: Graf; designer: Berman. Sat, 3/11 at 2: **La Favorita** (Same cast as 3/7). Sat, 3/11 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** (Same cast as 3/8. Carreras for Alexander). Mon, 3/13 at 8: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AIRWAYS

L'Elisir d'Amore (Same cast as 3/9). Tues, 3/14 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** (Same cast as 3/11).

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SEASON FIRST

Marisa Galvany sings the title role in the New York City Opera's season premiere of *Tosca* on Sunday, March 12 at 7. Others in the cast include Ermanno Mauro as Cavaradossi and William Justus as Scarpia. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducts; Tito Capobianco directs; sets and costumes by Donald Oenslager (877-4700).

Tues, 3/7 at 8: **Rigoletto** with Robinson, Walker, Collins, Elvira. Conductor: Pallo; director: Corsaro; designers: Evans & Varona. Wed, 3/8 at 8: **Die Fledermaus** with Allison, Rolandi, Price, Roe. Conductor: Pallo; director: Freedman; designers: Evans & Aldredge. Thurs, 3/9 at 8: **Carmen** with Howard, Fowles, Trussel, Holloway. Conductor: Pallo; director: Auerbach; designer: Varona. Fri, 3/10 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Schauler, Esham, Bartolini. **Pagliacci** with Zannoth, Collins, Fredricks. Conductor: Kellogg; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Sat, 3/11 at 2: **La Fanciulla del West** with Saunders, Trussel, Burchinal, Jamerson. Conductor: Comissiona; director: Corsaro; designers: O'Hearn & Mess. Sat, 3/11 at 8: **Il Barbiere di Siviglia** with Rolandi, Shaulis, Price, Elvira. Conductor: Mauceri; director: Eddleman; designer: Evans. Sun, 3/12 at 1: **Madama Butterfly** with Craig, Lima, Holloway. Conductor: Somogi; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Sun, 3/12 at 7: **Tosca** with Galvany, Mauro, Justus. Conductor: Kellogg; director: Capobianco; designer: Oenslager. Tues, 3/14 at 8: **Mefistofele** with Ehrlich, Walker, Ramey, Collins. Conductor: Mauceri; director: Capobianco; designers: Mitchell & George.

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio,* 3/10-11 at 7:30.

Bel Canto Opera, 31 E 31st St. (889-6366). *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* 3/11 at 7:30, 3/12 at 3.

89th Street Opera Festival, 270 W 89th St. (595-1161). *Rigoletto,* 3/11 at 8, 3/12 at 3.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 3/8 at 2 & 8:30, 3/9-10 at 8:30, 3/11 at 4 & 8:30, 3/12 at 4.

Opera Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall (247-7459). *Tancredi,* 3/14 at 8.

Dance

Ballet Repertory Co., Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929), 3/9-10 at 8, 3/11 at 2 & 8, 3/12 at 2.

Dance Umbrella, Entermedia Theater, Second Ave. at 12th St. (691-3500): Laura Dean Dancers & Musicians, 3/7, 9 & 11 at 8, 3/12 at 2; Elizabeth Keen Dance Co., 3/8, 10 & 12 at 8, 3/11 at 2.

Murray Louis Dance Co., BAM Opera House (636-4100), 3/9 at 7:30, 3/10-11 at 8, 3/12 at 2:30.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
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Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

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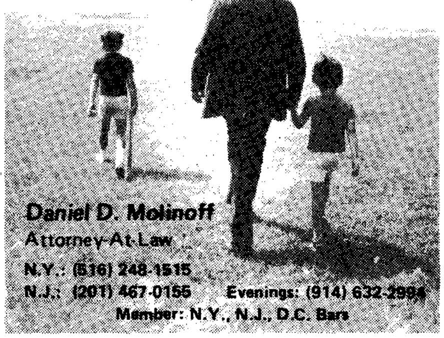

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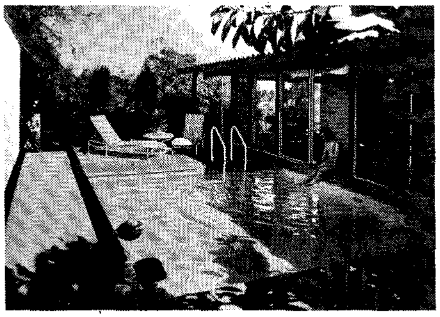

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Tom Chibbaro/Richard Marx–Female motorcyclist, others in paint, thru 3/19/Figurative bronzes, thru 3/25. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Richard Chiriani**–Subtle landscapes in acrylic on linen paper, 3/11-30. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Bruce Currie–Women and still lifes, thru 3/11. Seligmann, 5 E 57th (PL3-0250).

Rackstraw Downes–NYC and Maine landscapes, thru 3/17. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

***Sherron L. Francis**–Delicate, almost ephemeral abstractions, thru 3/9. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

David Fredenthal (1914-1958)–Abstract patterns in jarring colors, thru 3/11. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).

***Bisson Frères/James Hagan**–Mont Blanc in photos from the 1850s/Wood sculpture, thru 3/25. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Allan Hacklin–Fragile appendages, thru 3/18. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

***James Juszczyk**–*Contrasting layers of transparent* paint, thru 3/11. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Elena Kepalas–Counterpoised geometric forms in sculpture and drawings, thru 3/16. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Dorothy Knowles–Recent watercolors, thru 3/9. Long, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

***Jacob Lawrence**–Paintings and new lithos, thru 3/24. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Winifred Lutz**–Monumental portals, platforms, and passages, thru 3/15. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

Jay Milder–Expressionist works, thru 3/15. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630).

Rodney Ripps–Swirls of thick impasto color, thru 3/18. Alexander, 20 W 57th (757-3721).

Larry Rivers/Terry Southern–Lithos and text from *The Donkey and the Darling,* thru 4/1. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Juan Antonio Roda–Etchings, thru 4/1. Noble/Polans, 40 W 57th (541-9510).

***Lucas Samaras**–Many fabrics pieced and sewn together, thru 3/18. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Roman Scheidl–Expressionist drawings, thru 3/11. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Joan Snyder–Expressionistic landscape, thru 3/25. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Bill Taggart–Paintings, drawings, collage, Xeroxes, and lithos, thru 3/18. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Antonio Henrique Amaral–A profusion of plant *growth, thru 3/8. Ault, 25 E 77th (86117).*

Yannis Amoryanos–Primitive flora and fauna, thru 3/19. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372). Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-5.

***Benny Andrews**–"Women I've Known," thru 3/30. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

***Julius Bissier**–Small intimate shape and textural explorations in oil tempera, watercolor, and brush drawing, thru 3/18. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Oscar Bluemner** (1867-1938)/**Marsden Hartley** (1877-1943)–Landscapes by both, thru 3/11. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Bogarin–Pure color and shape in serigraphs, thru 3/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Ilya Bolotowsky**–Paintings and columns, thru 3/24. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Joshua Eliraz–Heavy fabric banners, thru 3/25. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Bill Freeland–Constructions, boxes, and drawings, thru 3/30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Don Freeman**(1908-1978)–NYC street scenes and Broadway, thru 3/31. Feiden, 51 E 10th (OR7-5330). Mon-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 12:30-4:30.

***Ilse Getz**–Paintings and constructions, 3/11-4/15. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

Edward Giobbi–Recent works, thru 3/11. Gruene*baum, 38 E 57th (838-8245).*

***George Inness**–Italy and New York State in watercolors and drawings, thru 3/25. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

William Kienbusch–Intense abstractions on paper taken from barns, gardens, thru 3/25. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Alexander Martin–Landscapes of New Paltz, thru 3/25. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Louisa Mathiasdottir–Recent paintings, thru 3/11. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Mark Peiser–Opalescent glass vessels, 3/13-4/3. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

***Katherine Porter**–New paintings, thru 4/1. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Dina Recanati/Ulfert Wilke–Small bronzes of gates, walls, columns/Letter and number patterns on can*vas and paper, thru 3/25. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th* (RE4-7302). Thurs-Sat 1-5.

Marilyn Sica–Sculptured prints using intaglio reliefs on paper, thru 3/25. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Joan Steiner/Joellen Trilling–Wearable interiors/Soft sculpture, thru 3/18. Julie, 687 Mad Ave (688-2345).

Jim Sullivan–Black and white illustrative paintings, thru 3/16. Willard, 29 W 72nd (744-2925).

Robert Walker–Acrylic sculpture in free and contained forms, thru 3/18. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

***Frank Lloyd Wright**–Lithographs of early works, thru 3/4. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

SoHo

Karen Bray–Carnival-like fantasies of harsh satire, thru 3/9. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Rosemarie Castoro/Paolo Icaro–An installation of branches/Works and spatial equivalents, thru 3/25. Bromm, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196).

Henry Chalfant–Conceptual limestone carvings, 3/14-4/1. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

***Maureen Conner**–*Assemblages made from articles* of clothing, thru 3/29. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Donna Dennis/Joe Zucker–Sculpture/Abstractions in acrylic and cotton, thru 3/18. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Daria Dorosh–Works, thru 3/8. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Rafael Ferrer**–A magical narrative environment using found objects from Fort Worth junk shops, thru 3/9. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Richard Fishman**–Copper foil curled against thin steel rods, thru 3/25. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Peter Forakis/Lyman Kipp**–Modular sculpture/Minimalist aluminum and steel sculpture, thru 3/18. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Jane Greengold–Paintings, drawings, photos, collages, thru 3/16. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

***Myron Heise**–The city at night, 3/10-29. Bowery, 135 Greene (477-9879).

Arthur Kleinfelder–Psychological, dreamlike oils, thru 3/8. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Julius Kramer–Geometric, measured units on canvas, *thru 3/12. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).*

Niki Logis–Copper and brass right-angle structures, 3/8-4/1. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

Knox Martin–Paintings and drawings, thru 3/8. Jack, 138 Prince (966-4235). Tues-Sun 12-6.

***Salvatore Meo/Daphne Mumford**–Found object constructions and collages/Drawings of roots entwining grotesqueries, thru 3/16. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Lee Swezea Nagrin–Paintings and sculpture reliefs, thru 3/12. 2nd Floor, 97 Greene (226-1518). Tues-Sun 1-6.

Fred Sandback–Construction III, 3/14-25. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Ben Schonzeit**–Views of a period piece music room, 3/11-4/6. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Don Stern–Interiors in paint, thru 3/30. Educational Alliance, 197 E Bdwy (475-6200). Sun-Thurs 10-10, Fri 10-5.

***Selina Trieff**–Figurative inner worlds, 3/10-29. Prince St, 106 Prince (242-1561). Tues-Sun 12-5.

Donald and Edward Waisnis–*Paintings and drawings* by both, thru 3/17. Double U, 60 Thomas (349-7628). Tues-Sat 1-5.

***John Walker**–Three 10 X 8 abstractions, thru 3/15. *Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).*

OTHER

Elizabeth Egbert–Laminated plywood sculpture, thru *3/21. Interart, 549 W 52nd (246-6569). Mon-Fri 2-8.*

Michael Fauerbach/Amy Hamouda–Realist Brooklyn in acrylics/Wood, plastics, and rope sculpture, thru 3/12. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.

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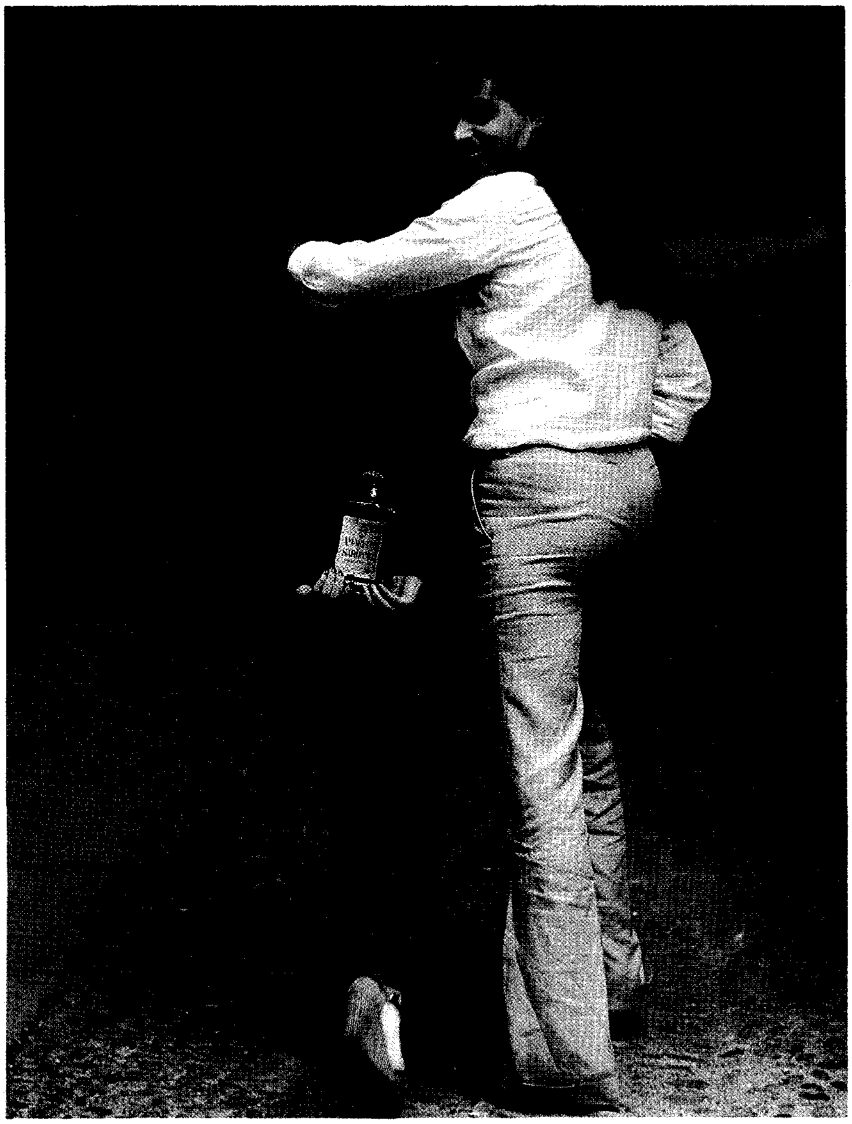

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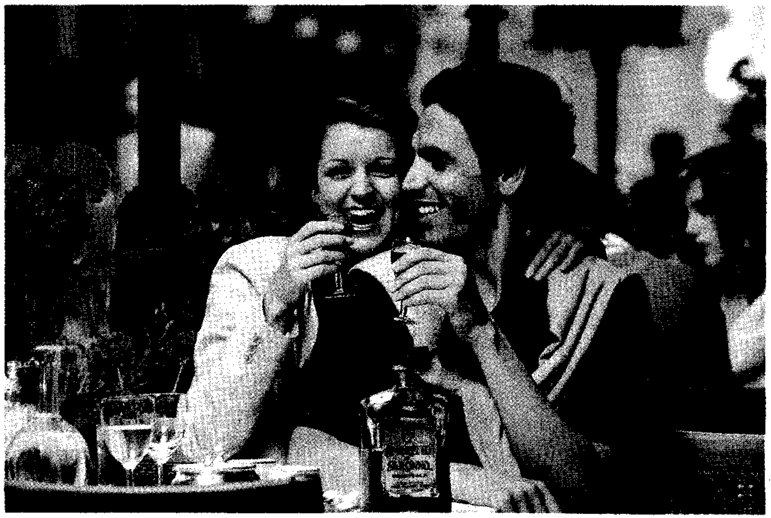

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***Nancy Graves**–A 5,000 pound bronze fossil sculpture, thru 4/30. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

Maggie Kotuk/Nicholas Nappi–Large figurative Paintings/Works on paper, thru 3/29. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

***Ron Martin/Henry Saxe**–Large quantities black paint on canvas/Steel-plate sculpture, thru 3/26. Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave (249-8950).

Daniel Serra-Badué–Architectural lithos from 1963 to 1977, thru 3/17. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Pl (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-6.

Pat Steir–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 3/25. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Susan Walp–Still, carefully-drawn interiors, thru 3/8. Rose, 200 E 58th (759-8173). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Barbara Zucker–Sculpture, thru 3/11. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Goodman**–38 E 57th (755-3520). Objects by Agnetti, Johns, Marisol, Porter, Rauschenberg, others, thru 4/1.

***Hammer**–51 E 57th (644-4400). 19th and 20th century French paintings, including Bonnard, Fantin-Latour, Luce, Valtat, others; thru 3/18.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Hockey in works by Arman, Feigen, others, thru 4/1.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5. Dubuffet, Herbin, Matta, Miró, others, thru 3/24.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Sarsony, others, 3/14-4/1.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). The 20th century with Bluemner, Dove, Hopper, Henri, Luks, Hofmann, others, thru 3/8.

Ericson–963 Mad Ave (737-6155). Four contemporary Californians, thru 4/8.

***Forum**–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Four American Sculptors: Gross, Lachaise, Nadelman and Robus, thru 3/29.

***Fourcade**–36 E 75th (535-3980). 20th century paintings and sculpture from Brancusi to Lichtenstein, thru 4/8.

Institute for Architectural and Urban Studies–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6. The house in drawings and photos by Fiorenzoli, Goldring, and Webb, thru 3/14.

***L'Isis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, 3/9-7/30.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 3/31.

***Stone**–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Ducmanh and Hyatt and airplanes by Williams, thru 3/31.

SoHo

Buecker & Harpsichords–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Ten years at this co-op, including works by Admiral, De Niro, Reiner, Wexler, 3/11-4/29. Wed-Sat 12-5.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). 20th century visionary architecture for a future or a better world including Garnier, Le Corbusier, Fuller, Soleri, 3/11-5/6.

***OK Harris**–383 E Bdwy (431-3600). Photo-propaganda by Eckstein, sculpture and wall pieces by Gelfman-Pereira, Norris, Steinhauer, and Thiele, thru 3/25.

Neill–136 Greene (925-8633). Three painters and a sculptor, thru 3/25.

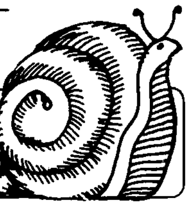
Pindar–127 Greene. Tues-Sat 12-5. Recent paintings, sculpture, and graphics by Bavar, Delagi, Lewis, Unger, others, thru 3/11.

Soho Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Scale and matter in works by Bruns, Natale, Waite, others, thru 3/25.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Tapestries and colored burning wood by Albu, collages by Bloom, paintings and sculpture by Di Falco, and oils by Hoxter, 3/11-30.

OTHER

ACIA–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Contemporary Indian artists and traditional arts of Nepal and Tibet, thru 3/25.



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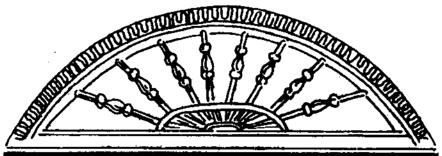

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American Institute of Graphic Arts–1059 3rd Ave (752-0813). Transportation system maps for 20 world cities, including NY, LA, London, Paris, Milan, Tokyo, thru 3/14.

Arsenal–830 5th (858-1416). Mon-Fri 9-5. Civello's linear portraits and Sheirr's colorist landscapes, thru 3/31.

***Goethe House**–1014 5th Ave (744-8310). Mon-Fri 9-5. German circus and variety posters from 1880 to 1930, thru 3/18.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

Lever House–Park at 53rd (646-0059). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sun 1-5. Members of the Contemporary Artists Guild, thru 3/16.

NY Public Library–5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

***H.H. Bennett/Irwin Blumenfeld**–Wisconsin landscapes from 1860 to 1908/Nude abstractions from the 30s, portraits from the 40s and 50s, Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Linda Connor/Anthony Dubovsky–Landscapes, still lifes, portraits/Constructed photo montages, thru 3/25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Daniel Deitch**–Italy, thru 3/31. Diana, 21 W 46th (246-1770). Mon-Fri 9-6.

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). Survey of current attitudes towards color, including the fragmented images of Link and the surreal middle-American landscapes of Lopez and Medina, thru 4/1.

***Rokuo Kawakami**–Herons and other winged creatures in the classical Japanese tradition, thru 3/27. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

Tom Marotta–Romanians in black-and-white, 3/14-4/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Wendy S. Messier–Southwest landscapes, portraits, still lifes, thru 3/13. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

Thomas R. Mitchell–Leaves, a cat, bleachers, thru 3/18. Douglas, 22 E 72nd (879-7392).

***Neikrug**–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. 30 Canadians, thru 3/18.

***Aristides Pappidas**–Soho faces, thru 4/1. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

Pfeifer–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Work in 19th century processes by contemporaries, thru 3/25.

***Fred Picker**–The austere beauty and simplicity of New England, thru 3/11. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***Robin Robin**–Black nudes, thru 3/10. Nikon House, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

***Sura Ruth/Jane Wenger**–Allusions/Surreal elemental visions, thru 3/11. Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. NYC night streets by Abrahams, Egypt by Takla, manipulated color polaroids by Fritz Andre Kracht, thru 3/28.

***John Thomson**–19th century China, Cambodia, Cyprus, and England, thru 4/1. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Daily 10-5, Thurs till 8:30, Sun 1-5. Royal hunting scenes highlight the art of the Sasanian empire, thru 3/12.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Stuart Davis—Art and Art Theory:* More than 100 of his works; thru 3/19.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Willem de Kooning in East Hampton:* His first major museum exhibition in a decade; thru 4/23. Collages by Jiri Kolár; thru 3/26.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Warburton Avenue:* The architecture of a neighborhood; thru 3/19.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Passport to the World:* Swiss photographers from 1840 to the present; thru 3/12.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings;* thru 6/18. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30. *Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century;* thru 5/7.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. Exhibition celebrating the 500th anniversary of Oxford University Press; 3/8 thru 5/7.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *New Stained Glass:* Small-scaled glass panels. Ceramics by David Gilhooly. Jewelry from the permanent collection. Thru 4/2.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Sol LeWitt:* The first comprehensive retrospective of his work to be presented in an American museum; thru 4/4. *Steichen:* The master prints (1895-1914); thru 3/28. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; thru 3/26. *New Standpoints, 1940-55:* Photos by various artists taken on American streets and characterized by extreme graphic economy; thru 4/30.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. Wood engravings by John De Pol; thru 3/12.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Synchronism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-25;* thru 3/26. *Duane Hanson's Sculptures;* thru 4/16. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASKETBALL

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Houston Rockets, 3/7 at 7:30; vs. Indiana Pacers, 3/9 at 7:30; vs. Milwaukee Bucks, 3/11 at 8.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Indiana Pacers, 3/8 at 8:05; vs. Detroit Pistons, 3/10 at 8:05; vs. New York Knicks, 3/12 at 1:45.

HOCKEY

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Vancouver Canucks, 3/7; vs. Buffalo Sabres, 3/11; vs. St. Louis Blues, 3/14. At 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Cleveland Barons, 3/8; vs. Washington Capitals, 3/12. At 7:35.

BOXING

Golden Gloves, Madison Square Garden (563-8000). Finals, 3/10 at 8.

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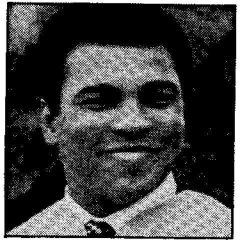
New York

Will Vitamin B-15 Cure What Ails You?

By Philip Nobile

"...Pangamate, or vitamin B-15, increases the supply of oxygen in the blood, and from this process many medical marvels follow..."


UPI

Dr. Atkins prescribes it for superenergy. Dick Gregory fuels up on it during interstate marathons. Muhammad Ali pops it when his blood is on the ropes. The U.S. equestrian team feeds it to the horses. And the USSR Academy of Sciences thinks it's an antidote for heart disease, senility, autism, etc. But a counsel for the Food and Drug Administration, smelling an apricot pit, deems it a hoax and wants it off the market.

Vitamin B-15 is, loosely speaking, the Laetrile of vitamins. In fact, it was first isolated in 1951 by E. T. Krebs, the father of Laetrile, in the same wondrous pit of the humble *prunus armeniaca,* or apricot. The use of a substance of such dubious extraction is easily dismissed as quackery. Two-time Nobel-prize winner Linus Pauling, the champion of vitamin C, remains skeptical on this other panacea. "I don't have confidence in anything done in the field of nutrition," Pauling comments. "It's so complicated. But the Russian studies are interesting."

After tinkering with Krebs's formula and experimenting with animals and over 1,000 patients, the Soviets introduced B-15 to their pharmacies in the mid-sixties. They were ecstatic with the results. Professor Yakov Shpirt of Moscow Clinical Hospital No. 60 predicted that B-15 would eventually become as common as table salt in Russian homes. To the timid, Professor Shpirt advised, "We must not fear universal remedies."

Despite the FDA's disapproval, vitamin B-15 is widely available in the United States. The city's health-food stores are well stocked with 100-tablet bottles for about $8, but some of them, like mine, sell B-15 only under the counter. Last month in Chicago, the FDA seized several shipments of Aangamik 15, the brand name for FoodScience Laboratories' best-selling version of the vitamin, for noncompliance with narrow food-additive regulations. If the FDA wins, B-15 will be wiped out before most of the country knows what it missed. Nutritionists, vitamin therapists, and other practitioners of holistic healing are the voodooists of American medicine, sharing large followings and little standing. So B-15, a potential rival of the established vitamin favorites, C and E, is on trial for its life—and if you really believe, for our lives too.

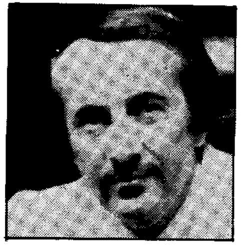
Vitamin B-15 isn't a vitamin at all in the strict sense. That is, it has not been proved an essential dietary requirement whose absence would lead to deficiency or disease. Krebs identified it chemically as pangamic acid or pangamate (*pan,* "all"; *gamate,* "seed"), because he claimed it exists in all seeds. On the theory that the substance appears in nature wherever other B-complex vitamins are found, he named it B-15. Other B-complex sources include brewer's yeast, ox blood, horse liver, rice bran, corn grits, and wheat germ. B-15 is found in all of them.

What does pangamate do exactly? Principally, it increases the supply of oxygen in the blood and its uptake into the body's tissues. From this simple transaction, many medical marvels follow. The cells need oxygen to function normally; hypoxia, or lack of cellular oxygen, is the beginning of bad health and perhaps death. How pangamate performs is not clear, but it does have the added ability to detoxify oxygen-consuming pollutants in the blood.

The Russians especially praise pangamate's miraculous effects on heart patients. By pumping more oxygen into heart tissue starved by narrow arteries, pangamate seems to relieve the symptoms of cardiovascular conditions. Heavy breathing and pain tend to disappear; the discomfort of angina is also remedied. Krebs has never heard of a properly pangamatized patient expiring from a heart attack. "It would be insane to say that nobody could die from a coronary under B-15," he remarks. "But, damn it, it would have to be an awfully massive one."

Further Russian research indicates that pangamate normalizes cholesterol levels in the blood and keeps the vessels free of other fatty deposits leading to hardening of the arteries.

Although B-15 is regarded seriously abroad (in France, Germany, Yugoslavia, Japan, Spain, as well as in the USSR), it is mainly a feel-good pill in the land of its origin. FoodScience Laboratories, for instance, dares not advertise any therapeutic benefit lest the FDA consider it a drug and demand rigorous pre-marketing testing. Dom Orlandi, the young president of the family-owned Vermont company, speaks of Aangamik 15 as a "nonfuel nutrient," a dietary supplement beyond the long arm of federal law.


LAWRENCE RATZKIN

Dr. Robert Atkins recommends B-15 to the weary in *Dr. Atkins' Superenergy Diet.* "I use it primarily as a fatigue fighter," he says. "When none of the other vitamins I prescribe works, B-15 can turn a patient's energy picture around rather surprisingly. I rate it with the upper echelon of nutritional agents—on a par with B-6, folic acid, and para-aminobenzoic." He depends on a daily pick-me-up himself. "If I forget to take it, I feel it. If I'm getting tired during the day and I have a meeting at night, I take three B-15s and I'm no longer tired." Atkins would like to mix pangamate into his own multi-vitamin formula, but that would leave him open to an FDA bust.

Soviet athletes eat B-15 like candy, and Russian experiments on swimming rats and human rowers showed a decrease in the buildup of lactic acid, the cause of muscle fatigue. Thus the appeal to long-distance runners like Dick Gregory. "We all take B-15," says Gary Null, WMCA's nutritionist in residence and off-mike marathoner.

The aging pro can grow young on pangamate, according to Virginia biochemist Dr. Richard Passwater. The increased oxygen not only provides a second wind but another property of the vitamin serves to retain muscle glycogen, or reserve fuel. Not for nothing does Dr. Passwater coach members of the Washington Redskins' "over-the-hill gang" in B-15 formations.

Muhammad Ali was coming down with iron-deficiency anemia one month before the Jimmy Young fight in 1976. He was overweight and undermotivated. Then Dr. Passwater reached Ali with the notion of taking pangamate, chelated iron, and other supplements. "Within three days," wrote Passwater in *Let's Live* magazine, "his blood level was normal again and his desire to train returned." He attributed Ali's consecutive victories over Young, Dunn, and Norton in part to B-15.

For Richard Burns (a pseudonym for a roving media consultant), B-15 is a tonic stronger than Lourdes water. A few years ago, he was a physical wreck. After surviving several terminal diagnoses, he checked into Princeton's Brain Bio Center, a high-powered diagnostic clinic specializing in the treatment of biochemical disorders. Center director Dr. Carl C. Pfeiffer, a pioneer in megavitamin therapy, put Burns onto B-15. Life suddenly became worth living again. "As soon as I took B-15," Burns insists, "I could do eight hours of yoga while still on chemotherapy for a skin condition. Prior to that I spent most of my day in bed. On B-15, I can now run farther, swim longer, and do more push-ups than I could before."

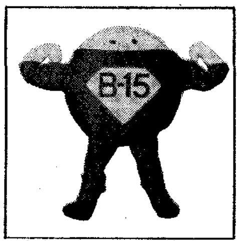
Physical purity is Burns's obsession. He ingests approximately 100 vitamin pills daily and does five hours of strenuous exercise between sunup and sundown. "Without B-15, I would honestly feel shortness of breath and heart palpitations. Apart from losing stamina, I would have less visual

Illustrated by Brookie Maxwell

> "…'B-15 is today's newest ripoff,' says FDA lawyer Ron Craig. 'If the Russians have done research, it must be inadequate'…"

clarity and focus; color would appear less intense." Burns is positively mystical on the aphrodisiac powers, so far unnoted in the literature, of B-15. "Orgasm seems to have more length and brilliance of light," he says. "The flash is greater and, in general, your ability to perceive aura is enhanced."

ELIZABETH THAYER



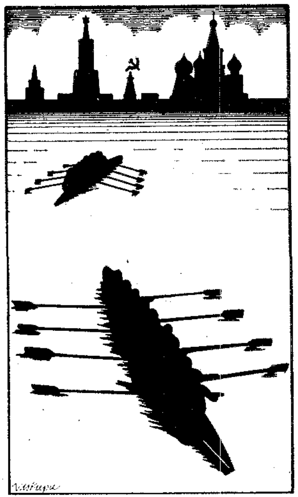
As if pangamate hasn't promised enough, the hard-charging Soviets are investigating what mankind so far has sought in vain—eternal youth. The substance purportedly holds back the erosion of time by sending in reinforcements against "free radicals," nasty high-energy fragments of cell molecules that gerontologists accuse of hastening old age. "Although the mechanism of action of calcium pangamate cannot be considered absolutely clear," Professor Shpirt wrote in a 1968 paper, "the available data allow us to believe that calcium pangamate is a potent stimulant in the control of aging." And then there's the cancer angle: One Russian experiment tantalizingly recorded that B-15 significantly reduced both incidence and onset of induced mammary tumors in young rats.

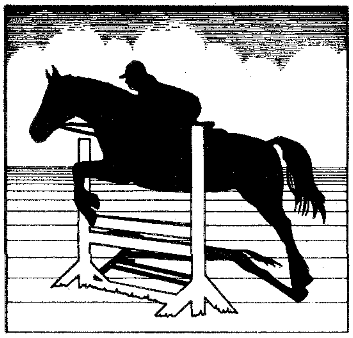
Obviously, the company that corners the pangamate market sits on a potential gold mine. Despite losing large sums on the other prodigy of Krebs's apricot pit, Orlandi has invested heavily in B-15 over the past ten years. Krebs and the Orlandi family were once united on Laetrile, but B-15 has made them enemies. Krebs calls their Aangamik 15 "half-baked." Dom Orlandi retorts that Krebs's formula, unavailable to the public, may have very severe side effects —possibly death—to those who cannot endure its fast dilation of the blood vessels.

The Orlandis made money in construction and real estate in the fifties. After Laetrile appeared to dissolve a pre-cancerous tumor in the breast of the family matriarch, a breast that doctors advised removing, the Orlandis sank $3.5 million into Laetrile research. Eventually, they acquired majority stock in Biozymes Limited International, the Canadian company that bought Krebs's patent for Laetrile. The man behind Biozymes was Andrew McNaughton, later convicted of fraud in a mining venture, whom Dom Orlandi says mismanaged his money. Searching for a way out of this financial hole, young Orlandi figured he would look into vitamin B-15, whose patent Biozymes had also purchased from Krebs. He first tried it on friends' racehorses, and it seemed to have a Silky Sullivan effect. Fast but fading horses would bolt down the backstretch like never before.

While Orlandi pressed on with research into B-15, he was astonished to see the Soviet version of the same thing at Expo '67 in Canada. "We were wondering what the hell was going on. B-15 is supposed to belong to Biozymes. Now Krebs is putting out the story that he *gave* the formula to Russia. Well, I don't believe him. I think McNaughton sold it to the Russians. And Russians hold a U.S. patent on their manufacturing method! Are you ready for that?"

B-15 is difficult to isolate and harder to bottle with quality control. The purity and activity deviate from brand to brand in various countries. There is no standard chemical formula. Dom Orlandi claims that Aangamik 15 is an improved and purer form of the Russian vitamin. "That's absurd," responds Krebs. "Perhaps Aangamik 15 is fine for fatigue. But the difference between the Russian formula and Orlandi's is the difference between having two legs amputated from gangrene or not."





Russian row-lette: *Tests on Soviet rowers prove B-15 increases athletic energy. Here we feed it to the equine stars of U.S. equestrian team.*

In turn, Orlandi says that B-15 was discovered in the nineteenth century and that Krebs's original patent was unworkable. Indeed, the Soviets have changed Krebs's formula for synthesizing pangamate, but they consistently cite his discovery paper in their literature.

How's business at FoodScience? Orlandi won't disclose details except to observe that Aangamik 15, on sale since 1974, grosses more than $1 million annually. "We've been audited four times in a year and a half; the IRS didn't believe we could grow that fast." He sells the vitamin to national brands of horse feed as well as cat and dog food; his B-15 line lists Peppy-15 (a dog supplement not yet on the market) and Spur (a horse supplement). Despite the possibilities, Orlandi doesn't push his pill in advertising. Explanatory brochures mailed to physicians carefully refrain from boasting specific therapeutic advantages, stating only, "For use in mantaining the proper structure and function of the body."

B-15 as the Russians See It

This is a list of areas in which B-15 is effective, according to Russian research.

Functions of B-15

Extends cell life span
Improves blood oxygenation
Stimulates immune response
Involved in energy transport
Detoxifies pollutants
Involved in protein synthesis
Liver protecting
Speeds recovery from fatigue
Regulates blood levels of steroids

Diseases Treated by B-15

Heart diseases
Aging
Senility
Diabetes
Gangrene
Hypertension
Glaucoma
Alcoholism
Drug addiction
Autism
Schizophrenia
Cirrhosis
Hepatitis
Jaundice
Allergies
Dermatitis
Mild poisoning
Neuralgia
Sciatica
Neuritis
Minimal-damage brain dysfunction

Illustrated by Gary Viskupic

MICHAEL O'NEILL

But the FDA is not fooled. B-15 is still a food additive to them, not an authentic vitamin, and thus subject to food-additive guidelines. Since FoodScience refuses to recognize FDA's definition of B-15, both parties are heading for court. "The FDA could run me dizzy for ten years on those tests," Orlandi says, his temper rising. "I don't trust them; they falsify data. I *know* the FDA purposely contaminated our product in one instance."

Meanwhile, Ron Craig, the FDA lawyer on the case, is out to gun down Aangamik 15. "It's today's newest ripoff," he says of B-15. What about the Soviet studies? "I don't know how our experts account for the Russian papers," admits Ron Craig, the FDA's lawyer on the B-15 case. "But we review worldwide studies; if the Russians have done research, it must be inadequate." Just who are the FDA experts? Craig's superior won't permit releasing their names.

Safety is the alleged issue with the FDA. All food additives must be judged safe prior to going on the shelf. Orlandi says that the FDA is well aware of toxicity tests conducted in one of its own labs that demonstrate the harmless nature of Aangamik 15. Craig denies it. "If there were such information, I'd have it on my desk."

"They're lying," replies Orlandi. "We had several meetings with FDA officials two years ago when we presented our findings. And they said then, if anything leaked out they'd deny it. Ask Dr. Paul Buck—he supervised the tests."

Dr. Buck, a biochemist formerly on the faculty of Cornell University as well as a member of the Vitamin and Mineral Board of the FDA did conduct lethal-dosage tests of B-15 for Orlandi on mice and dogs in the FDA's contract laboratory in Waverly, New York. Projecting from these tests he found that a 150-pound human would have to consume 21.66 pounds of Aangamik 15—that is, 100,000 times the normal dosage—before keeling over in pangamic death. "FDA was informed of research and invited to send inspectors at anytime, unannounced or announced," Dr. Buck says in a precisely worded telegram from Ithaca. "FDA to our knowledge did not appear." He also attests to meetings "with appropriate research personnel of the FDA. FDA was cooperative, FDA enforcement division also was informed." Why then is the agency so officially hesitant on B-15? "Because of unorthodox therapeutic claims by some distributors." For him, "B-15 is safe," and neither a hoax nor a ripoff. Dr. Buck adds that "planned clinical tests will be conducted under the procedures of the FDA." (Orlandi points to 350 cardiovascular outpatients on high doses of B-15 at a Palm Springs hospital for the last six months; the experiment is sponsored by FoodScience.)

The FDA has no comment on Dr. Buck's testimony.

As a consequence of the FDA's adverseness, B-15 has not received a fair shake in this country. However, a few doctors have replicated Soviet research on disturbed children with amazing results. The Soviets noticed that pangamate actually helped retarded children communicate and concentrate appreciably better than they could before starting treatment. Dr. Alan Cott, a New York City psychiatrist, began prescribing B-15 in his child practice after consulting with his Soviet colleagues. "I see a great many children with serious behavior disorders," says Dr. Cott. "They have constant temper tantrums, screaming, hyperactivity; they have difficulty sleeping, learning, and speaking. Some don't even babble like babies, although they're often quite bright. The severely disturbed child is as sick as a human being can get. I use B-15 as an adjunct to dietary changes and other vitamins. But it makes a distinct difference with some children in stimulating speech, and this improvement vanishes when the vitamin is withdrawn." Dr. Cott estimates that one out of four of his child patients benefits from B-15; the figure would be higher if the dosage could be controlled.

Although impressed by the Soviet research done in this particular field, Dr. Cott doubts B-15 can successfully be used to combat retardation, schizophrenia, and autism, as the Soviets suggest.

Dr. Bernard Rimland, the director of the Institute for Child Behavior Research in San Diego, disagrees with Cott. "B-15 makes autistic kids more normal," he says. "It helps correct a wide range of behavior—alertness, irritability, sleep." And Rimland has a theory, based on B-15's anti-allergenic qualities, of how it works on the brain. "The main cause of diseases like autism may be an allergy of the central nervous system. Most people don't regard the brain as having allergic reactions, but it's the most sensitive organ in the body. My hunch is that autistic kids who respond best to B-15, which also seems to assuage the symptoms of asthma, are those whose basic problem is the consequence of an allergic condition that affects their brain function."

Dr. Rimland is currently directing a double-blind experiment involving 120 autistic children around the country to measure B-15's effect on this tragic disorder. "It's too early to tell with absolute certainty, but I think the treatment results will come out positive. In general, the parents feel their kids are doing better on B-15 than on the placebo."

Why, the average citizen asks, would the Food and Drug Administration seek to ban a tablet containing a harmless substance natural to our diet whose potential benefits extend to numerous scourges impervious to known medical therapies? There must be more to the B-15 story. Dr. Michael Schachter, a Nyack psychiatrist specializing in the holistic arts, offers a second opinion. "Orthodox medicine," he says, "is not used to thinking about how nutrients can be helpful. It is very much concerned with deciding which nutritional treatments are called faddism and quackery. After all, nutrition tends to reduce the importance of certain kinds of medical practice. I think B-15 is part of this. I mean here we have a virtually nontoxic substance with no side effects in competition with a lot of drugs with greater side effects. The drug companies don't want to hear about it and will do anything to keep it off the market."

But those endless Soviet papers—can they all be off the wall? Dr. Peter Stacpoole, M.D. and Ph.D. in pharmacology at Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville, Tennessee, leans toward B-15 in a recent survey article in the *World Review of Nutrition and Dietetics*. But after a close reading of the Russian research, he concludes that "definitive studies, involving large, carefully matched, treated and control populations and long-term follow-up surveys, are lacking."

Dr. Stacpoole is the stepson of E. T. Krebs.

Dosage

How much B-15 should you take? That depends. Therapeutic dosages, treating serious disease for which the pill is appropriate, call for 100 to 150 milligrams daily for three to four weeks. As a diet supplement, the Russians prescribe 50 milligrams a day, but American users typically go up to 150 milligrams, or three tablets.

B-15 and Booze

Dr. I. V. Strelchuk of the Central Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow reports that B-15 neutralizes the craving for liquor in alcoholics. After 30 days of pangamate, Russian drunks can't stand the sight of vodka. B-15 also protects against cirrhosis and, according to Dr. Atkins's patients, against hangovers.

The Palestine Problem: It's All in a Name

By Sidney Zion

"... Everybody agrees that there has never been a Palestinian nation. But there *has* been one since 1946–called Jordan ..."

The only thing about the Middle East that goes without argument and even without saying is that the Palestinian Arabs are a stateless, homeless people.

You can't pick a fight on that anywhere in the world, including Tel Aviv. The fact that four wars have been fought for the ostensible purpose of resolving the plight of the Palestinians has solidified this consensus. Everyone believes it.

And today, the Sadat peace initiative lies in near ruin over the inability of Israel and Egypt to agree on a formulation of principles concerning the right —or lack thereof—of the Palestinians to determine their own future on the West Bank of the river Jordan, the area universally regarded as the historic, political, geographic, and demographic landmass of Palestine.

But even as the arguments rage over whether or how this should or can be accomplished—a state, a homeland, an entity?—*everybody* agrees that there is not now and never has been a Palestinian nation.

The problem with this notion is that it is not true. There is and *has been* a Palestinian nation since May 14, 1946 —only two years to the day before there was an Israeli nation.

Originally called the Kingdom of Transjordan, that nation is now the Kingdom of Jordan. It lives on the East Bank of the Jordan River and comprises 80 percent of the historic, political, geographic, and demographic landmass of Palestine. It has a population of 2 million people, virtually all of whom were either born there or arrived there from the other 20 percent of Palestine—Israel plus the "occupied territories" known as the West Bank.

Palestine, then, includes *both* sides of the Jordan River, bounded on the west by the Mediterranean, on the east by Saudi Arabia and Iraq, on the south by Egypt, on the north by Syria and Lebanon.

These boundaries were universally acknowledged from the end of World War I until 1946, when Great Britain created by fiat the independent Kingdom of Transjordan—thus lopping off four fifths of Palestine and handing it to the Arabs, in direct violation of the mandate over the territory granted to Great Britain by the League of Nations.

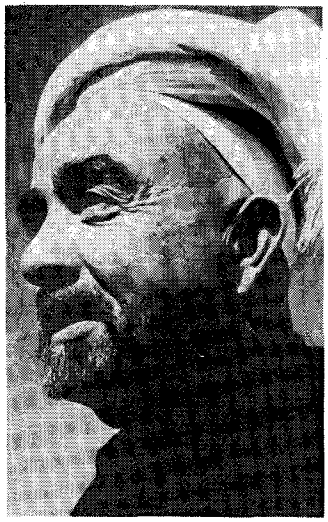
In the years since, Jordan has been recognized as a nation separate and apart from Palestine, its only connection being its role as the principal "host country" for Palestinian refugees displaced by the creation of Israel.

While Israel won its independence through revolution against the British mandatory, it is viewed as a creature of the United Nations, owing its existence to a world guilt-ridden over the Holocaust. Since its victory in the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel—it is said—now controls the whole of Palestine. Its re-

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

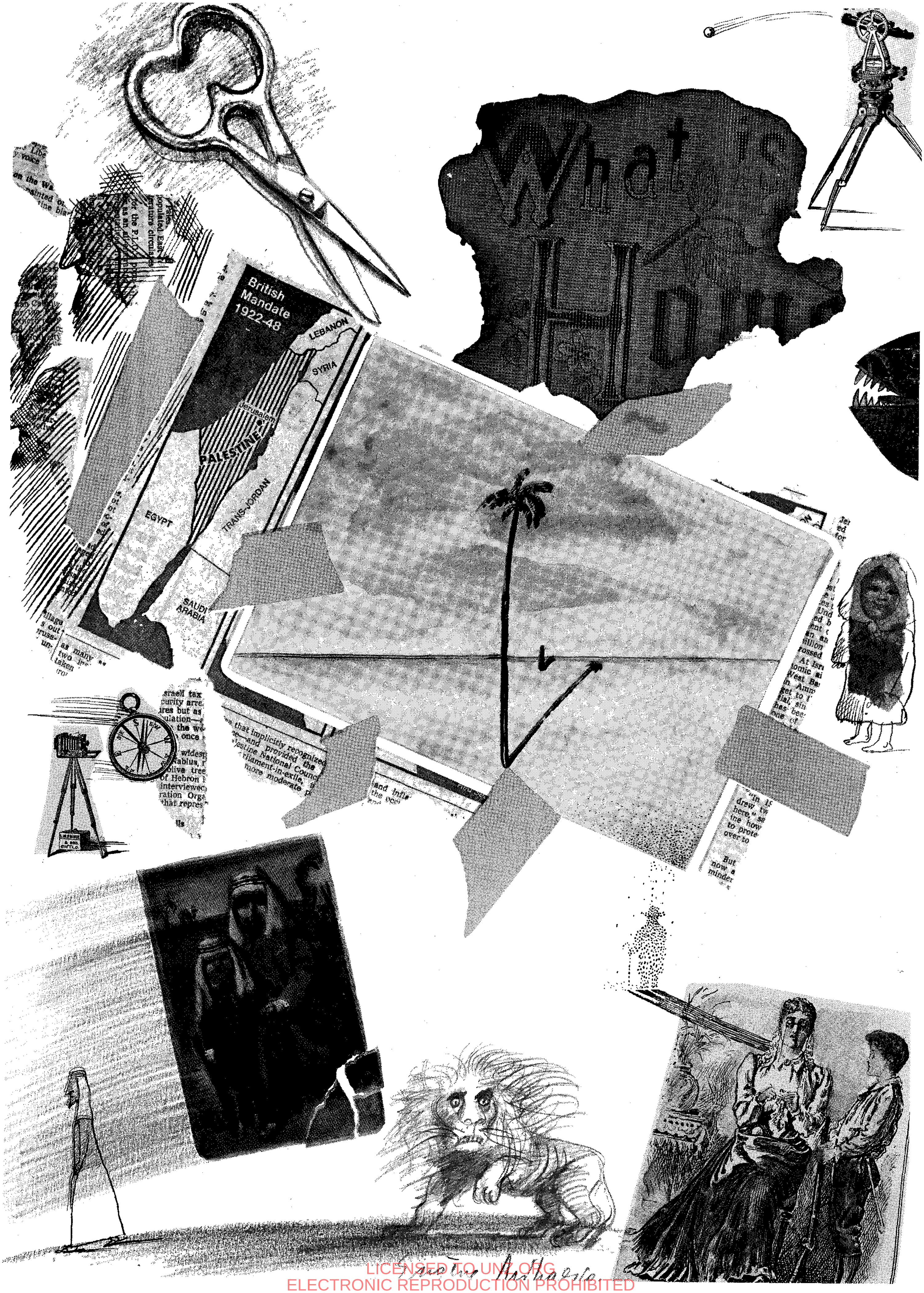
Great white father: *Winston Churchill created the Emirate of Transjordan by inserting the Hashemite Abdullah (center) as leader. The Zionist leadership reluctantly agreed to this lopping off of 80 percent of Palestine. A year later, when it became clear that Arabs would not resettle on the East Bank, Vladimir Jabotinsky (right), the fiery Zionist, reasserted the Jewish claim to the whole of Palestine.*

BLACK STAR



WIDE WORLD

Illustrated by Eugene Mihaesco


What is
British Mandate 1922-48
LEBANON
SYRIA
Jerusalem
PALESTINE
EGYPT
TRANS-JORDAN
SAUDI ARABIA

> "... Jordan was intended for resettlement of the Palestinian Arabs. It was never meant to be an independent state ..."

fusal to cede the territory occupied after that war—from East Jerusalem to the Jordan River, plus the Gaza Strip—is therefore considered the bar to national rights or "self-determination" of the Palestinian Arabs.

Because the Palestinian question lies at the heart of the Arab-Israeli conflict, Israel's flat objection to self-determination is considered a major stumbling block to peace, on a par with the determination of important elements of the Palestine Liberation Organization to destroy the Jewish state.

So goes the conventional wisdom of much of the world, and, because it is so widely believed, it is naturally thought to be fair and objective. No matter that it is based on an incredible distortion of history, politics, geography, and demography. Yet, unless this distortion is corrected, there is little hope for anything close to an enduring Middle East peace. A brief look at relatively recent events puts the problem in perspective.

Before World War I, the word "Palestine" had no clear-cut geographical denotation and represented no political identity. In 1920, however, the Allied powers conferred on Great Britain a "mandate" over the territory formerly occupied by Turkey. It was called the Palestine Mandate and included the land on both sides of the Jordan River. This mandate was confirmed by the League of Nations in 1922 and remained unchanged during the League's lifetime.

SYGMA

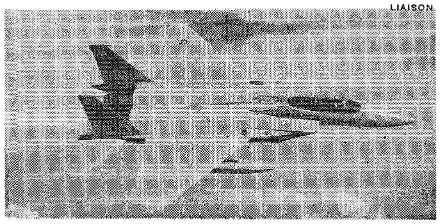
The mandate incorporated the Balfour Declaration, the famous 1917 proclamation by which Great Britain committed itself to provide a homeland in Palestine for the Jewish people; it did not provide a homeland for the Arabs living there, but it did protect their "civil and religious," although not their political, rights.

However, two months after the League of Nations approved the mandate, Winston Churchill, then Britain's colonial secretary, changed the rules of the game. "One afternoon in Cairo," as Churchill later boasted, he simply took all the land east of the Jordan River and inserted the Hashemite Abdullah—the grandfather of King Hussein—as its emir. But he did not free it from the mandate, and the people living on the East Bank were in all respects Palestinians. The people living there traveled under Palestinian passports, as did the Jews and Arabs living on the West Bank. But the whole country was effectively ruled by Britain.

Why did Churchill do it? Because Abdullah was bitterly disappointed that he hadn't been chosen by the British as king-designate of Iraq—a post that went to his brother. Churchill wanted to stroke Abdullah's ego and at the same time serve the empire.

But, according to Britain's East Bank representative, Sir Alec Kirkbride, this land, constituting 80 percent of the mandate, was "intended to serve as a reserve of land for use in the resettlement of Arabs once the National Home for the Jews in Palestine, which they were pledged to support, became an accomplished fact. There was no intention at that stage of forming the territory east of the river Jordan into an independent Arab state."

LIAISON



Bungling toward peace: *Jimmy Carter, the "honest broker," talks peace with Begin and Sadat while brokering a jet sale to Egypt and Saudi Arabia. The proposed deal, which would send 60 F-15s to the Saudis while cutting the Israeli commitment almost in half, has seriously complicated the peace talks by stiffening the Israeli hard-liners' resolve against territorial concessions. The latest fallout: the resumption of "bulldozer diplomacy" by Israel on the Sinai and the West Bank.*

Indeed, Churchill persuaded the Zionists to go along with suspension of Jewish immigration to the East Bank on the grounds that this would mollify the indigenous Arab population on the West Bank—then 200,000 strong—and thus make possible a Jewish homeland west of the Jordan.

Of course, it did no such thing; instead, it whetted Arab appetites for the whole of Palestine, an objective which was nearly achieved several times: the Palestinian Arab uprising against the Jews in 1936; the British White Paper of 1939, which cut off Jewish immigration to the Holy Land, locking European Jews in with Hitler; and the united Arab war against the newly proclaimed state of Israel in 1948.

Until 1946, however, Transjordan remained under the British Palestine Mandate. The English declared Transjordan an independent entity without a soupçon of international authority.

As a result, what began in 1920 as a mandate to turn Palestine into a Jewish homeland turned into a reverse Balfour Declaration, creating an Arab nation in four fifths of Palestine and leaving the Jews to fight for statehood against the Arabs on the West Bank.

The upshot: Jordan is now considered an immutable entity, as distinct from Palestine as are Egypt, Saudi Ara-

SYGMA

bia, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq.

But a country whose population is virtually all Palestinian can hardly be considered as something less than a Palestinian nation.

Still, the notion that Jordan has nothing to do with Palestine is so deeply embedded that it came as no real surprise when, the other day, the New York *Times* treated it as a world apart. In a three-part series on the Palestinians, the *Times* drew historical maps cutting Transjordan out of the British mandate—and repeated the fiction that Israel occupies the whole of Palestine.

While the *Times* was breast-beating over the "stateless" Palestinians, I. F. Stone was complaining in a story in *The New York Review of Books* that Jewish dissidents, like himself, could not get a word in edgewise in behalf of Palestinian nationhood.

Stone knows all about the two banks of the Jordan, as his piece indicated. It seems, however, that it didn't register with him; he suggested neither that the Palestinians already have a state nor that the one thing the American press never reports is the fact that Jordan *is* Palestine.

On the other hand, the Israeli government doesn't say it either, and a story goes with that fact.

When the Zionists agreed in 1922 to suspend immigration to the East Bank, in accordance with Churchill's request, Vladimir Jabotinsky signed on.

But Jabotinsky, the elegant, fiery Zionist leader who later became the father of the terrorist Irgun Zvai Leumi and the "eagle" of its commander, Menachem Begin, changed his mind about the deal a year later after it became clear that the Jews had traded away most of the mandate for nothing.

The Establishment Zionists, however, stuck with the British ever after. "There are no Palestinians, there are only Jordanians," said Golda Meir again and again.

Of course, she was wrong. In fact, there are no Jordanians, only Palestinians. One reason why Golda insisted on the opposite—as everyone with a passing knowledge of Zionist politics understands—was that her political enemy Jabotinsky was on the other side.

Meir and her Mapai party, which ruled Israel until Begin took over last year, hated Jabotinsky and his followers, considering them all "fascists."

The Jabotinsky vision held that both sides of the Jordan belonged to Israel; he wrote a song about it: "The West Bank is ours, and the East Bank is ours."

Menachem Begin marched to this tune most of his life. For domestic political reasons he dropped it some years ago, but now that he is prime minister, it's surprising, to say the least, that he does not even allude to it.

This is not to suggest that Begin make a play to conquer the East Bank. But, by reciting the history of Palestine, he could clear up the confusion and make a contribution toward peace.

Thus, if the world were to understand that Israel now occupies only 20 percent of Palestine rather than 100 percent, would it not make a difference?

If it becomes clear that the Arab refugees and their children who crossed over to Jordan in 1948 did not enter a "host country" but rather the Arab part of their own country, would it not make a difference?

Would it not make a difference to the prestige and future of King Hussein, perceived by the PLO as an interloper only a cut above the Israelis, to point out that he succeeded in maintaining Arab hegemony over four fifths of Palestine?

Of course it would make a difference.

Israel is being robbed of its political, historic, and geographic legitimacy while seeming to rob the Palestinians of a nation it already has.

"If there is a Palestine, there can also be an Israel," says Peter Bergson, who led the Hebrew Liberation Movement in the 1940s. "But if we paint Jordan as if it's just another Arab nation, as if it's Saudi Arabia, then the fight is on for the extinction of Israel in stages.

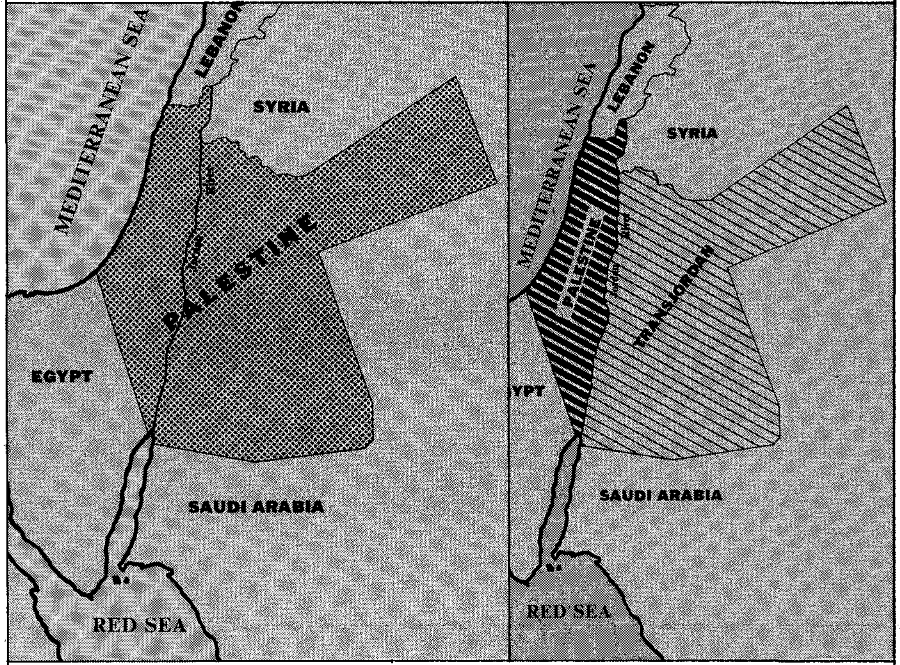
"Because," Bergson adds, "if we insist that the whole of Palestine is the West Bank, anything we return is simply the fruit of a crime. But if we tell the truth, if we point out that 80 percent of the land is already in the hands of the Palestinian Arabs, everyone—here and around the world—will see this dispute for what it is.

"And what is it but an argument over boundaries? We are two nations sharing one country, and we're talking about a strip of land that amounts to 4 or 5 percent of the whole. Every boundary disagreement in history has been settled by drawing new lines. But you can't settle it if someone thinks his nationhood has been ripped off."

If all this sounds theoretical, impractical, unpragmatic, it's the opposite.

No neighboring Arab nation wants a separate state on the West Bank—not Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Lebanon. Some of them say they want it, but whosoever accepts rhetoric in the Middle East belongs in the U.S. State Department. Or *The New York Review of Books*. ▬

The Real Palestine



On the left, Palestine under the British mandate. It included the land on both sides of the Jordan River and was confirmed by the League of Nations in 1922. The entire area remained under the mandate until 1946, when at the last meeting of the League of Nations Britain simply announced that it had established the Kingdom of Transjordan. In May, 1946, Abdullah was named king and in 1952 his grandson, Hussein, succeeded to the throne.

On the right, Palestine as the New York Times *saw it last month, illustrating a series on the Palestinians. The map depicts Palestine, 1922–48, as lying solely on the West Bank of the Jordan. Transjordan, on the other hand, is depicted as a separate nation in the same manner as Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Syria, etc. Thus, the distortion of history and geography continues.*

Illustrated by Rick Jackson

Imogene Coca Hits the Spot

By Tom Burke

"...The first thing Imogene Coca says is, 'Excuse us *one* moment; this bracelet has to be, pardon the expression, screwed on'..."

The memory that lingers is of Imogene Coca in her dressing room, minutes after *On the Twentieth Century*'s second-night final curtain. Her backstage digs at the St. James Theatre are nowhere near as baroque as stars usually demand, but they're flower-filled, and the light switch is obscured by gladioli. Imogene's husband, actor King Donovan, is encircling her thin wrist with his opening-night-a-day-late gift, a narrow gold bracelet. The first thing she says is, "Excuse us *one* moment; this bracelet has to be, pardon the expression, screwed on." And she lowers her right eyelid about to her chin, just as she did 25 years ago on *Your Show of Shows*, just as she does only once as the mad Letitia Primrose in the Coleman, Comden, and Green musical that's become the town's hottest ticket.

As she is speaking, the bracelet's tiny gold screw falls under the flowers. When it's finally retrieved and she's ready to go out the stage door, past a gaggle of fans waiting not for her co-stars, John Cullum and Madeline Kahn (who are onstage for most of *Twentieth Century* and sing most of its countless songs), but for the queen of fifties television comedy, she stops in her tracks in the backstage hall and exclaims, "Oh God, I left the dressing-room lights on. That's *not* right." And she unlocks the door again, dropping the key; as she reaches for the hidden light switch, all the flowers tumble onto the House of Carpets carpet. She picks them up with great care. It's late, but she won't leave a room that way, or a light switch on, even if the St. James is paying Con Ed.

Ten minutes later, in Ted Hook's Backstage, she's awed that one of the table's lampshades now bears her name. "I *never* got my picture up in Sardi's." She speaks in gentle but perpetual italics. "I always had this daydream, that I'd do a sketch of myself myself and sneak it in some night and put it up where they wouldn't notice, back near the ladies' room." Since she made her Broadway debut in 1932, she's been a Sardi's patron—though she usually brings two milk shakes with her, to share with her friend the hatcheck girl. She chats softly, sipping white wine; her face does not twist comedically as she talks, but it does continually mutate.

"The rubber-face thing," she explains, "I don't set *out* to do it; I never did. It just sort of happens, unplanned. I mean, I never even set out to be a *comedienne*. To me, I was always this *actress* who *happened* to get cast in funny plays" (though she hasn't been, she quickly adds, since she did Howard Teichmann's Broadway comedy *The Girls in 509*, with Peggy Wood, nearly twenty years ago).

"Is this show a 'comeback'?"

No two of her smiles are quite the same, and this one's deadpan-droll. "My dear, I don't think my part in this is large enough to be called 'comeback' material, do you? I mean, I do one cross ten minutes into the action, then I sit in the dressing room about 40 minutes, going quietly insane."

Exactly. Why hire Imogene Coca and leave her so long in her dressing room? "Hmmm. Well, all I want to say about that is, I love the show, I love the people involved; they've all been *exceptional* to me. If that weren't the case, I'd speak out right here. But it is *very* hard to establish a character for the audience when, mostly, you're running across a stage and disappearing. At least I have plenty of time, during a performance, to *think* character, so when I'm on, she's very there. And I *love* Letitia Primrose: To play her, I just called up my *own* nuttiness, of which there's an abundance." In the show, little Letitia writes out a check to finance the theatrical comeback of director Oscar Jaffee (for this character, John Cullum and director Hal Prince decided upon a two-hour aping of John Barrymore). Letitia is the rich owner of a patent-medicine company, but she has boarded the Twentieth Century to escape from a private sanitarium, because, as a second-act song explains, "She's a Nut!" Anybody should be as nuts as the Letitia that Imogene projects. Or the Imogene that she projects.

Top billing: *Ms. Coca poses outside her East Side apartment, where she lives with her husband and an amorous black poodle.*

Photographed by Maureen Lambray

"...Nothing she knows of accounts for her distrust of planes, trains, and cars, or for her nightmares of being buried alive..."

"Oh, sure, I think *all* of us—actors, I mean—are acting ourselves, as much as our characters. Sure. But to me, Letitia is quite *elegant*. Her sanitarium I picture as very chic, like a classy hotel. There *are* those, aren't there? I haven't had to go to one—yet. Letitia is hurting no one; she's very *content* in her nuttiness—she has *fun* with it!"

But about Letitia's big and only solo, "Repent": Is the character, besides being nuts, really religious?

"Good question. Maybe that shouldn't matter, in such a stylized show, but I *have* to think those things out to act, even in a musical. Oh yes, I see Letitia as being truly one of God's creatures. She prays. She *cares*. That's her *sanity!* But she knows how to have fun—like modern nuns. She *loves* pasting those "repent" stickers around, especially on people's backs. You see, I think of the lady as much . . . *grander* than I am. I don't suppose I should say things like that."

She cannot talk more now; Earl Wilson has sidled up, his little notebook in hand.

"Uh, when were you born?" he asks.

"I *always* say 1492."

The next afternoon, at her East Sixties apartment (in what must be the world's largest luxury high-rise complex, with enough doormen to defend Beirut), up on the eighteenth floor, King Donovan mixes drinks, then vanishes. Their big black poodle humps one's leg. Imogene is wearing smart-looking pants and a sweater; she's plagued with sinusitis, she says, but even so, there's no way, looking at her, to suppose she's more than 40. Forget that she first caught Broadway's eye 46 years ago, in a revue called *Flying Colors*. She's best remembered by old theater buffs for her work in Leonard Sillman's first *New Faces*, in 1934, when she established herself as a virtuoso of pantomime. It was then that the press started describing her genius for portraying our precarious balances between dignity and absurdity; her ability to tilt that balance with a minuscule flick of a wrist, leg, eye. Most comediennes, one critic pointed out, approached satire raucously; Coca, on the other hand, "could beat a tiger to death with a feather."

The way she puts it is, "*Whatever* it is I do, it's in my blood. My family was all sort of in show business." Her father was a musical conductor, of Spanish descent, which accounts for her surname. "The family was very *adventurous*," and nothing she knows of accounts for her lifelong profound distrust of planes, trains, cars, cabs (in traffic, she covers her eyes), or for her feeling trapped sitting at a dinner table (her guests always eat buffet style), or for her recurring nightmares about being buried alive. "Yes, I hate traveling, but I love the road! Thank God we're rid of the idea that New York is the only sophistication. Fine art of all sorts was *always* done in other towns, and now, thanks to TV, there *are* no more hick towns. There are dinner theaters everywhere. King and I have played lots of them together, in things like *The Fourposter* and *Never Too Late*. I must also have gypsy blood—I *love* playing Chicago, Charlottesville, or absolutely *wherever*. King and I played a town in California called Cupertino. Who ever heard of Cupertino?"

Across the street another high rise is being erected; her sudden laugh tops even the construction blasts, over which she's been nasally shouting. "Listen, opening night in Cupertino was just as important to me as *Twentieth Century*'s New York opening night. People pay to come to see you wherever you are—*why* is it that so many actors feel, on the road, that they're 'lost'? Ridiculous!"

And this attitude has served her well: After *Show of Shows*, her career in television and on the stage never precisely soared again, until now. When she and Sid Caesar separated ("There was *no* animosity; it was just time to move on"), he tried a not-quite-winning variety show with Nanette Fabray, and Imogene tried two non-musical TV series, without success. "It was the lack of good material. Also, maybe, the lack of Sid." So, on to dinner theaters in Cupertino.

"Wait a minute," she suddenly says, "*what* did we start talking about before? I do that: lose the thread. Oh, I know, my father! He was *very* droll. His favorite line was 'No actor has ever done anything that can't be replaced,' and my mother always nodded. Her actual maiden name was Sadie Brady. As a girl, she ran away from home to join the vaudeville troupe of Thurston the Magician. All her sisters married actors. And acted."

After eighth grade, Imogene's parents put the question to her: Would she like to go to high school or just forget it and get her performing career going right away? "I'd started piano at five, singing at six, dance lessons at seven." A sudden hoot. "In Miss Viola's dancing classes!"

That was in Atlantic City, where they happened to be living. For Imogene's Miss Viola class recital, Mr. Coca volunteered to take over the musical conducting and arranging. Except that during Imogene's big number, the musicians dropped their score sheets, and Imogene forgot her dance steps. Miss Viola screamed at Imogene from the wings; Mr. Coca screamed from the orchestra pit at Miss Viola, something on the order of "Go f--k yourself." Miss Viola fainted. And Imogene just went on dancing, improvising steps, which stopped the show, just as

Imogenuity: *Ever since her Broadway appearance in* New Faces of 1934, *Imogene Coca has been dancing, winking, and* she would years later in *New Faces of 1934*. "I remember that in the show's rehearsals, Leonard Sillman would call out to me, 'What are you *doing* up on that stage?' I answered, 'Nothing.' He called, 'Right. Just *keep* doing it.' "

Abruptly, she's changed the subject to *Your Show of Shows,* a subject about which, until now, she's been oddly reticent. "I loved that they did *Ten From Your Show of Shows*—no, I didn't go; it's *torture* for me to watch myself—but how *great* that people wanted to see again what we did so long ago. We did it four years only, you know, 1950 to 1954, and while I must credit the writers, when I think back now I remember it as being so improvisational. We'd all sit around a table for what the producer, Max Liebman, called our weekly does-anyone-have-any-ideas meetings. I suppose they have those for that NBC *Saturday Night*—they must. They're live, aren't they? Just as we were? No, honestly, I've never seen the show. I suppose I should. I hear we, um, influenced them. Good. But anyway, at our weekly meetings, I hardly said as much, or came up with as many gags—I cannot tell a joke, I always forget the punch line—as Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks and Sid Caesar did. Some of the best things came from silences. Sid would say nothing for minutes, then look at me, sometimes without a word. We communicated psychically, I guess. We'd start an exchange, a sketch would be born! One of my favorite sketches came from our silence—it *was* silence! Dressed very grandly, we all entered a set that was the living room of an elegant mansion. But we were early; the hostess was out. And since there was no one to introduce us to one another, we just sat, these upper-crust guests, in utter silence. And stared straight ahead. There was the sound of rain, and the roof started to leak. We got soaked, but we were so proper, don't you know," and she's doing the sketch here, staring straight out, her eyes not blinking, "so grand that we could not acknowledge this leaking roof! And somehow, that was hysterical to people. There are still people who stop me on the street about it!"

Odd, that Caesar and Coca did not then and do not now talk to each other. "Wait, I don't mean we don't *speak!* We're friends. I think we'll always work together, every four years or so—it's kismet." They always have: Since *Show of Shows* they've done variety specials together, more teamed nightclub engagements than Imogene can count, and a tour in the play *The Prisoner of Second Avenue,* which also featured King Donovan. "But I still don't know *why* Sid and I work so well with each other. We're two completely different people. It must be a kind of ESP between us. If a bit we're doing isn't working well, we both sense that, at the same instant, without saying a word. It's chemical. I've had grand fun with Sid—onstage. But sometimes I'm furious with the both of us, that we could never sit down as two grown-ups and exchange our thoughts, our inspirations. I'm sure, though, that it's just as much my fault as Sid's."

Her other *Show of Shows* colleagues she recalls fondly: "Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks actually began developing their 2,000-year-old man at the parties I used to give—I was the show's Elsa Maxwell, after hours." She is not very fond, however, of what Brooks has been doing with his cinematic repertory company. "Oh, I adore Mel. He's incomparable, but I just don't like his movies. I love that they do so well. I don't know why I'm not falling out of my chair laughing, but I couldn't watch *Blazing Saddles* all the way through. But my tastes are erratic. I mean, I never liked Charlie Chaplin."

During this, King Donovan, the silentest of butlers, refreshes drinks; once more the poodle attacks one's leg. One tells Imogene that in the St. James lobby, during intermission, a young man in a nutria coat asked his friend in a mink parka—*Twentieth Century* had a huge gay claque even before it opened—"How could they get Coca and then not use her; she's dearer than Sandy in *Annie!* "

She stares, without blinking; this notion seems truly to astound her. "You've got to remember that this classic movie, *Twentieth Century,* is quite *set* in people's minds, as was the brevity of the religious nut's part in it. It was written for a man, that actor Etienne Girardot, and he did it completely in pantomime. One part of me would have loved to have done it just the same way—*no* lines. . . . *One* part of me. But the structure of the part was set almost three years ago. It's completely frozen now."

She'd like it to, though. "Maybe I should have spoken up. It just doesn't occur to me to object. I'm accustomed to doing what directors say to do. As for me being 'used,' well, doesn't everybody get used at some point? Aren't we all kind of users? And Hal has been *very* decent. I was actually a sort of last-minute idea. They'd wanted Mildred Natwick; she was tied up. When Hal called me long-distance—Sid and I were playing a nightclub in New Orleans—he very sweetly asked if I'd like to sing a song for them. Mind you, the word 'audition' was never used. I did 'Why Was I Born?' Well, I did start out singing in cabarets."

Concerned, she plucks at her russet bangs. "See, I've just never really been what they call 'career-smart.' I don't speak up. Look, I do know my strong suits. Being a fatalist, knowing that wherever it is I am now is where I was meant to be. And I have this good ability to take either big success or total rejection completely in my stride. I've been both places; I was a has-been before I was a been! Any actor who gets carried away with a huge success is in trouble, because next year it can be right back to unemployment insurance. Obviously. Do you know what honestly goes through my head, night after night, when I hear the applause? The actors ought to pay the audience to be out there! Truth! And I'm not supposed to think like that, am I? It is not career-smart!" A last laugh.

"Still, I do think, these days, that I must be doing *something* right." ■

CULVER PICTURES

deadpanning her way through countless plays and musicals, and, of course, four years on television in Your Show of Shows.

Fair exchange: *One of the more than 200 sets in Cosmos's "Reciprocal Series," in which he asks his subjects to photograph him. This set depicts Harry Lunn Jr., right, president of a Washington, D.C., gallery with the world's largest collection of photographs.*

The Strange Universe of Cosmos

By Tom Bentkowski

"...It's not clear what Cosmos wants the world to know about him. He is a walking afterimage, an almost memory..."

Cosmos, as I should have expected, arrived late for our appointment. He had started out with good intentions, but, as usual, a matter of greater urgency had got in the way. This time it was a derelict sleeping on the sidewalk. So in front of the building he had set down his manila folders and briefcase, opened the British Civil Defense overcoat he wears every day of the year, and took out his Leica M3. He focused on the derelict, found the proper angle, and checked his light meter. Then he calmly squeezed off 36 pictures, each varying from the previous one only in that it depicted a new moment in time; for him that made each frame an entirely new picture. Cosmos then came upstairs and apologized for being late, explaining that he'd been working on his "Bureaucratic Death Series."

That series—photographs of people left starving or homeless by governmental indifference, or of victims of auto crashes at hazardous intersections—is only one of the many that have occupied Cosmos recently. Cosmos, who has been described as a documentation and conceptual artist, has done a "Japanese Tourist Series" (photographs of the world's most avid photographers); a "Museum Guard Series" (he says they "form an ironic collaboration with the art they guard"), and a "Saved a Life Series" (doctors, policemen, and others who have saved lives, including Father Kolbe of Auschwitz, who took the place of a condemned prisoner, and a map of Minnesota, because of that state's stringent anti-smoking laws). Cosmos's strong convictions about smoking—"Anyone who smokes is a murderer"—led him to create his "Photo Arrest Series," which portrayed people smoking illegally in hospitals, classrooms, food stores, and elevators. In his "Camerakaze" project, he planned to throw himself off the Empire State Building, photographing with a Nikon on the way down, "but I was afraid I would bang myself up too badly, so I compromised by jumping in front of a train at the Grand Central subway station."

It's not clear what Cosmos wants the world to know about him. His mystery is his persona. He is a walking afterimage, a vaguely familiar sight to thousands of people, an almost-memory. But at the same time he is the private detective of art. He's able to find it in places where the rest of us would never have thought it existed, and he's able to recognize it when it's right there in front of our eyes. For art is not only the process of making, but the process of seeking. Michelangelo could see the statue within a block of marble and know that he needed only to set it free. Cosmos looks at the banal and sees its potential for beauty. In 1970 and 1971, when Cosmos was a student of Diane Arbus's, he would carefully spirit her destroyed prints and contact sheets from the trash can in her studio. To him there was magic in seeing things that someone else had rejected—prints torn in half or stuck together or chemically discolored. "People have their right to cancel out something," he says. "The rejected things in life interest me greatly, and found works are art of a special order. When things get accidentally spoiled, or some form is changed, suddenly a work of another dimension is created." Since 1969 Cosmos has saved everything he's received in the mail and calls the collection a novel-in-progress.

HOSPITAL
LOWENSTEIN
CLINIC

Citizen's arrest: *"Photo Arrest Series" chastises people who smoke in no-smoking zones and institutions that permit illegal smoking.*

Often when Cosmos walks the streets looking at the things other people discard and which he considers art, making photographs, it is with Diane Arbus's Mamiya C33 around his neck. "For a year I was intimidated by her camera, and for a long time after that her camera was doing things that I had no control over whatsoever. I've always disliked photography, especially photographic paper. You can't help but be seduced by certain photographs that have that velvet quality and those silver tones." Although Arbus believed in the feeling of life in a single photograph and not in juxtapositions, she encouraged him to continue his sequential series, so that he could "get them out of his system." He can't. In fact, when Cosmos had a show in 1976 at Julian Pretto's Fine Arts Building on Hudson Street, it was thought to be the largest exhibit of photographs in history. Instead of prints, the walls were lined with contact sheets, containing thousands and thousands of images, complete with grease-pencil circles, marginal notes, arrows, and lines. It was a show about which David Bourdon wrote: "Cosmos is a crusading moralist, whose camera serves justice and compassion."

Many people believe that Cosmos's name is one he assumed sometime in the mid-sixties to express his oneness with the universe. In fact, he and his twin brother, Damian, were named after two Christian martyrs of the third century who worked as missionaries and became the patron saints of physicians. Cosmos's appearance and age, however, are products of his own creation. Ever since the day John F. Kennedy was assassinated, Cosmos, who was very much affected by the event, has not shaved, in imitation of the custom by which certain tribes mourn their dead leaders.

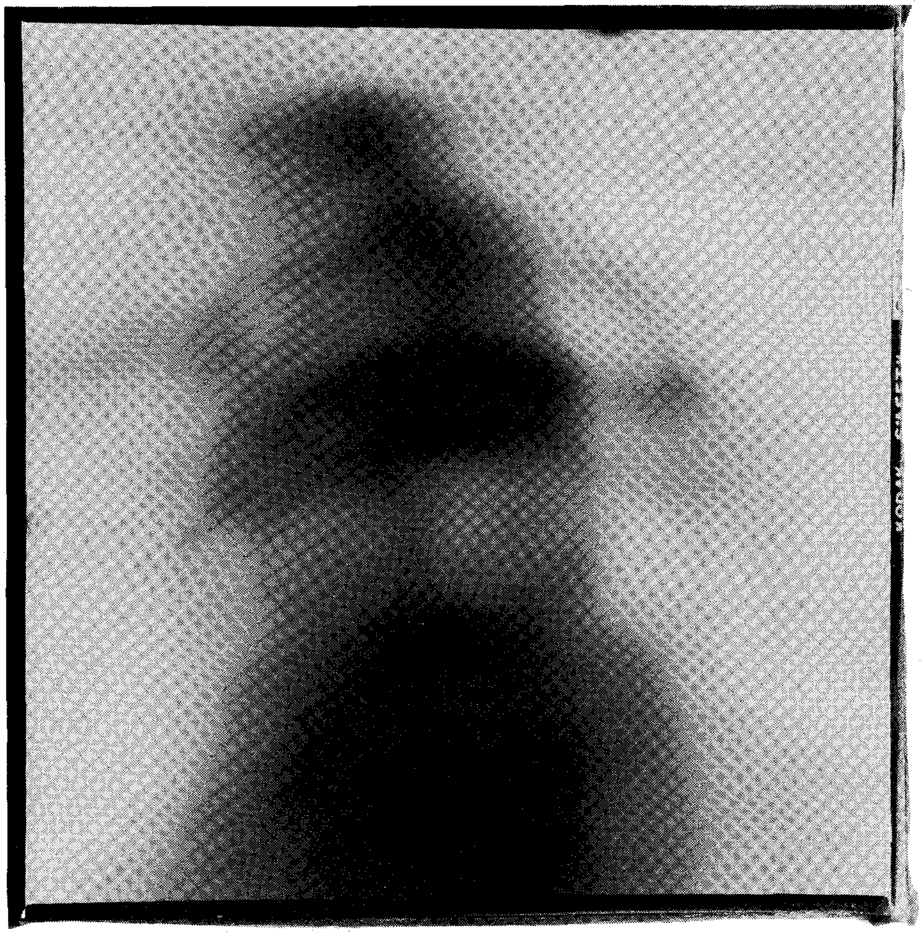
For a long time, Cosmos decided that he was 33, so as to identify with Jesus. Then, when he wanted to give himself a more advanced age, he stopped at 35, because he felt guilty about living longer than Mozart. When asked his age now, Cosmos says that he is 36, because that number, which appears so often in his work, stands for the 360 degrees in a circle, the geometric form which best represents his twin gods of order and harmony.

Although Cosmos will not reveal the year of his birth, his birthday—April 21—was involved with one of his conceptual works. ("Hitler's birthday is April 20," he says. "We share the midnight.") In 1975 he went to the 42nd Street library to compare the number of cards in the main file on Jesus and on Hitler. "The number of cards on Hitler was monstrous. I didn't want any card on *Mein Kampf* to be in the file for the Bicentennial. So I took the cards. I found that by unscrewing the rod that holds the cards in place, I could lift them out. I slipped the cards into the false bottom of my fishing bag, and when the guards checked me out they just saw what I had on top. I went back in early 1977 because I thought that at least I should leave a note saying, 'Look, I have the cards.' I was afraid there would be a note in the file saying, 'Cosmos, we know you did it,' and they would grab me, but when I looked there were nine spanking-new cards on *Mein Kampf*, so I took the new cards out as well. I know there's a contradiction in terms here, that in a sense I'm doing the same thing Hitler did when he burned the books, but it was something I had to do."

A few years ago Cosmos taught a spirited if unorthodox course in art and photography at the School of Visual Arts. The school's catalog described it as follows:

> A lecture-discussion workshop which explores the creative potential of the artist-photographer. Areas of work and discussion will include: details of experience; life/art diffusion; information research and its application to photography; phenomena of perception as subject; utilization of doubt as a concept toward a personal expression of feelings and ideas; incestual procedures within the practice of photography and its cognitive references to process as

> "... Cosmos was 35 for some time because he felt guilty about living longer than Mozart. Now he is 36, in homage to the circle ..."



Through a lens, vaguely: *This 130-minute exposure of Cosmos was taken with Diane Arbus's Mamiya C33, which he focused on himself during a showing of* The Exorcist.

form; subversion of form through anti-form concepts and perversions; exorcism of the insane, the outrageous, and the ridiculous; creating impossible propositions; exploring areas and procedures which penetrate photo-stylistic attitudes, iconography and lexicon; re-evaluation of iconographic banalities, clichés and institutions as a source for transformation; punishing the horizons of the imagination and extending the perimeters of vision through a merciless approach and disruption of the chemistry of conventions, modes and criteria.

Students who showed up for that course found that their first field trip was to photograph the morgue. They were also faced with a teacher who would not only lecture them about the starvation in the world but expect them to do something about it. For his class, Cosmos conceived his "Kodak Stock Project." Each student would contribute toward the purchase of a share of Kodak stock, the dividend of which would be used to help those in need. Cosmos felt the project was a particularly appropriate one for the students, who, in printing their photographs, used—Kodak stock. Incredibly, his idea was rejected by the class and earned him only a stiff memo from the school president, informing him that "instructors are not permitted to solicit money from their students."

The photographers Cosmos admires most are "those nineteenth-century photographers who spent days to take one picture and then spent 24 days to process it and make a decent print. They lived in a different world from the one in which 2 billion photographs were taken just today."

It's not clear just how Cosmos determined the number of photographs taken around the world in one day, but he constantly is at work on statistical projects. For his "How Do You Get to Carnegie Hall Series" (for which he is constantly practicing) he determined the following:

How Do You Get to Carnegie Hall Series #1

Jascha Heifetz
Born: 1901
Carnegie Hall Debut: October 27, 1917

Mother's Pregnancy: Hospital and Doctor's Fees	$ 2,500.00
Food	120,000.00
Room and Hotels	70,000.00
Clothes	4,000.00
Violins (3)	1,700.00
Stradivarius	45,000.00
Violin Lessons	35,000.00
Music Lessons	12,000.00
Music	2,700.00
Education	15,000.00
Social Expenses	32,000.00
Medical Expenses	1,250.00
Dental Expenses	300.00
Miscellaneous Expenses	120,000.00
Agent's Fees	65,000.00
Managers' Fees	257,000.00
Traveling Expenses	74,000.00
Publicity	90,000.00
Recital Hall Rentals	40,000.00
Recital Program Costs	15,000.00
Debut Programs	350.00
Tuxedo	150.00
Carnegie Hall Rental	2,000.00
Debut Party Expenses	7,000.00
Telephone Calls	3,200.00
Total	$1,015,150.00

And he followed up his calculations with this letter:

> Dear Jascha Heifetz:
>
> I am enclosing a list of your expenses from the time you were born to the time you made your debut at Carnegie Hall on October 27th 1917. I would like to include this list in a book I am doing of my own work having to do with conceptual art, and it would be part of a series entitled "How Do You Get to Carnegie Hall." I would appreciate any suggestions or changes you would care to make regarding the expenditures in the "How Do You Get to Carnegie Hall" conceptual piece. It is with special pleasure and respect that I write to you, and I look forward to hearing from you if it is at all possible.
>
> Cordially,
> Cosmos

Heifetz never answered.

Another time, Cosmos set out to challenge the idea that Mussolini made the trains run on time. He dug up obsolete timetables and searched through old records and created his own route and his own schedule. It had the train, which he called the "Settebello E Adriatico," arriving one minute late at the first stop, then 36 minutes late at the next stop, then three hours late, and so on until he had Italy's trains running 360 days late.

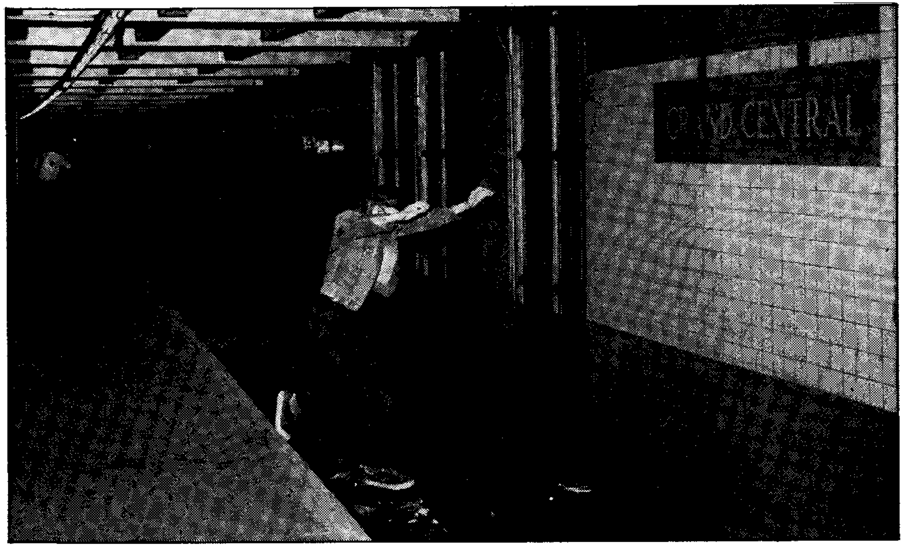
Other conceptual works involve simpler calculations. In *Jaywalk*, Cosmos walks against the traffic on Jay Street in Brooklyn, with variations on the theme: infinite jaywalking parallel to the street, a geometric jaywalking in carefully predetermined directions, and even indeterminate jaywalking in which he begins to jaywalk and then changes his mind and goes off in a direction he decides at that moment. Every year on December 13, the feast of St. Lucy, patroness of the blind, artists, and photographers, Cosmos has himself forcibly ejected from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He calls the work *Gutter End*, part of his "Expulsion Series," in which he's turned away or violently expelled from various institutions. And, in homage to the perfect number, Cosmos marches in 36-foot circles in the Easter Parade.

Cosmos has even designed conceptual restaurants. "I'm always interested in what someone else is eating, especially when I'm in a Chinese restaurant, and also I love to hear conversations, so in my restaurant each table would have a TV camera and a microphone and a monitor. You could listen to what other people were saying by pushing a button, or see what they're eating, and call the waiter over so you could have a taste of it." The restaurant is called "1984."

A. BARRON

Conspicuous destruction: *Performing his work* Sheet Music, *Cosmos rips apart a bed sheet during a Bloomingdale's white sale.*

A. BARRON



Banzai! *For his "Camerakaze" project, Cosmos jumps in front of an approaching train.*

In Cosmos's *Fast Food Restaurant*, a cook, waitress, waiter, and cashier express the courtesies, prepare the utensils, have you wait, then go through the motions and serve you nothing.

Despite his work as a photographer, a lecturer, and a crusader, Cosmos is primarily an artist/composer. He has written numerous symphonic works (each of them titled "Symphony No. 36") and hundreds of conceptual musical works, such as the one which has nine bands marching up and down the avenues of Manhattan playing the nine Beethoven symphonies—up First Avenue playing the First Symphony, marching down Second Avenue playing the Second Symphony, and so on. All simultaneously.

The first break from writing traditional music to conceptual performance came in 1963. Without informing the members of a waiting ensemble, Cosmos, instead of walking to the podium, went crashing through the musicians, strewing people, instruments, musical parts, and music stands behind him, then left the stage and never came back.

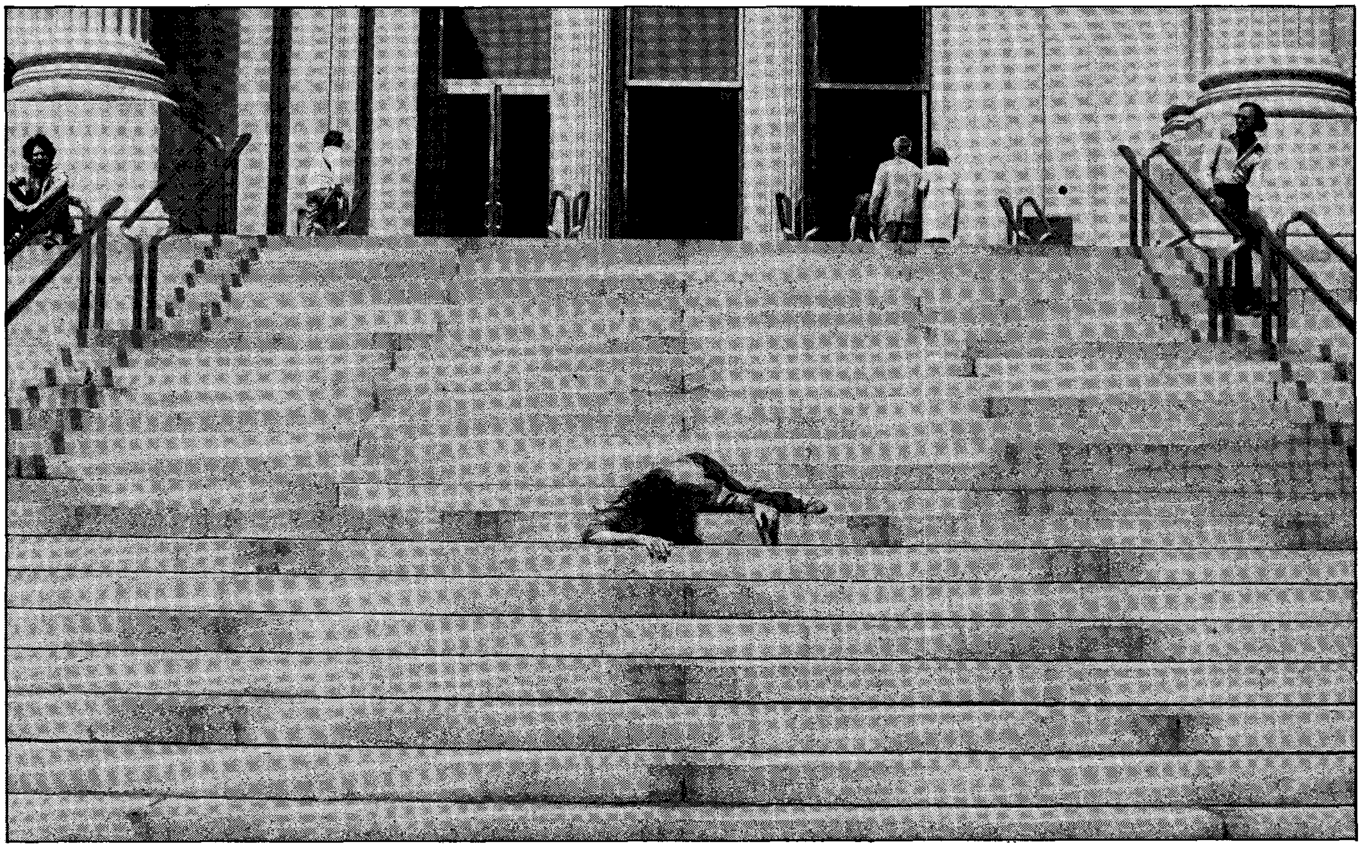
Many of Cosmos's compositions are made not for specific instruments or for specific dramatic structure but for places. "I'm interested in the inner architecture and the outer architecture of a place, or the way a day is, or whatever, and I work specifically for that." And his works for places and time certainly go beyond the notions of traditional musical notation. In *Vassar Work* a student violinist walks through the Vassar campus playing the notes D, E, A, D. *Doppler Effect* was written for twelve cars going down the West Side Highway, horns blaring, passed by twelve cars blowing their horns as they go uptown. In January and August, when Bloomingdale's has its white sales, Cosmos makes an appearance at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 59th Street and slowly tears a newly purchased sheet. Gradually, the pieces of virgin linen fall softly at his feet. He calls this work *Sheet Music*.

In Cosmos's West Village apartment, the walls are covered with notes, sheets of music, bits of photographs, posters, sketches, bills, invoices, newspaper clippings, and his collection of brassieres for his "Found Bra Series." There's a shamrock pinned to a picture of Robert Kennedy, a Vassar pennant, John Cage's license-plate number, and a reproduction of Michelangelo's *Crucifixion*. Cosmos's record player was stolen, but there's a collection of records, none of which he has listened to. "When I buy a record I never take the plastic off. I keep the cellophane on because to me it's like sculpture. I love the idea of its being hermetically sealed. It's like something for another time and civilization."

The apartment also contains three mattresses covered with a 48-star American flag, industrial metal shelving loaded down with books, and piles of grade-school composition books, in which Cosmos notes down his ideas for future projects. But he doesn't dare open them for fear he'll be seduced into abandoning all his current projects. "That accumulation of books is like my dark closet, like that dark room you don't dare go into." Cosmos estimates that his notebooks now contain about 8,000 ideas.

In his refrigerator, Cosmos keeps another of his projects. "During the Vietnam war, 75 Americans were killed for a few inches of turf. The next day I bought a bottle of ketchup, emptied it, and filled it with four inches of

"...In *Jaywalk*, Cosmos walks against the traffic on Jay Street. In *Vassar Work*, a violinist plays the notes D, E, A, D..."



On the steps of the Metropolitan: *For his "Expulsion Series," Cosmos gets himself turned away from various institutions. Every December 13, the name day of St. Lucy, patroness of artists, he is thrown out of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

lamb's blood from a meat market and relabeled it with butcher paper." The typed label states, "Hamburger Hill," the date, and the number of American dead. It serves to remind him of his plans for a monument—to be erected in Lebanon, Kansas, the traditional geographic center of the United States—consisting of a 360-foot ketchup bottle, containing 500,000 pints of red dye and televised by 36 24-hour-a-day automatic cameras, forever.

From 1974 to 1977, Cosmos turned out a prodigious number of performance works that were presented at such places as the Kitchen Center for Video and Music. They included *Audition,* in which a performer auditioning is in fact performing in the work itself; *Limelight,* in which performers and viewers are observed as they move through a cone of lime-colored light 36 feet in diameter; *Faint,* in which twelve dancers faint at intervals of time from before the audience arrives until after it departs; and *Confession and Punitive Measures,* in which Cosmos listens to whatever people want to confess to him, then has them measure some appropriate public space as an act of contrition.

But by far the greatest and most ambitious work of Cosmos's career is the conceptual opera *Vox Humana #3: A Love Song.* "In 1970, sometime around the Kent State massacre, I read a short item in the New York *Times* about how interrogation teams were putting cathodes into Vietnamese women to extract information from them about the war. So I invented an instrument of torture that would inflict pain, self-induced or otherwise. In essence I invented the human voice again, the *vox humana,* because it's the first and most poignant instrument of expression and communication, with its infinite range of emotions. Later, when the whole Patty Hearst thing began, I couldn't believe the indifference and even contempt for her in spite of the soap-opera treatment by the media. The complexity of the whole thing—a human being transformed into the Rorschach microcosm of our time—affected me immediately.

"That night, I began *Sotto Voce Breakdown,* a cantata in 24 sections, which was to be the centerpiece of *Vox Humana #3: A Love Song.* After about two years of doing some research and reading about her, I discovered nothing. The residue I inherited from the experience became an eight-hour conceptual opera about Patty Hearst, Joan of Arc, Antigone, and then some." Concurrent with the action on the stage, a film called *Patty Hearst in Chains* is shown, not a film in the traditional sense, but a film form of Cosmos's invention. "I inverted the standard 24-frames-per-second film and in a Cosmos film each frame is on the screen for 24 seconds." The eight hours were eventually cut to four, but 24 beautiful songs, ranging from rousing Broadway-show tunes to operatic arias to rock to country to conceptual, remain. Cosmos remains at work on the play's long version, the one that runs through infinity. And he continues to pursue his other obsessions.

He draws constantly, and composes constantly, and photographs constantly, almost as if to make up for lost time. And a legend grows up around him. People talk of seeing him in places he's never been; they often assume that some otherwise inexplicable event is one of his works in progress. "People believe things about me," he observes, "and sometimes what they think about Cosmos is itself a conceptual work." ■

Eden in the Bronx

By Ellen Stern

"...Poverty had struck the crystal palace. So had time, the weather, and Robert Moses. Bricks and vulgarity were his weapons..."

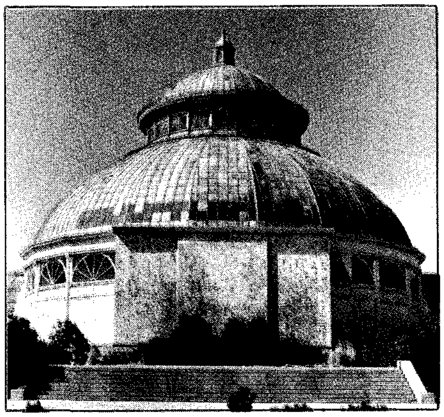
"I've been waiting all my life to do something like this," says Carlton Lees, the green-thumbed Yankee whose masterpiece surely is the restoration of the Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden—an Italian Renaissance landmark that had virtually gone to seed.

This crystal palace—actually a central rotunda and ten connecting greenhouses set in the shape of a C—was described at its dedication in 1901 as "one of the most elegant buildings in the world." It was hardly that by 1975, when it was closed. Poverty had struck; so had time, the weather, and Robert Moses. Bricks and vulgarity were his weapons: He walled up one entrance, modernized another, and snatched 125 acres for assorted parkways. Lees, ever the diplomat, says only that Moses "measured things in a different time than we measure them in. He encased the pillars in concrete, and water *did* get down inside that. But maybe money was a factor. He did his parkways, and now we can condemn him for that, but how else would we be driving into town?"

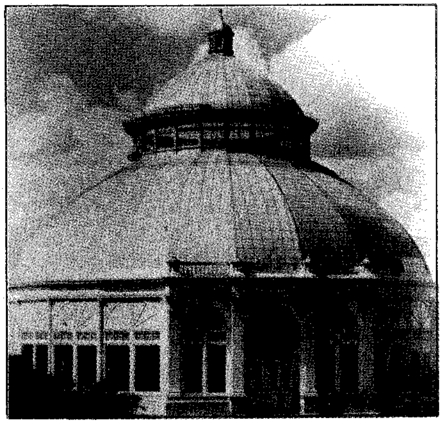
Lees drove into town in 1973, after ten years as executive director of the Massachusetts Horticulture Society, to direct the renaissance. The Parks Department had lost the original drawings, but there were photographs, and there was tradition. Not to mention pluck.

Lees set up a museum where children will study "grocery-store botany" by stroking sugarcane, corn, coffee, and tomato plants. And: an orangerie with ancient food plants such as the citron, the olive, and, yea, even manna!; a hanging garden; a topiary zoo; a medieval herb garden; systematic collections of tropical and subtropical plants; a fern forest; plants from the American desert (the house Lees calls his *pièce de résistance*); a palm grove; etc.

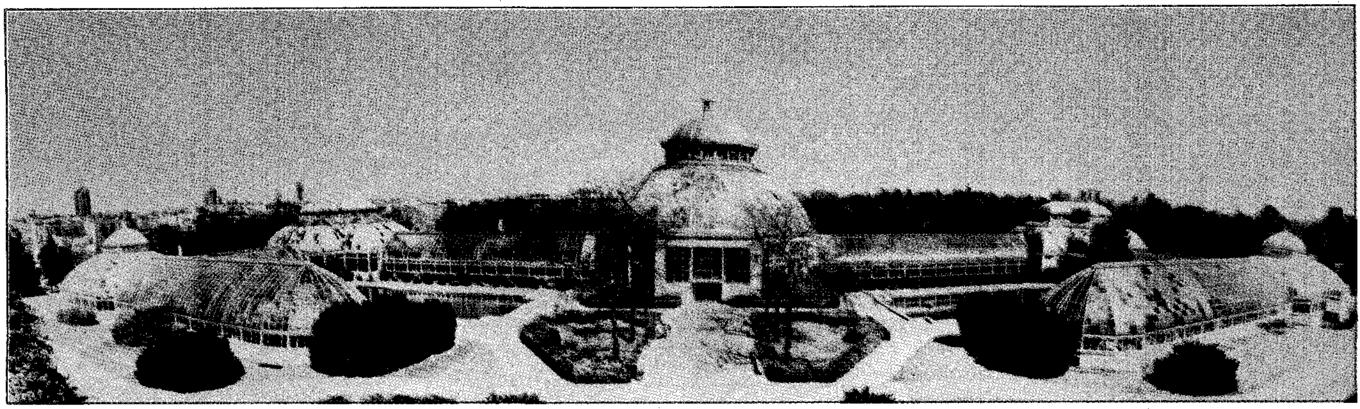
Moses's commandments have been smashed to the ground, 17,000 panes of glass are again intact, $5 million has been spent, the Conservatory will reopen on March 18, and Carlton Lees is ecstatic. "If you can imagine first coming into it," he says, "seeing the rust, the architectural brutality, seeing it almost falling down . . . I guess I'm just a strong believer in dreams."



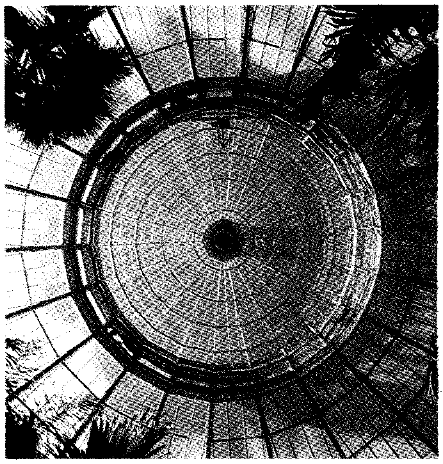
Wall for nothing: *What Moses did.*



Restoration: *The door is open again.*

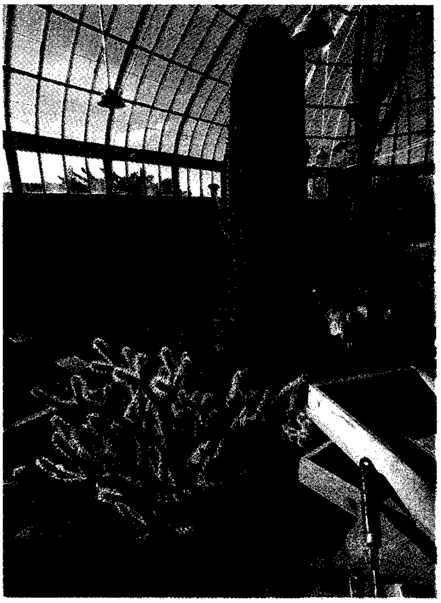


God's little acre: *The Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden on Southern Boulevard in Bronx Park.*



Look domeward: *Through the jungle.*

New Yorchid: *Paphiopedilum.*



The cactus house: *Carlton Lees's favorite.*

The Palm Grove (left): *"In 1910, the New York Botanical Garden had 130 species, varieties, and cultivars of palms," says Lees. "I'm up to 127 and going strong."*

Photographed by Armen Kachaturian

BEST BETS

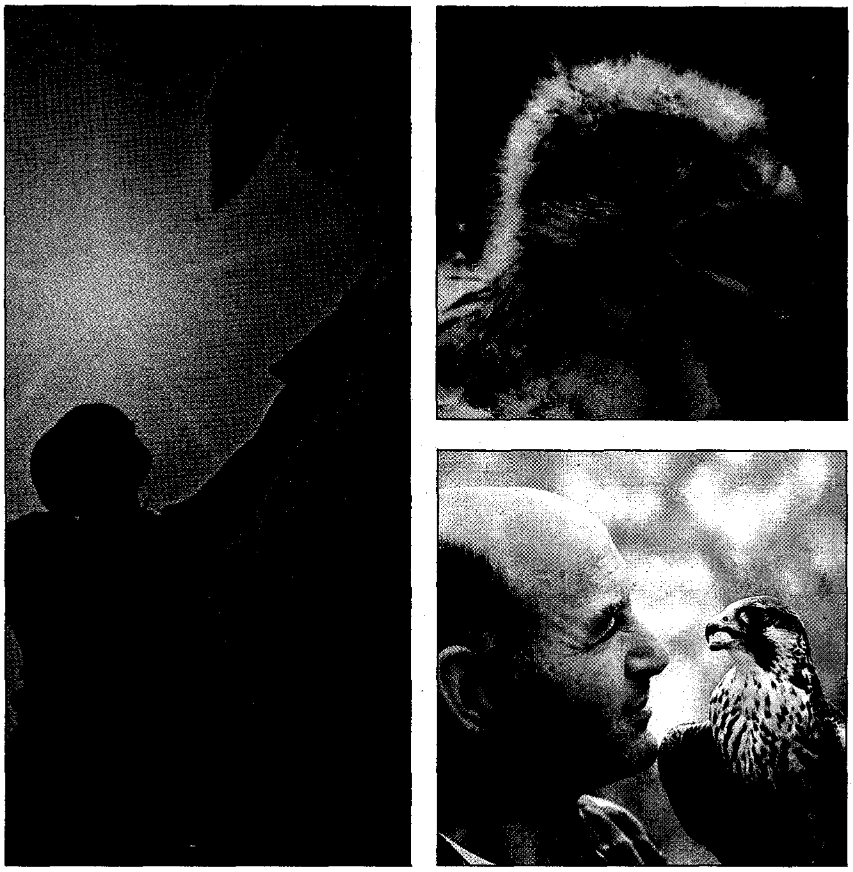
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

PERWEILER

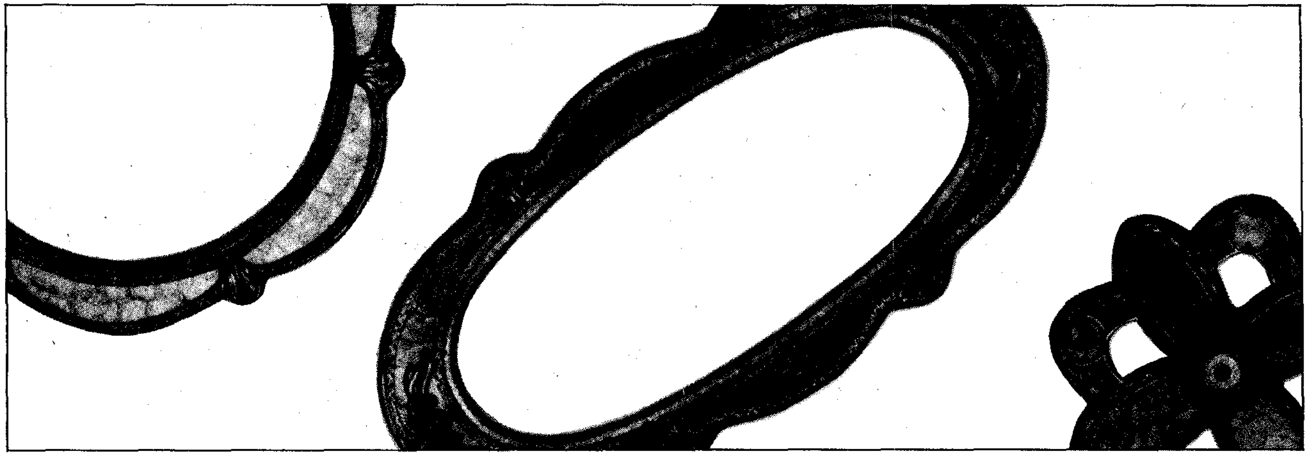
I Remember Mammy

Only in America would an Italian be encouraged to re-create the Aunt Jemima cookie jar and charge $118. But that's just what Valentino has done and is doing.
VALENTINO PIU COLLECTION/*Bonwit Teller/Seventh floor*



Falconer

There are, in New Paltz, three wonders: Mohonk Mountain House, Dilys Winn, and the New Paltz Peregrine Falcon Foundation. The purpose of the last concerns us here; it is to breed and thus return the peregrine falcon to the Northeast. Dr. Heinz Meng (above), the man responsible for this miracle, will share his joy and technique with us when he speaks on March 7, accompanied by several of his films as well as several of his peregrine falcons.
DR. HEINZ MENG/*March 7 at 7:45 p.m./Far Brook School/52 Great Hills Road, Short Hills, New Jersey/Reservations: (201) 746-1555/Free*


PETER TENZER

Frame and Fortune

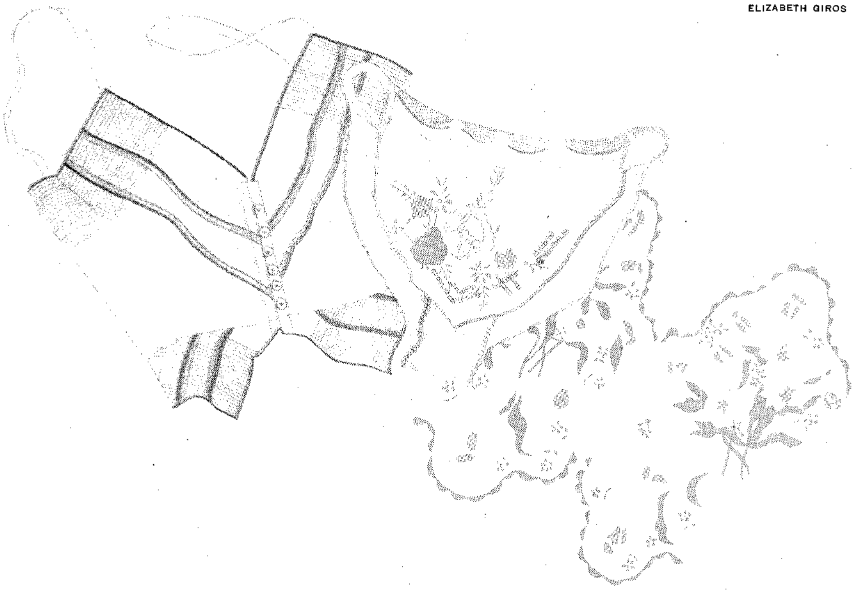
These must have framed movie stars' pictures in the New Jersey movie palace whence they came, and no reason they can't hold yours. They're made of heavy gesso, decorated with mica and gold leaf, and range from $95 to $225.
THE PLACE FOR ANTIQUES/*993 Second Avenue, near 52nd Street/475-6596*

Alice in Underland

Flimsy and fluttery camisoles, teddies, bikinis, tap pants, bras, and slips are made from hand-embroidered hankies, men's striped hankies, and Philippine floral hankies. By whom? By Hanky Panky, Ltd., of course.

HANKY PANKY UNDERWEAR/*Bloomingdale's, Macy's, Lord & Taylor/$10–$24*

ELIZABETH GIROS



Vial Bodies

"Bottles are, more or less, the last great treasure," says Bill Delafield (below), who is, more or less and therefore, one of the last great treasure hunters. Bill sells antique bottles, in what must be the city's first antique-bottle store. His goods have contained stomach bitters, horseradish, arsenic, ink, talcum powder, Bromo-Seltzer, whiskey, capers, pepper sauce, gin, strychnine, beer, and Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root Kidney Liver and Bladder Cure, among other things. They range in price from $2 to $350.

BOTTLES UNLIMITED/*245 East 78th Street/628-8769*

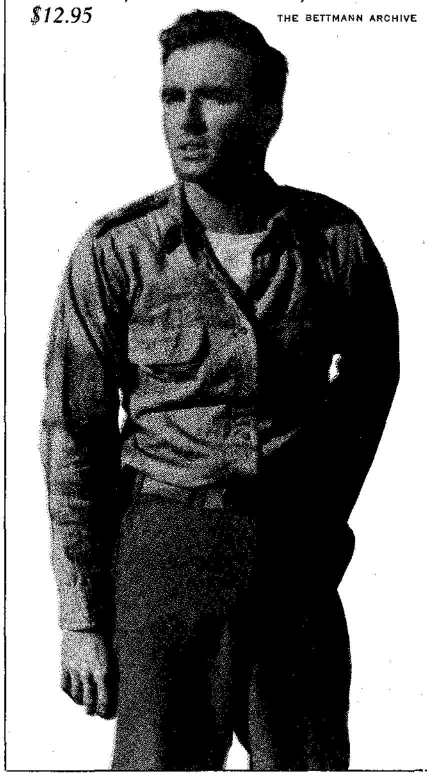
BOB GHIRALDINI

Montgomery Word

Patricia Bosworth's *Montgomery Clift* is a fine, clean biography: no frills, no affectations, no modish device that comes between the reader and the scrupulously assembled, straightforwardly recorded facts. It is written with intuition and insight; with outspokenness but no scandalmongering; and with appreciation and affection that are not worshipful adulation and blind love. As a former actress and constant, intelligent show-business journalist, Miss Bosworth was well suited for the writing of this definitive biography (unlike the shoddy piece of sensationalism rushed out last year by an irresponsible author and publisher) of an actor whose truncated career was nevertheless a milestone in American stage and screen acting. Monty Clift was the first star of what might be called "the neurotic school"—a neo-Stanislavskian and post-Freudian school of acting, of which James Dean and Marlon Brando were somewhat later representatives and which is still very much with us. Miss Bosworth's book is interesting as a record of a troubled and, in some ways, tragic life; it is important as the account of the evolution and downfall of an exciting and influential actor. **—John Simon**

MONTGOMERY CLIFT/*By Patricia Bosworth/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich $12.95*

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Home Furnishings / Peter Carlsen

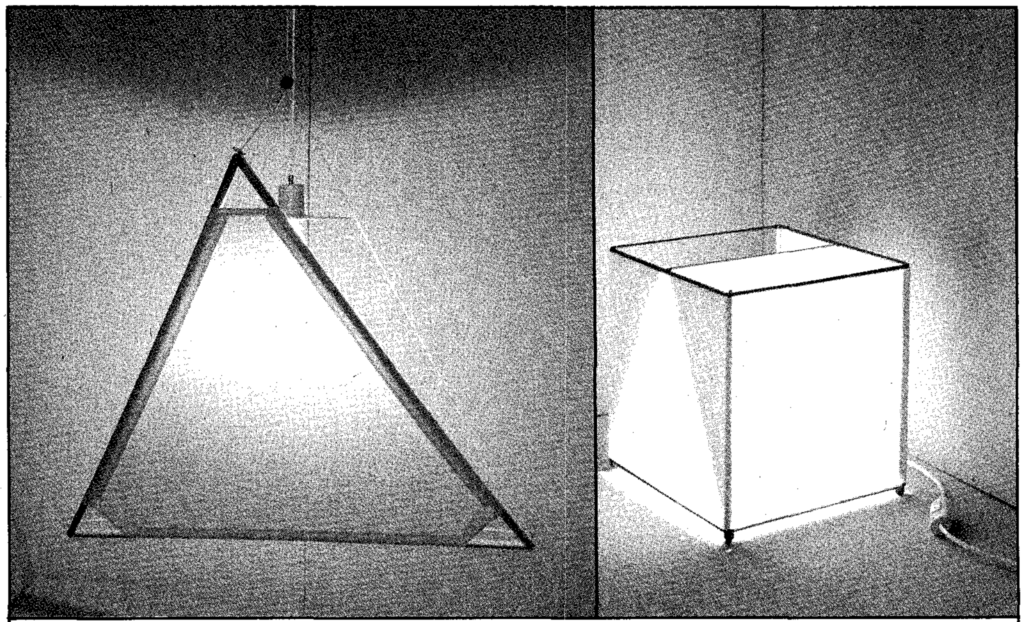
LIGHTS FANTASTIC

"... On this page: poetic and ethereal objects which illuminate as well as teach that good design needn't be expensive ..."

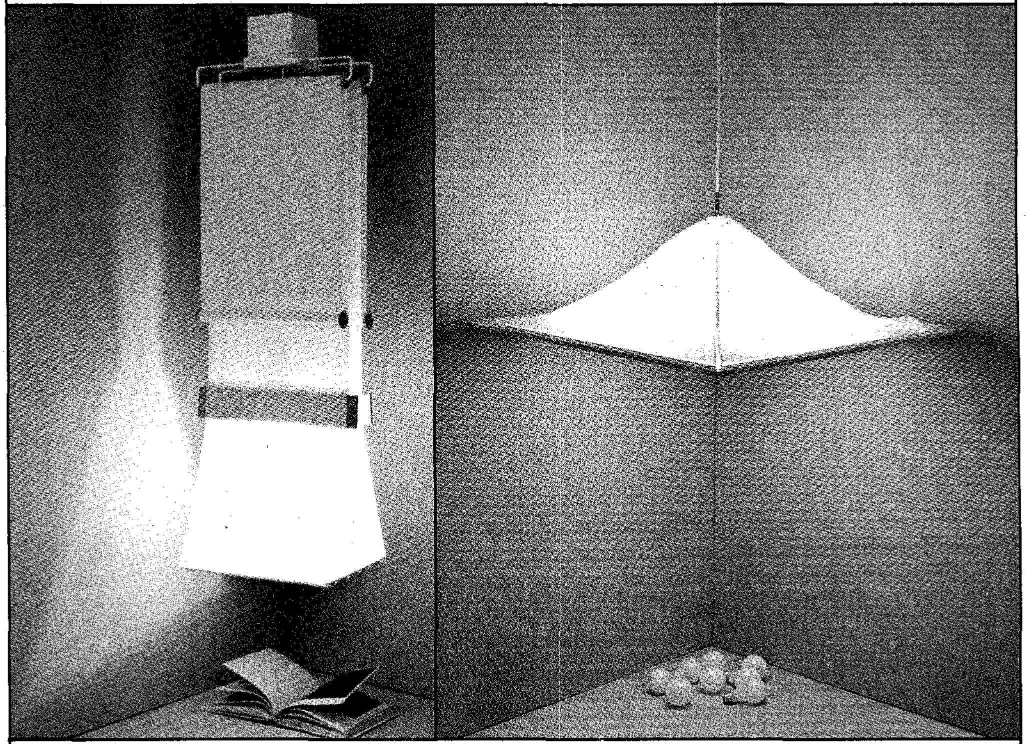
What's new on 57th Street? A great double-deck space called Abitare, offering a superb collection of Italian furniture, lighting, and accessories—most of it unavailable in this country until now, representing a breakthrough in the merchandising of advanced design in New York.

"Previously, much of the best of what Europe had to offer was available only through interior designers," says co-owner Jim Mauri. "The consumer was more or less shut out." Mauri won't call his prices either wholesale or retail—"Let's just say that our prices reflect the reality of the market, while the trade showrooms tend to think in more exclusive terms." Translation: Abitare is a less expensive source than the showrooms.

Although not financially linked to the Italian design magazine of the same name, Abitare derives much of its panache from that publication, with its artful combination of luxurious fantasy and bourgeois coziness and practicality. While architect R. Scott Bromley and interior designer Robin Jacobsen were reconstructing the shell of what had been an antiques store, Mauri and co-owner Margarita Cahn asked Antonio Morello and Donato Savoie to design a store-within-a-store—an uptown branch of Morsa, Little Italy's vest-pocket lighting shop. On this page, poetic and ethereal objects which illuminate as well as teach that good design needn't be expensive or self-conscious, just intelligent and beautiful. ■



The shining: Left, *"Icarus," raw linen on an ash-wood frame, $140.* Right, *"Gigia," resin-coated linen stretched tautly over a thin, elegant lacquered metal frame, $85.*



Inner light: Left, *"Tela," in resin-coated linen on ash-wood rollers, $185 (also available one meter longer, $210).* Right, *"Tetto," in white linen on an ash-wood frame, $185.*

Photographed by Raeanne Giovanni

Music / Alan Rich

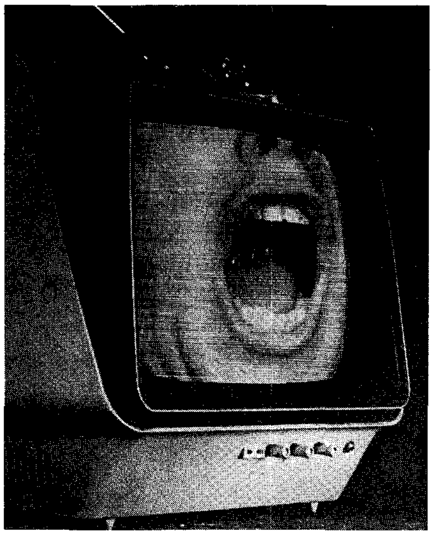
TELEVISION CULTURE: A JAUNDICED LOOK

"...It seems to me that the problems of translating live concerts onto TV screens haven't even begun to be faced as yet..."

ROCKLAND COUNTY, FEBRUARY 26—I am writing this at home today, and that's already wrong. Today, according to an engraved invitation, my presence was requested at the White House to hear Vladimir Horowitz play the piano and to mix with the kind of people that Jewish boys from Boston almost never get to meet. Instead, I am only several hours home from the hospital with some kind of liver outrage—of Australian origin, I am told, and I will spare you clever jokes on that score in the interest of job security. I could probably have survived the trip to Washington; my good friend John Wilkes Booth was willing to help with the wheelchair. But the doctors advised against it; if Mr. Carter and I happened to drink out of the same coffee cup, they said, it might severely affect the course of American history. That's a role that music critics should never be asked to assume.

Anyhow, I passed ten days at New York Hospital, learning firsthand what words like misery and jaundiced really mean. I stuck the White House invitation on the wall near the blood-pressure machine, and the nurses were duly impressed. I caught up on some reading; the E. F. Benson *Lucia* books should be in every hospital room, the way Gideon Bibles are in motels. More to the point, I also caught up on television. Ordinarily, my working hours don't permit much indulgence in front of The Box, except for late movies. Furthermore, the particular area where I live receives Channel 13 like shadows at the bottom of a coal mine. And so, there was plenty of catching up to do.

During my captivity I saw the following: Luciano Pavarotti's recital from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony in a Richard Strauss concert, Colin Davis and the Boston Symphony in some Sibelius, and Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia in a mixed program so dull that I've already forgotten what it was. Between Channel 13 and some of the UHF channels, I saw the Pavarotti concert three times, which meant that the designation "live from Lincoln Center" began to wear a little thin.



Photographed by Larry Williams

Considering the competition—if you can call it that—from six commercial TV channels in New York, that's an impressive amount of good music for a brief spell of TV watching. Everybody knows that this kind of television programming appeals to a minority audience, but there it is—underwritten, to be sure, by large corporations who can easily spare the money, but who could just as easily spend it for less commendable ends.

Yet, despite all these high-minded good deeds, I came away from my television immersion with feelings of discontent that had nothing to do with the state of my liver. It seems to me that the process of putting serious music on television hasn't even begun to be thought about properly. The problems here are enormous and basic because they involve the transfer, or translation, of one cultural medium into another. It's the same basic problem, in other words, that you meet in translating books into plays, or plays into movies. A lot of people are involved in doing this kind of thing who don't even seem to recognize that the problems exist (as witness a sorry procession that lurches past such landmarks as *Man of La Mancha*, or the current turgid, bookish TV dramatization of *Anna Karenina*, some of which I also caught in the hospital).

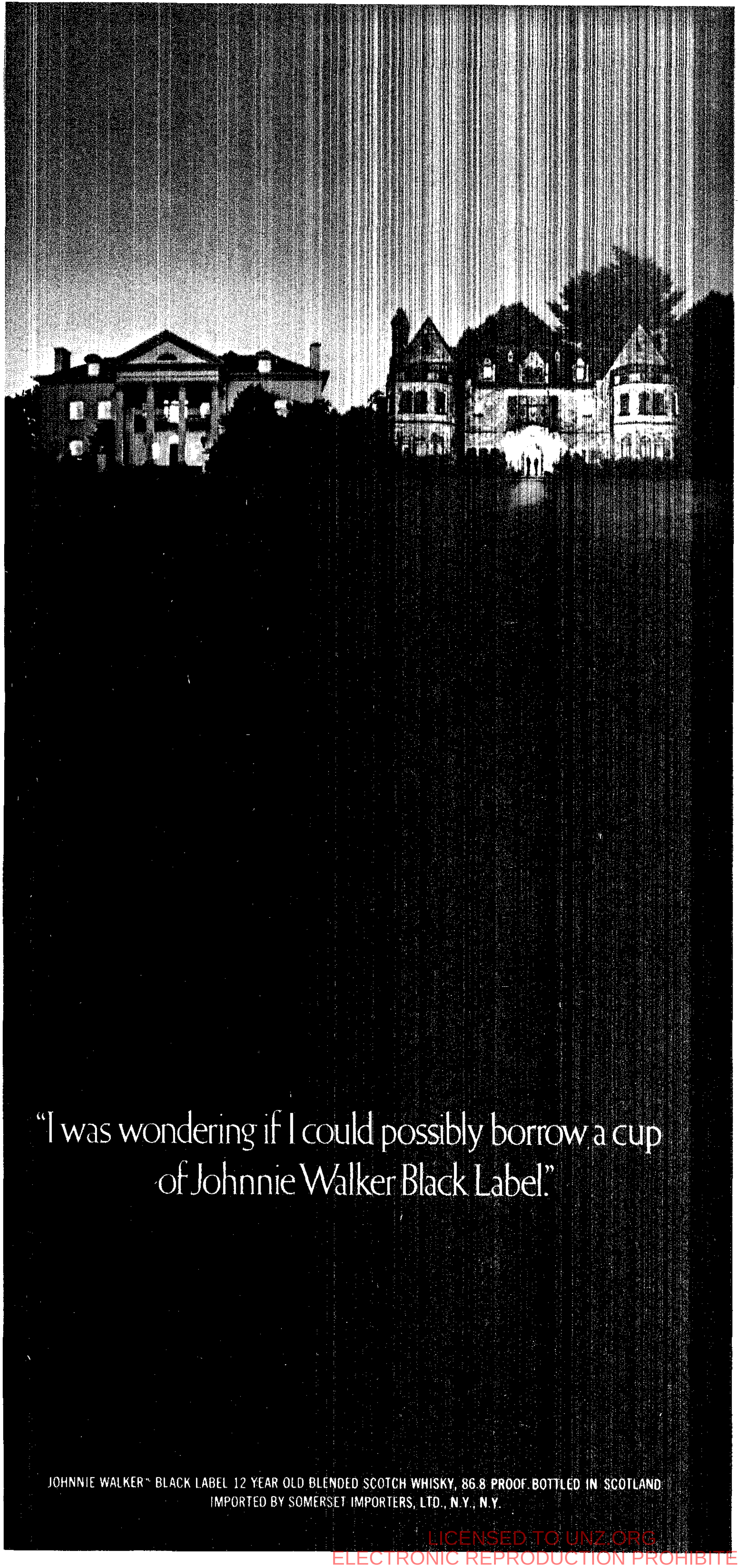
The Pavarotti concert is a case in point. Pavarotti is a lovely, brainy singer who brings a rare sense of cultivation and artistic ecstasy to everything he approaches. His concert was a thrilling experience, not only in vocal technique but in the outlay of an intelligence that sought out the right tone for the most elegant bel canto arias, and even for the romantic Italian tidbits later on. For anyone who wants a singing career, or for anyone who cares about the artistic values in singing, this was an extremely valuable broadcast.

The sound itself—even on a tinny TV speaker, with a bedside clock-radio to pick up the WNCN simulcast—was splendid; alas, the sight was not. The human voice may be the most perfect instrument in existence, but the human physique producing that voice is not always rewarding to watch. And so, we observed the agonies of Pavarotti producing his wonderful sounds, his face contorted, his eyes rolling, the sweat pouring off in gumdrops. We watched him reaching the end of a song and then screwing on a fake, forced smile to greet the applause. The camera worked almost entirely in close-up—badly slighting, along the way, the excellent work of John Wustman at the keyboard and the sense of collaboration that passed between the two men. If television's purpose at that concert was to create for a mass audience some semblance of a concert-hall atmosphere, then television failed. We do not buy concert tickets to perch on a singer's tonsils.

The orchestral events were similarly afflicted by an artificiality in camera use that may have created interesting pictures but failed largely to suggest why people get turned on at symphony concerts. Let me talk about the Solti-Chicago. The program was charmingly produced; Solti himself, in street clothes and at his ease, introduced each of the three works rather wittily. I got the feeling that he doesn't like *Death and Transfiguration* any more than I do. As he conducted the work, there weren't more than two or three brief moments in which you could actually see the man and his orchestra at work together. Yet, thousands get turned away from Carnegie Hall every time the Chicago comes to town: thousands who want to see exactly *that*. Somebody in charge of the program had worked hard with the score so that every instrumental solo was square on camera. But, for the big downbeat that begins the first agitato section, where I would have given anything to watch the interaction between conductor and orchestra, we got, instead, a big light show shot from overhead, a visual whirlpool of lights shining on brass instruments, that had nothing to do with the musical value of the moment. At the moment which Strauss fondly imagined as climactic, the close-up of hammer hitting tam-tam was so close that anyone not knowing the score would have had no idea of what instrument was being played. At the gooey end of the piece, the cameras busied themselves with seeking out every possible angle for photographing Solti through the strings of the harp.

The *Four Last Songs* was more successful, on the whole. The cameras did relatively little roaming and contented themselves with gazing admiringly on the lovely face of Lucia Popp, who sang the music beautifully and played delightful eye games with Solti. The close-ups were never so tight as to force the attention on tonsils; the work here was almost a model of the way concert music can be made beautiful for television. But in the concluding *Til Eulenspiegel*, the cameras got busy again, jumping over the ensemble as quick solo followed quick solo and, again, almost never capturing the marvelous spectacle of great conductor working with great orchestra.

What is the answer, then? One extreme would be to televise a concert absolutely straight, with a single camera picking up what the live audience can see from the best seats. This, obviously, cannot work; it fudges the entire notion that an act of translation is needed—as it surely is—from concert stage to television screen. The other extreme—to hoke up the visuals with images, to produce *Death and Transfiguration* in a mortuary with marzipan angels on harp—is too horrible to contemplate. In the earlier days of television, when men like Roger Englander were producing Leonard Bernstein shows with some hoke but a great deal of artistic imagination, some movement was under way to translate music into mass entertainment with some success and even greater promise. From what my recently jaundiced eyes and ears experienced, that process has stopped. *Must* it?



"I was wondering if I could possibly borrow a cup of Johnnie Walker Black Label."

JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.
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Dance/Marcia B. Siegel

ANALOGUE OF ABANDON

"...With Louis Falco, what variety there is in the movement grows less and less important as you get caught up in a rhythm..."

Modern dance is going through its most successful and productive, and least creative, period right now. What used to be a form dedicated to rigorous exploration of the sources and possibilities of movement is now a much more accessible medium. Individual styles have been consolidated and clarified; crotchety, brooding geniuses have been replaced by performers who want to please the audience.

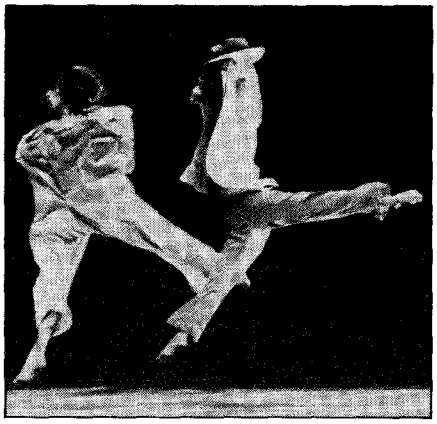
So many of the companies on the Dance Umbrella spring season seem to represent this evolution that I'm beginning to see it as a new style—a neo-modern dance or something—characterized by extroversion, high energy, and a nonthreatening, mostly optimistic approach to the snags of existence. Rachel Lampert's dances often seem autobiographical, but her childhood traumas have all been resolved, or at least she looks back at them with sunny detachment. May O'Donnell buries the choreographic bedrock of her dances under punchy dynamics and acres of cute. But the epitome of this neo-modern style is the work of **Louis Falco.**

Anyone can see why Falco's dance is a turn-on. It's a turn-on for dancers because it's so totally, constantly physical. And it's a turn-on for nondancers because it projects a longed-for sense of freedom and release into space. For both those who move and those who wish they could move, it's an idealization of the body and a heightening of the present moment. It's probably the perfect vicarious trip for our times, combining visions of ace physicality with fun fantasies of sex and childhood.

In *Hero*, we first see Falco and Ranko Yokoyama, occupying different parts of the stage—but not for long. Soon they come together and dance a duet that has no particular beginning, middle, or end. *Hero* is nothing *but* duets. The dancers, eventually six of them, keep bouncing in and out two at a time, teaming up variously and splitting, until the very end, when I seem to remember them all there doing three simultaneous duets.

These duets are not exactly repetitions of one another, but they're all the same nonetheless. Falco can make movement, but he organizes it into no discernible choreographic structure; what variety there is in the movement grows less and less important as you get caught up in a rhythm, a weighted, stretchy plasticity, a prolonged absorption with a small universe.

LOIS GREENFIELD



Partners: *Jean-Louis Morin and Lisa Nalven.*

The parties to a Falco duet have no individual modes of approach or reaction; they meet, look, want, get together. There's never any buildup, hesitation, reluctance, discord. Everyone's willing; no one ever *doesn't* want to play. When it's over, no one has any leftover yearning or regret.

Their dance, though overwhelmingly present and sensual, is impersonal. You know that the couples don't really get involved with one another, not just because they later do the same thing with other partners. Primarily, they use each other, to lean on when they jump or balance or unfold a leg luxuriously; to manipulate themselves into sexier, more twisted positions than they can get into alone. One partner makes a move and the other copies it or rebounds off it. They embace, they throw themselves and each other around. But they don't adapt, conform, develop, or elaborate on each other's movement themes. They don't tune each other in on any acute level.

Coasting, the duet by the Falco company's associate director, Juan Antonio, works the same way, with a slightly more formal use of space. The dancers, Yokoyama and William Gornel, mirror each other's movements more, held back occasionally on their weight instead of perpetually being on the verge of falling into or out of each other's arms.

Louis Falco is sometimes referred to as avant-garde, a designation I can fathom only as a response to the fact that we have no avant-garde at the moment. Or maybe it's because of artists like Marisol, who, with William Katz and Willy Eisenhart, designed Falco's sprawling pastiche of circus takeoffs, *Tiger Rag*.

Juan Antonio, with shaven head and a rakish mustache, is the ringmaster for a troupe of tiger heads—people-size masks made of squishy foam rubber that dance around and crumple into lovable, toothy tiger grins when manipulated by the dancers inside them. Once we've made this outrageous leap of fantasy, Falco can't think of anywhere to go with the idea, so it stays pretty much on the level of cartoon. The heads romp around, menacing Antonio, who swats at them softly.

Yokoyama and Gornel dance their duet again; this time she's on pointe, a provocative device that Falco employs solely for the purpose of letting her sweep around faster and freer in her turns, and balance more precariously as she twines her body around his. Lisa Nalven appears in an enormous yellow tuxedo jacket, prances around doing jokey things with a cigar, a hat, and pillows. Later Jean-Louis Morin dances a duet with her. He's wearing the oversize trousers to her coat, and my favorite thing in the whole dance is the fact that she doesn't sit on his shoulders to show off the complete suit.

Tiger Rag also has a chorus line of trouser-people led by Morin, a tightrope dance by Shelley Freydont, and a juggling act by Michael Moschen. He spun two, three, and four flaming torches in fast patterns that I probably would have found thrilling if, a few days before, I hadn't seen the Thovil exorcism dancers from Sri Lanka. They too made spectacular patterns with whirling torches, but they were dancing ferociously at the same time. ■

The Urban Strategist/Jane Rockman

YOUR HOME IS NOT YOUR CASTLE: THE LOWDOWN ON TENANT PROBES

"... In some cases, private investigators may interview your super and neighbors, without your permission or knowledge..."

If you are looking for an apartment in New York City for the first time in three or four years, prepare yourself to be X-rayed—financially, personally, and even morally. Landlords, tired of tenants who skip, whose habits downgrade buildings, or who bother neighbors, are now investigating prospective tenants the way banks do borrowers before granting mortgages.

What's more, in many cases you have to pay for the investigation yourself, even if you are turned down. And the whole process may not even be legal. In some cases, for example, private investigators may interview your superintendent and neighbors without your permission or knowledge, to find out if you are noisy, a drunk, etc. (If the super or neighbor is noisy, a drunk, etc., and has it in for you because *you* complain, tough luck.)

Exactly what happens once you fill out a rental application depends on the real-estate company involved. At the least, you can probably expect a detailed credit check. Normally, that information comes from central credit bureaus like TRW, Credit Information Corporation of New York, and Retailers Commercial Agency. They can provide information on your employment, number and type of credit cards and accounts, how you pay your bills, and if you were or are delinquent on any accounts. Residence history may also be provided. In addition, CIC publishes the "Daily Litigation Bulletin," a compilation of New York–area court proceedings, listings, lawsuits, judgments, and bankruptcies.

Some landlords want more than simple credit information, however, so they hire private investigators to check out your living habits.

Robert C. Rosenberg, vice-president of Grenadier Realty, which manages some fourteen developments around the city for its parent company, Starrett Housing Corporation, says that simple credit checks alone were not keeping out "destructive tenants." So, in 1974, he began using the Garrison Agency, private investigators, to develop more comprehensive tenant checks which would include home visits. Grenadier charges applicants $25 for the probe (but Garrison charges its clients only $20). Rosenberg says other managing agents are constantly calling him for details of how he conducts his investigations because they want to do the same thing.

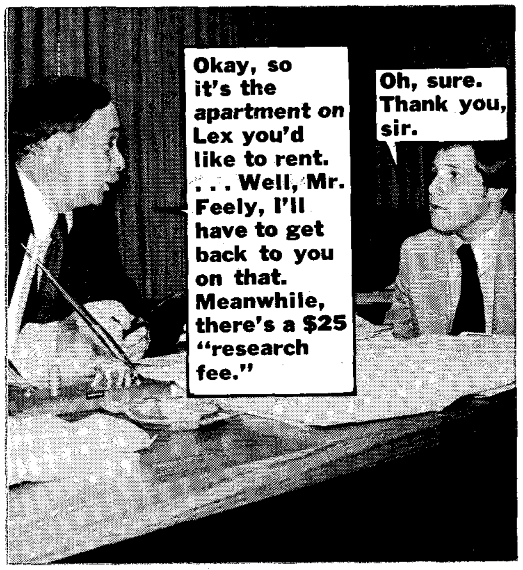
In all, Garrison's investigators now handle investigations of applicants for about 100,000 apartments in New York, New Jersey, Westchester, and Long Island. On any given day, up to fifteen Garrison investigators are snooping on prospective tenants; it is reported that the company processes more than 15,000 applications each year. Garrison reports include interviews with prospective tenants at home, interviews with their superintendents or building managers, plus data from credit-reporting agencies.

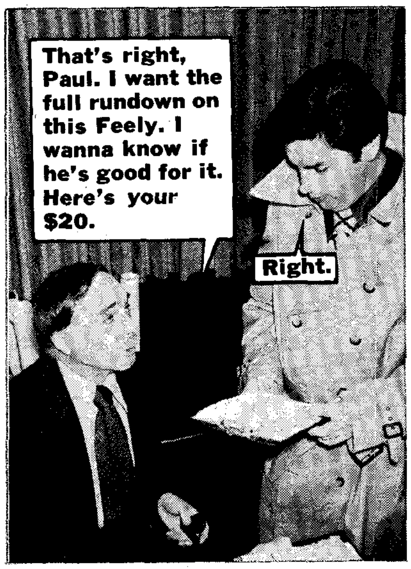
Another Garrison client is Apartment Development and Management, Inc. (ADAM), which has 38 developments in New York, including Manhattan's Ruppert-Yorkville Towers and Independence Plaza.

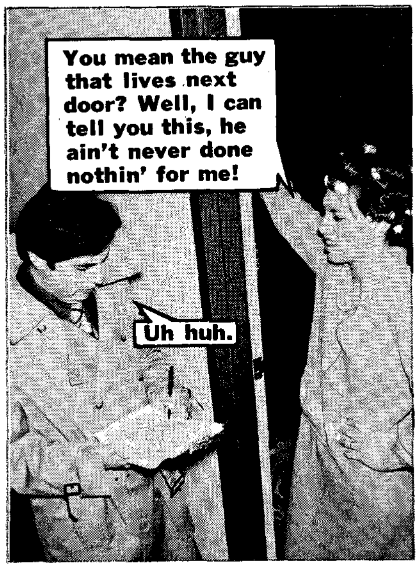
"Tenants of the developments were demanding that we conduct more intense screening of applicants to keep problem families out," says Jerome Belson, president of ADAM. In the past Belson charged applicants $10 for standard credit checks. Now the charge is the $20 he has to pay Garrison.

Mag Investigation and Security Corporation is another firm which now does a lot of tenant investigations—up to 75 percent of its business now comes from realty managers.

Within the last five years, many more landlords have begun using outside agencies to provide detailed information on rental applicants. And the number is growing quickly. The cost generally ranges from $10 (at Lefrak Apart-


Okay, so it's the apartment on Lex you'd like to rent. . . . Well, Mr. Feely, I'll have to get back to you on that. Meanwhile, there's a $25 "research fee."
Oh, sure. Thank you, sir.


That's right, Paul. I want the full rundown on this Feely. I wanna know if he's good for it. Here's your $20.
Right.


You mean the guy that lives next door? Well, I can tell you this, he ain't never done nothin' for me!
Uh huh.

ments and Kips Bay, for instance) to $40, and it is being increasingly borne by the applicant.

Ironically, there is one advantage in being forced to pay for an investigation—at least you are informed that an investigation is being conducted, and presumably you can demand to know why you have been turned down, if that happens.

The mystery comes with buildings which do not charge you—and may not tell you that an investigation of any intensity is under way. Status buildings, such as Yorkshire Towers on 86th Street (Helmsley-Spear), Georgetown Plaza in the Village (Dwelling Managers), 1 Lincoln Plaza, and 1 Sherman Square (both near Lincoln Center), among others, absorb the costs of investigations themselves. Charles H. Greenthal, which manages over 100 buildings in the metropolitan area, also uses outside agencies and does not charge applicants investigation fees. If you are turned down when applying for an apartment managed by one of these companies, it is possible that you may not even be given a specific explanation for your rejection.

Not all management companies use outside investigating agencies. Two of the largest in the city, Rudin Management and Douglas Elliman-Gibbons & Ives, are cases in point; they make their own evaluations from interviews and reference checks.

The landlords can make a case for such careful screening of tenants. An agent for Alpha Equities, on Manhattan's West Side, points out that today, if a tenant has no money, he usually will wait to be evicted rather than approach the landlord and break the lease. And records from the tenant-landlord court show that eviction proceedings have been increasing an average of 10 to 15 percent each year for the past five years, although only a small percentage of those cases actually result in eviction. Usually, tenants start paying rent again or skip, but only after the landlord has paid a $15 filing fee plus legal costs for bringing the tenants to court.

Landlords have become so angered by eviction procedures that they are considering pooling the information they have on undesirable tenants. "All of the large housing companies already have banks of information, many on computers," says Peter Osburn, vice-president of the Garrison Agency. He adds that a central data bank on tenant information is certainly possible, and the mechanics are being worked on now. Peter Kalikow, president of H. J. Kalikow, another major landlord, says that the central data bank "seems like a good idea," noting that Kalikow keeps tabs on its tenants by computer, as have many other big landlords over the past few years.

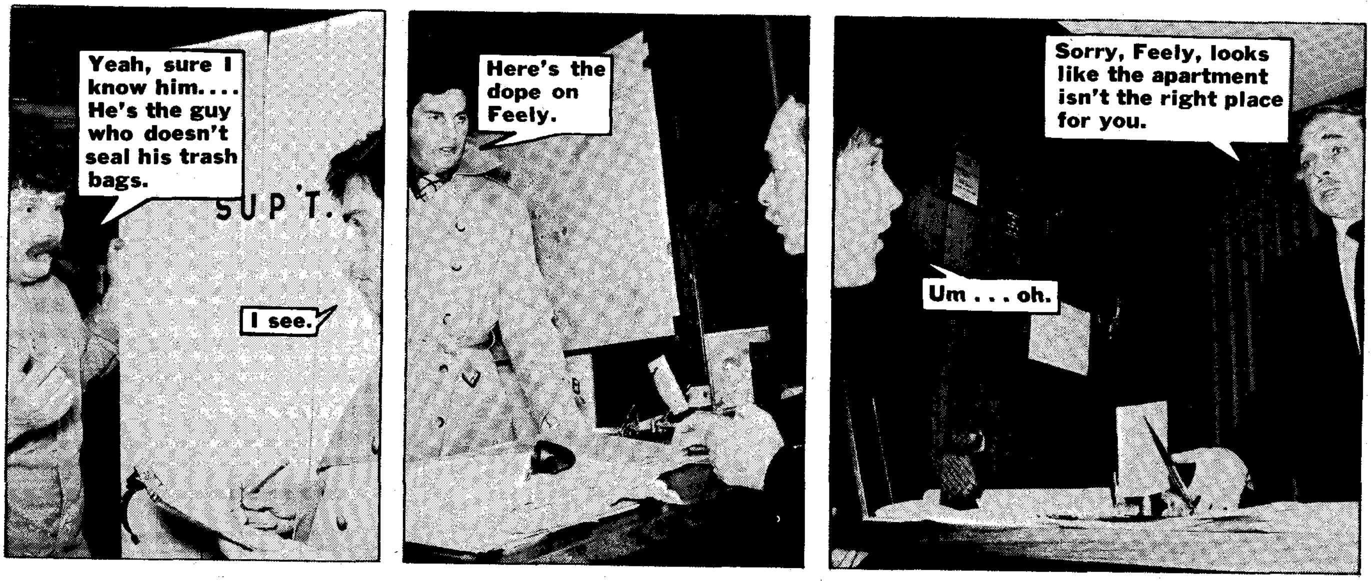
The big question here is, of course, whether or not all this checking and exchanging of data constitutes a violation of rights. According to Trudy Hayden of the American Civil Liberties Union, there are no laws at this time prohibiting privately held data banks. However, the pooling of such data may raise legal questions.

The nature of tenant examinations is also a matter of legal debate. The Fair Credit Reporting Act of 1971 set up guidelines for consumer reports (e.g., what a credit agency like CIC supplies) as well as for investigative reports (in which third parties are interviewed about you). But these guidelines apply only to applications for credit, employment, or insurance. They do not apply to housing applications. In Washington, the Senate Committee on Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs is expected to consider a whole range of new privacy legislation early this year, according to Ken McLean, committee counsel.

On the state level, legislation already exists that affords you some privacy protection. Last August, Governor Carey signed into law a Fair Credit Reporting Act that requires that you be notified in advance if a consumer report is to be prepared. You must also approve any investigative report. The one trouble is that this law too only specifies reports for credit, employment, or insurance—not housing.

State Senator Joseph R. Pisani, who co-sponsored the state bill, is certain that housing applications are covered under this law. If you think there has been a violation in your housing application, he urges you to file a complaint with the state attorney general, the Department of Consumer Affairs, or your local congressman. Already, one tenant who had to pay an investigation fee in order to get into a rent-stabilized apartment house has brought a complaint before the New York City Conciliation and Appeals Board, which handles cases involving rent stabilization. The complaint challenges the validity of charging investigation fees. If the board rules in the tenant's favor, that would prohibit investigation fees in all rent-stabilized buildings.

No matter who pays the investigation fee—tenant or landlord—the question is why there have to be any such probing investigations at all. Landlords can't be criticized for wanting to fill apartment houses with rent-paying, law-abiding tenants. But when the investigations lead to home inspections, third-party interviews, and central data banks, the civil-rights question certainly enters in. ▬

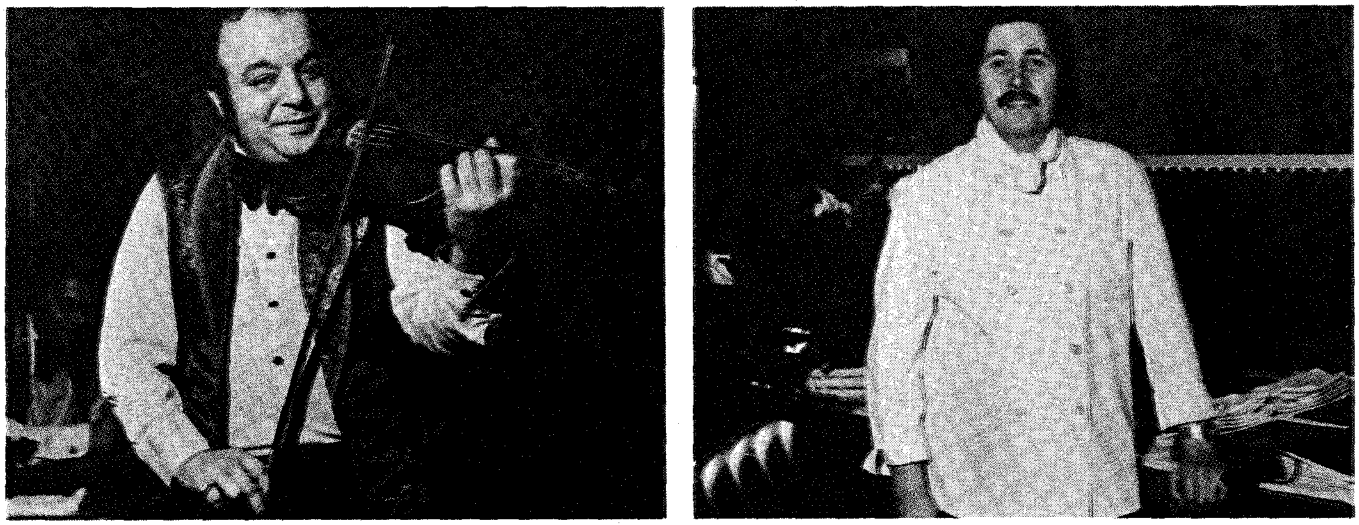

Yeah, sure I know him.... He's the guy who doesn't seal his trash bags.
SUPT.
I see.
Here's the dope on Feely.
Sorry, Feely, looks like the apartment isn't the right place for you.
Um . . . oh.

Photographed by Larry Williams

Restaurants / Seymour Britchky

HAMS AND SWISS

"...It is unlikely that you will get a better cheese fondue in New York than the bubbling pot served up at Auberge Suisse..."



Schmaltzing it up: *Left, George Lakatos of Hungaria.* **The style is cool:** *Robert Keller, chef and co-owner of Auberge Suisse.*

Restaurants with two of the most interesting new menus in New York have opened across a corridor from each other in the downstairs arcade of the Market, the glittering seven-story retail bazaar that is annexed to the new Citicorp building on East 53rd Street. The food in both restaurants has character: In one of them—Auberge Suisse—it is prepared with consistent distinction; in the other—Hungaria—there is so much to the establishment besides cooking that the culinary shortcomings are somewhat offset by what more is going on.

Two small rooms—fewer than a dozen tables in each—and a short bar are the whole of **Auberge Suisse.** The look of Swiss modernity is neutrality and variations thereon. This rendition is silvery and sleek and just a little soft, with glinting walls of charcoal-gray glass, walls and banquettes of chestnut-colored suede, gray-suede booths, modern bentwood chairs that have seats of old-rose suede or nubbly gray tweed. The tables are set with beige linen and beige china. You walk on brown carpeting under a ceiling of metallic acoustical tiles—they reflect the room back with a somber glow. It is a perfect rendering of a cool style, it eschews ornament, and it can be forbidding. But when the restaurant is busy, the sight and sounds of people dress it up.

The sparkling food includes a refreshing salade de boeuf bouilli, strands of cool, rare beef and crisp vegetables in a tangy vinaigrette; fillets of boned smoked trout, cool, flaky, and a little oily, served with a horseradish sauce that has the head-clearing pungency of the just-grated root; and viande de Grisons et jambon cru, thin slices of mahogany-colored air-dried beef, chewy and a little gamy, and smoky ham, the pink meat rimmed with delicate white fat, served with slivered onions—just cut, strong and crisp—a vivid foil to the high-flavored meats.

This place makes snails in a version it calls "escargots Café de Paris." This is a singular preparation in which the plump and tender snails are baked in brandy and flavored butter. What the chef puts in that butter is a mystery—your waiter questions him and returns with the dubious advice that the recipe calls for twenty herbs and spices—but sweet spices and the perfume of green herbs dominate. The snails are served in shells in a little pot; just before it is served, the entire production is lightly covered with good cheese and browned. A wondrous dish.

Good soups, mostly, including a hot, clear, and profound oxtail broth that is livened with the sharpness of minced chives; and an item given as "potage Bâlois," a creamy beef soup that has a strong and earthy flavor of whole grain.

More trout (Switzerland is sweet-water country), this one poached in wine, boned, skinned, and served in a creamy white sauce that is dotted with fresh herbs—the fish is immaculately fresh, and the sauce has the smoothness and polish of a thing just made.

It is unlikely that you will get a better cheese fondue in New York than the one served here (for two people or more). Brought to you in a broad ceramic pot, within which it is bubbling, it is kept hot and active on your table over a little burner; and, as is the way with this dish at its best, its flavor deepens as it continues to bubble, darken, and grow thick. There are wine, garlic, and seasonings in this dish, but in such judicious dosages that they heighten the flavor of the melted Gruyère cheese without intruding their own. You are supplied with long forks and a copious mound of chunks of crusty bread. You pierce the bread with the forks, dip it into the seething cheese, and eat. If you are normal, you will burn your lips and palate with the hot tines and molten cheese.

Emincé de *(Continued on page 70)*

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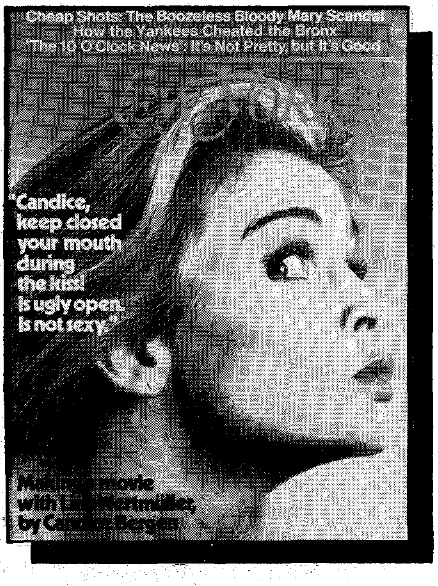

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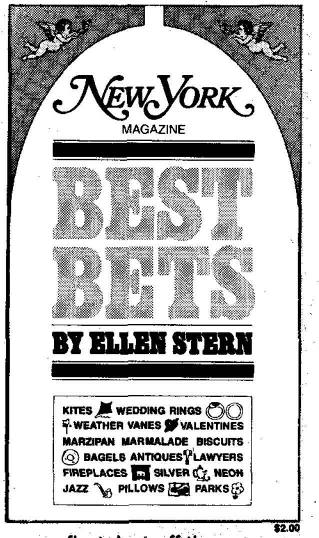

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". . . Hungaria is fun. The scene is at once a little sad and a little hilarious . . ."

(Continued from page 66) veau Zurichoise is a wonderful veal dish in which slivers of delicate veal and chunks of fresh mushroom are served in a creamy dark sauce; the veal is accompanied by rösti potatoes, the marvelous Swiss potato tart that has a crust of browned potatoes, a core that is soft and moist. The plat Bernois is the low point of the place, a leaden collection of sausages, meats, and sauerkraut. But the saucisse de veau grillé is fine, a substantial veal sausage, pale, smooth, and rich, served under strands of onion that are sweet and dark from long braising. Sausages again, this time as a garnish to the elegant calf's liver that arrives with dark-brown grill marks adorning the outer surfaces of the pink meat; the accompanying little sausages are chipolatas, strong and charred, the dark, spicy meat filling heavily fatted, just about bursting from the crackling cases.

A complex steak production is served up here. It is styled "tournedos cordon-rouge," and it is a stack of things—the steak, foie gras, ham, a big mushroom, Béarnaise sauce—and it is served with a gravy that is so winy it is purple. The foie gras is not first-class, but everything else is okay, and the dark gravy is marvelously suited to the salty buttered noodles that accompany this dish.

If you did not scorch yourself on cheese fondue, you get a second chance with chocolate fondue, bubbling milk chocolate that is studded with nuts—you scoop it out of its pot on chunks of cake or pineapple, or on strawberries or grapes. There is a superb excess called "coupe rouge et blanc," a mousse of white chocolate that is mingled with whipped cream and liquored strawberries—for all its richness, it is light. And there is a good carrot cake, nutty and substantial and moist. The most elegant dessert is a sherbet item called, for some reason, "le colonel"—the lemon ice is soaked with pear brandy, and the dish has a strong sweetness that seems to glisten.

Complete dinners for two, with a bottle of wine, will come to about $50, with tax and tip.

Auberge Suisse, 153 East 53rd Street, 421-1420. Monday through Friday, lunch, noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Open Saturday noon to 10 p.m. and Sunday noon to 6 p.m. American Express (AE), Carte Blanche, Diners Club (DC), Master Charge (MC), Visa (V).

At **Hungaria** five Hungarian gentlemen play musical instruments while you dine. They are a "gypsy orchestra," we are told, from Budapest. During their gypsy wanderings they have picked up, among other things, "Lady of Spain," "Granada," "Sabre Dance," "Whispering," and, available by request, "Happy Birthday." These men have the bored, mechanical demeanor of hack musicians everywhere. When the violinist retires to the back of the room to suck on cigarettes, the lead is taken by a clarinetist given to acrobatic, squeaky tootlings. The schmaltzy gypsy fiddling is thin on sentiment; the fast and furious dance music lacks the essential touch of frenzy. No one seems to mind. The clientele are largely members of New York's *Mitteleuropean* expatriate community, and they are delighted to have a new gathering place. Sometimes four of the five musicians wander among the tables to play for tips (the fifth goes for a smoke because he cannot carry his instrument—the cembalom—with him) and the customers attend eagerly, following them with happy, homesick eyes. This restaurant is fun. The scene is at once a little sad and a little hilarious.

There is a massive triangular bar just off the front of the restaurant, a few tables opposite one side, semi-private draped booths—with sofas—adjacent to another; side three gives directly on the dining room proper, which is fitted out with crockery on the papered walls, homey little framed photographs, lampposts, folk art, Magyar murals, leather-upholstered benches with big brass old-world upholstery tacks. The most ridiculous *objet* in the place is the so-called "sausage tree," a pathetic leafless sapling, or rendition thereof, sausages hanging from its branches—it is the centerpiece of the restaurant. But with all the paraphernalia, when the place is less than crowded it has the quality of a bare room with lots of things in it. With one truck to empty the place and another to bring stuff in, this could be an Italian restaurant in 24 hours.

But some of the food is delicious, a lot of it is new to these parts, and the service—though often inadequate to the press of business, and plagued by plates and tray stands that insist on flinging themselves to the hardwood floor—has been earnest and charming in the face of much impatience.

The sausages from the tree make up

saját felvágottaink, Asztalos hentes módján (hereafter no more Magyar), a decent but uninspired selection of strong sausages. Pass up the mousse of chicken liver, which is wet and sour, and eschew the calf's brains and scrambled eggs—often a marvelous dish in New York's Hungarian restaurants—served here in a limp version that suggests it is made in batches and held until ordered. Choose instead the wine-marinated cold carp—tart breaded fish suffused with the flavor of its marinade, deserving of a stronger garnish than these tired onions.

The best first course in the house is the fried stuffed pancake Fehérvár, a crusted, deep-fried crêpe roulade stuffed with ground meat and mushrooms and served with a hot vegetable stew of peppers, tomatoes, onions, and salt pork. A close contender is the gulyás soup, the hot potato-thickened broth studded with chunks of meat and slivers of red pepper.

What is marvelous about the homemade skillet-fried sausages is that the three varieties are so vividly different from one another: One is iron-gray, stretched with rice, spicy, mellifluous; the second is fatty and red, heavily flavored with strong paprika; the third is black and bloody. The venison with plum sauce is a medallion of tender browned meat with a lovely garnish of stewed plums and oranges—the dish is served with something called a pheasant dumpling, which does a terrific imitation of a baseball of bread stuffing. Good roasted veal shank, blackened, crusted, and tender, though this kind of dish is better when it is cooked until it is almost falling apart—it is served with a tasty sauce/stew of vegetables, liver, and bacon.

Such items as the stuffed fillet of beef and the stuffed dilled cabbage with pork chops and sausage are dishes of such unrelieved weightiness as to be unappealing to anyone who was not brought up on that kind of thing.

Other than the purée of chestnuts with whipped cream—a frankly rich dessert that makes no pretense of being anything more—and a nice apple strudel made with firm, tart apples, the desserts are comedowns. The coffee, it seems, is never good. The best closer in the place is the Hungarian Tokay, a strong wine that is tangy and sweet without being sugary.

The table wines are mostly $8 per bottle. Complete dinners for two, with a bottle of wine, are around $50 with tax and tip.

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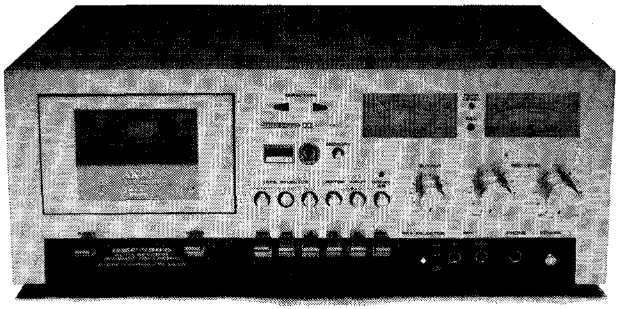

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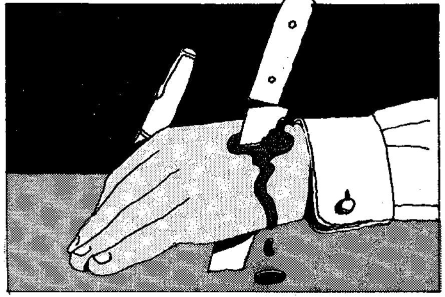
Theater/John Simon

STRAINED MURDER, SMOOTH MISBEHAVING

> "...Although John Wood deploys a prodigal excess of technique in *Deathtrap*, the result is not convincing, merely unappetizing..."

How do you write about Ira Levin's new thriller, **Deathtrap,** without spilling the beans, which would be unsporting as well as unhygienic? It concerns a formerly successful, now burnt-out mystery playwright; a young disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, for which the older man resolves to kill him; and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. At this point—which, mind you, is very near the beginning—twists and reversals relentlessly take over, and giving them away is neither cricket not criticism. Though, truth to tell, you wouldn't buy any of these peripeteias, and some of them I couldn't even give away.



To complicate the reversals, we have also a Dutch psychic inhabiting the one neighboring house—the scene is a section of Westport, Connecticut, apparently as isolated as the least chic part of the Gran Chaco—for reasons as unconvincing as everything else about the play. She keeps rushing over to stick her ESP into other people's monkey business. The fifth character, or wheel, is a family lawyer with dramaturgical aspirations. The play that the disciple has allegedly written is also called *Deathtrap,* and also has five characters; I trust you perceive the symbolic parallel. Only the inner *Deathtrap* is said to be a sure hit, which is where the parallel ends.

The plot, in short, is impossible. Are the characters less so? The only figure even slightly more complex than pulling out the spout of a box of granulated sugar is the fading writer, Sidney Bruhl. Although there is no sign in Sidney Bruhl's window, there are some signs of wit in his lines. That, however, is not enough to make him remotely believable: His switches from ordinariness to Machiavellianism, diabolic cleverness to ineptitude, hetero- to homosexuality, are far too meteoric.

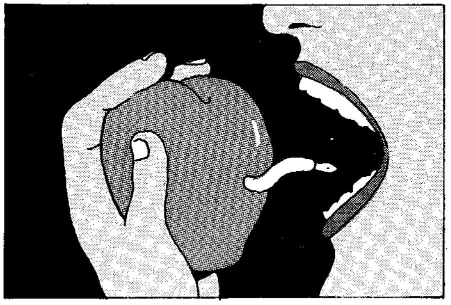
Nevertheless, he does have a few good laugh lines, and even the less clever characters are allowed their quota of chuckles. Moreover, Levin is at times successful in topping his laughs. After Bruhl remarks about his acolyte's play, "Can't miss—a gifted director couldn't even hurt it," he asseverates that nothing could go wrong with a play that will clearly star Liv Ullmann and George C. Scott; "Trish Van Devere?" his wife shyly interjects. There is quite a bit of this sort of thing throughout—not bad as far as it goes, save that you can't make a suit out of wadding.

Bruhl is played by John Wood, the excellent British comedian, whose intensely British accent in Westport is limply explained by one Canadian parent. Although Wood deploys a prodigal excess of technique, the result is not convincing, merely faintly unappetizing. His tearing into, then slowly masticating, indeed worrying each superficial retort or spurious epigram suggest not so much great acting as nasty eating habits. The other cast members do what they can with not very rewarding material. Though Marian Winters's Dutch accent sounds rather too Norwegian, this is more than made up for by the general double Dutch.

There is, of course, a basic problem with the comedy-mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security the chills can all the more scarily dissipate. Often, alas, the comedy just makes the terror look less real, whereas the violence, if staged realistically (as it has to be), ends up looking unduly brutal in a context of frivolity. Some writers have mastered this complicated process of fusion, but they are usually from England, where there still survives a sophisticated cynicism that can accommodate weapons as disparate as the epigram and the revolver.

Robert Moore's staging is competent, and there are solid production values. But I wish that Levin, instead of writing a play about how one writes, or doesn't write, a mystery play, had written such a play. Or abstained.

An earlier self-referential work, Ferenc Molnár's **The Play's the Thing** (1926), has been revived by the BAM Theater Company in the well-known P. G. Wodehouse adaptation. This is not one of Molnár's best plays, but it has a certain *Mitteleuropa* boulevardier piquancy that, played with feathery lightness, can still be wafted gracefully into an audience's ken. What it is getting in Brooklyn, however, is not feathers but sledgehammers, whose propensity for wafting is, I'm afraid, minimal. The story concerns the urbane playwright Sándor Turai, who, with his somewhat gloomy collaborator, Mansky, is finishing an operetta for which the bright young composer Albert Ádám is providing the music. They are preparing for the opening with a brief change of pace at a house party in a castle on the Italian Riviera. Unfortunately, their prima donna, with whom young Ádám is in overgrown puppy love, is overheard by the three men as she carries on *in flagrante* with the overripe leading man in the adjoining bedroom. The youth is crushed and won't go on with his work.



Turai rises to the occasion. Overnight, he concocts a play for the castle's weekend entertainment—a play allegedly by Sardou, into which Turai inserts the incriminating boudoir exchange, making it all look as if the guilty pair had been merely rehearsing. The play-within-the-play, besides calming the composer, also makes the pompous leading man look like an ass. And as *The Play's the Thing* unfurls, Mol-

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

nár uses yet another device to drive home that this is really a play about playwriting. Turai and his collaborators repeatedly discuss how one writes plays, and both the play and the play-within-the-play become demonstrations of how theory turns into practice. For this purpose, the Hungarian title is better: *Játék a kastélyban* (roughly, *Playing in the Castle),* where *játék* means both a game and a piece of acting, suggesting that the dramatist's art is composed mostly of gamesmanship and histrionics—which, in Molnár's case, it certainly is.

Frank Dunlop's direction would be quite satisfactory if it did not allow—or even encourage—overacting. As Turai, René Auberjonois exaggerates monstrously. Instead of a witty, Molnár-like Budapest café sophisticate, he gives us someone who, perhaps, could have written *A Texas Trilogy* or *The Shadow Box.* His gestures and intonations fail to distinguish between an ironic cast and cast iron. As the somewhat absurd but sagacious butler, Rex Robbins gives his customarily top-heavy, poorly shaded performance, complete with an uncalled-for thick foreign accent. As the prima donna, Carole Shelley acts and looks like, at best, a terza donna. Only in the grips of the most acute Oedipus complex could the young composer have become enamored of her, and then only during a power failure. Miss Shelley hams indecently throughout, so that when, in the course of the mock Sardou play, she is supposed to overact, there is nowhere for her to go: She has become hammed in.

The worst work, however, comes from Austin Pendleton, as the composer. Looking like a tapir suffering from anorexia nervosa, Pendleton gives his standard performance (modeled, I think, on Diane Keaton), which consists of a hangdog expression, an intermittent sickly smile, a deliberately faltering delivery, and a tonal range encompassing half an octave. His Ádám, moreover, is identical with his Tusenbach from last year's production of *The Three Sisters* at BAM, to the detriment of both.

On the credit side, Kurt Kasznar is sweetly acidulous as that amiable pessimist, Mansky; George Rose, though basically unsuited for the romantic *vieux premier,* offers a truly imaginative and wonderfully funny, because controlled, performance; and young Stephen Collins, though totally miscast, makes at least a brave effort at an elderly fussbudget. Nancy Potts's costumes err: 1926 servants would not wear Louis XV outfits, and Turai could scarcely change suits during a hard night's work or the sleep into which he falls thereupon. But Santo Loquasto's set is a splendid Art Deco stairway to the stars that glitter with Italianate bravura. Still, if you go to see this one, remember: The play is the thing; the production certainly isn't.

What do you say about sheer delight, which is what **Ain't Misbehavin'** is? An entertainment devised by Richard Maltby Jr. and Murray Horwitz from the songs of Fats Waller and those of his pals (but, music publishing being what it was in those days, the latter may have been by Waller, too, and merely sold to his lesser colleagues), the show contains also a few additional lyrics by Maltby and Horwitz. It is black American cabaret at its best. The songs—both those you will gladly recall and those that will be astoundingly new to you—are often first-rate and never less than endearing. The material is neatly assembled, sassily choreographed by Arthur Faria, and snappily directed by Mr. Maltby. Luther Henderson has knowingly supervised the music (which, by the way, took some sedulous unearthing, much of it having been lost, some of it irretrievably), and he also plays it as well and as unselfconsciously as anyone this side of Waller could.

The five singer-dancer-actors are Nell Carter, an adorable black bundle that seems to have been begotten by a dynamo on a dusky matzo ball, and that can belt out as well as be coyly susurrant; Armelia McQueen, a large woman who can sail through a number as smoothly as a pirate ship, its black sails billowing in triumph; Ken Page, a portly man who carries his bulk with the lightness of a balloon, and who can skewer you with one look as easily as he can melt a pound of butter with one note; Andre De Shields, a kind of campy Sportin' Life who cannot make an unwitty sound, move, or pause; and Irene Cara, who is a bit too young and innocent for all this, but makes up for it with sweetness and agility.

But the nicest thing is that *Ain't Misbehavin'* is neither solemn nor nostalgic; rather, it is all charm and high spirits, even when it is stylishly kidding itself. For it is of the utmost importance for a theater, an art, a culture to be able to make fun of itself—it is the only way for it to come of age. I realize that it is much harder for the theater of an oppressed and exploited minority to arrive at the stage where it can view the past with detachment and humor; I also realize that the originators of *Ain't Misbehavin'* ain't blacks. Still, this is a modest but fine step ahead.

JACK NICHOLSON
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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Birdseed—By buying your birdseed for wild birds at Alley Pond Environmental Center (APEC), you will not only save money and benefit the center's programs and activities, but you will also be able to feed birds in the cold weather and draw new birds to your feeder. Several kinds of seed are available: Sunflower, in 25- and 50-lb. bags, $7.25 and $14; wild-bird Special Mix, in 20- and 40-lb. bags, $5.75 and $11.25; wild-bird Regular Mix, in 25- and 50-lb. bags, $4 and $7.80; and Maine Manna seed/suet cakes, 1¾ lb. each, $2.75. APEC also has live-animal exhibits, astronomy workshops, etc. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *Alley Pond Environmental Center, Inc., 228-06 Northern Blvd., Douglaston, N.Y. (229-5314); Thurs.–Tues. 10 a.m.–4 p.m., closed Wed.*

For the kitchen—Housewares and appliances are on sale here through March. Bosch Magic Mixer food processors, were $250, now $160; folding dish-drying racks, were $15, now $11.99; folding stainless-steel food steamers, were $3.99, now $2; chrome corkscrews, "wings" type, were $2.99, now $2.19; *The Cooks' Catalogue* (paperback), was $8.99, now $7.50; electric raclette-cheese ovens from Sweden, were $69.99, now $39.99; Select-A-Slice cutters with three blades, were $8.99, now $4.99; Le Creuset 6-qt. Dutch ovens, were $49.99, now $39.99. Cash-and-carry only on sale items; all sales final. *1st Stop Housewares, Inc., 1025 Second Ave., at 54th St. (TE 8-0007); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 3/31.*

Adopt a pet—These three animal shelters must find homes for a large number of adult cats and dogs in order to have room to rescue more animals, so they are offering a special price reduction through mid-April. Any adult cat or dog (no kittens or puppies) may be had for a $5 adoption fee. This fee includes all necessary shots and neutering (all cats and female dogs are neutered or spayed) and free veterinary treatment, if necessary, during the first two weeks of ownership. Fees usually range from $15 for a domestic short-haired cat to $40 for a spayed pure-bred dog. Bonus: Dogs adopted from the Manhattan shelter receive a free grooming session; their owners get a canine-behavior consultation. *Bide-A-Wee Home Association, 410 East 38th St. (532-4455); Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 9 a.m.–4:30 p.m., Tues. and Thurs. 9 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sun. noon–4:30 p.m.; 3300 Beltagh Ave., Wantagh, L.I. (516 785-4079); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–4:30 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–4:30 p.m.; Old Country Rd., Westhampton, L.I. (516 325-0200); Wed.–Sun. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 4/15.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Needlepoint—This needlepoint shop is having its annual sale through March. Hand-painted one-of-a-kind and limited-edition canvases are on sale, were $10–$80, now $7.50–$60, including yarn; "sleeping cat" pajama bags or pillow kits, canvas backing, were $25, now $15, including yarn; Christmas-ornament kits include backing and yarn, were $3–$5, now $1.50–$2.50; kits for Lucite letter holders, were $8, now $5; leather checkbook covers, eyeglass cases, change purses, etc., for needlepointing, were $3.50–$12.50, now $2–$8. Also on sale are wooden stools and benches in several styles with muslin tops, suitable for upholstery, crewel, or needlepoint, were $20–$40, now $15–$27. All kits in the sale include yarn; all yarn is 100 percent wool. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Design Point Needlepoint, 15 Christopher St. (929-0550); Mon.–Sat. noon–6:30 p.m.; through 3/31.*

Copper—Twice a year this Upper West Side housewares store buys one-of-a-kind imported copperware and sells it at 20–50 percent off the usual retail prices. There are hundreds of pieces to choose from, and sample prices include: 4-qt. stockpots, usually $53, $29.50 here; 8-in. fish molds, usually $12, $7.50 here; 2-qt. kettles with delft-style handle trim, usually $31, $18.95 here; 12-in. colanders, usually $45, $27.50 here. There are also reproductions of antiques: milk pails with delft-style handle trim, usually $69, $37.50 here; large, 22-in. coal scuttles, usually $80, $47.50 here; log carriers, usually $54, $31 here; and many other items. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *The Home Base, Inc., 2335 Broadway, between 84th and 85th sts. (724-5959); Mon–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

One-day sale—One- and few-of-a-kind furniture pieces and groupings are priced to clear in a one-day sale. Some examples: tuxedo contemporary sofa and love seat, covered in plush camel velvet, were $1,350 for both, now $645; Thomasville Chardin nine-piece country-French dining-room set, was $3,490, now $1,625; three-bay burl-finish wall unit, was $890, now $455; and three modular pit groupings are 50 percent off list prices. There are many occasional pieces such as chairs and sofas, and complete bedroom sets, dining-room sets, etc., to choose from, all discounted up to 75 percent. Delivery arranged (additional). Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Foremost-Arthur Furniture Showrooms, Inc., 8 West 30th St. (889-6347); Sun., 3/12, only, 9 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Toys—The famous and beautifully made Sasha dolls are on sale here during March. All the larger models, boy and girl dolls, black or white, are 15 percent off, were $22.95, now $19.50; the baby dolls, were $17.95, now $15.25. Outfits for the dolls are also 15 percent off. Pelham Puppets, made in England, usually range from $7.95 to $24.95, now $6.75–$21.20, depending on style and size. The store's original and exclusive bright-felt rag dolls, 2 ft. tall and suitable as crib mobiles, are usually $27.50, now $24.75. Also reduced are *Goodnight Moon*, by Margaret Wise Brown (usually $4.95), and a felt man in the moon (usually $4.50), now $8 for both. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *The Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher St. (989-9080); Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; through 3/31.*

Greatcoats—Bowl & Board and Grizzly Furs are selling military-surplus navy-blue winter coats from England. The coats are new, belted in back, and come with Civil Defense buttons. They are 100 percent melton and very heavy and warm. Elsewhere they are up to $75; here they are only $49. They come in British sizes 2–10, which means from chest size 36 and height 5 ft. 2 in. to chest size 48 and height 6 ft. Master Charge, Visa, Manhattan checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Bowl & Board, 53 Christopher St. (242-9512); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–8 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; Grizzly Furs, 7 St. Marks Pl.; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

ART & ANTIQUES

This is a biweekly Section for Galleries, Antique Dealers & Auction Houses limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Introductory Rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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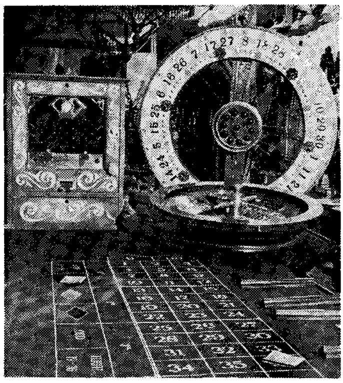

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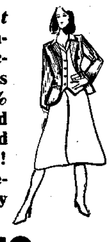

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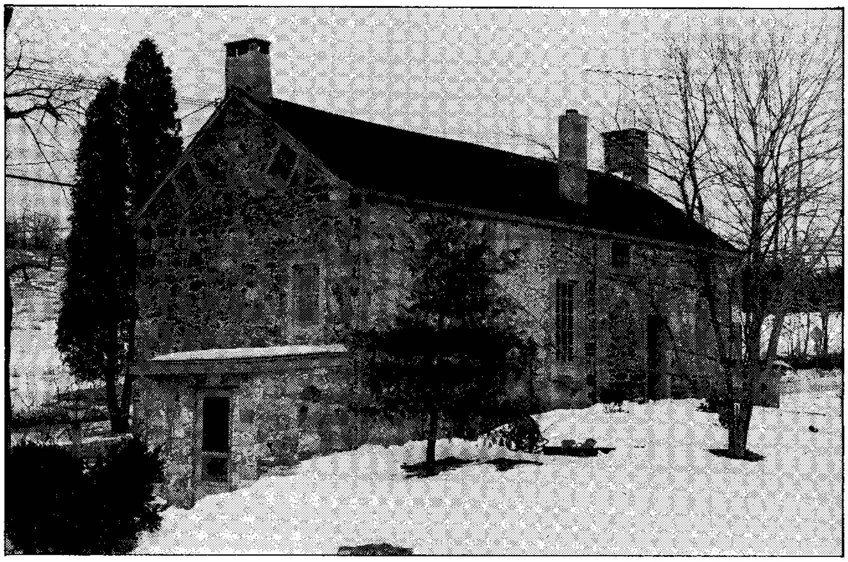

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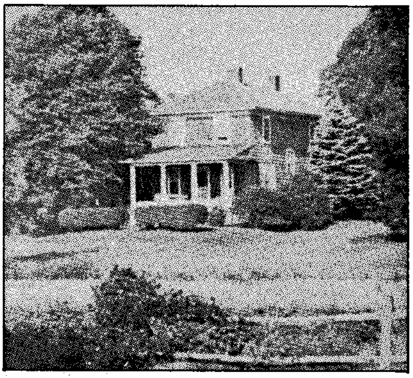

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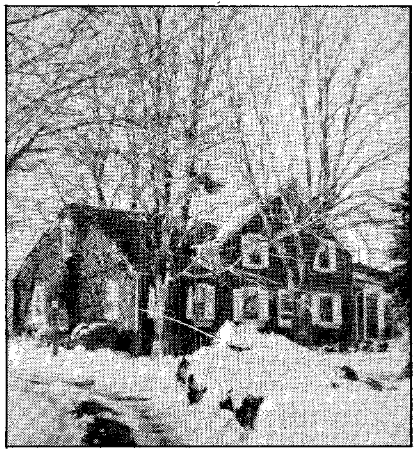

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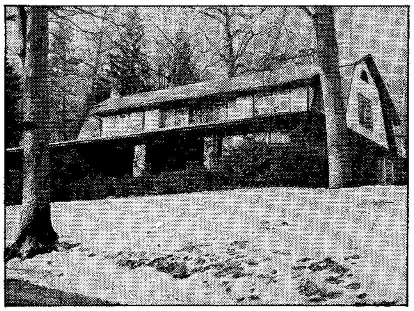

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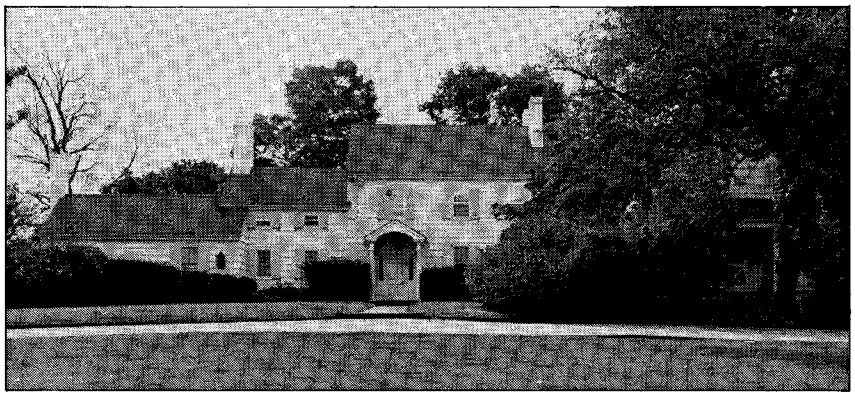

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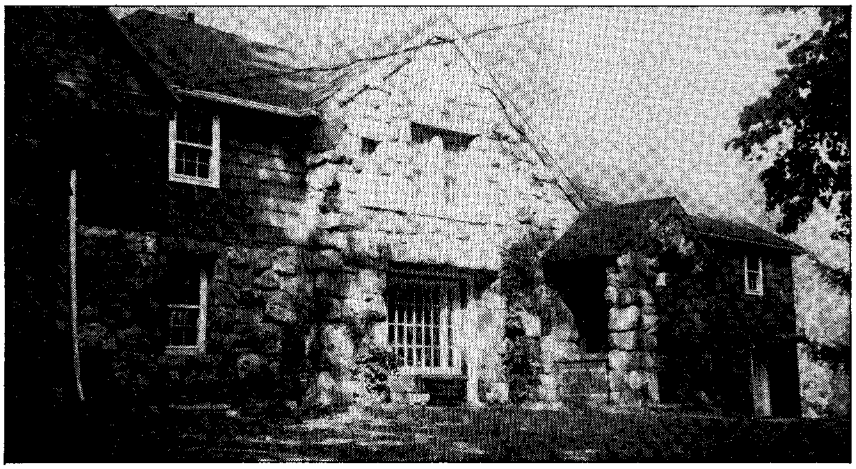

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Movies / Molly Haskell

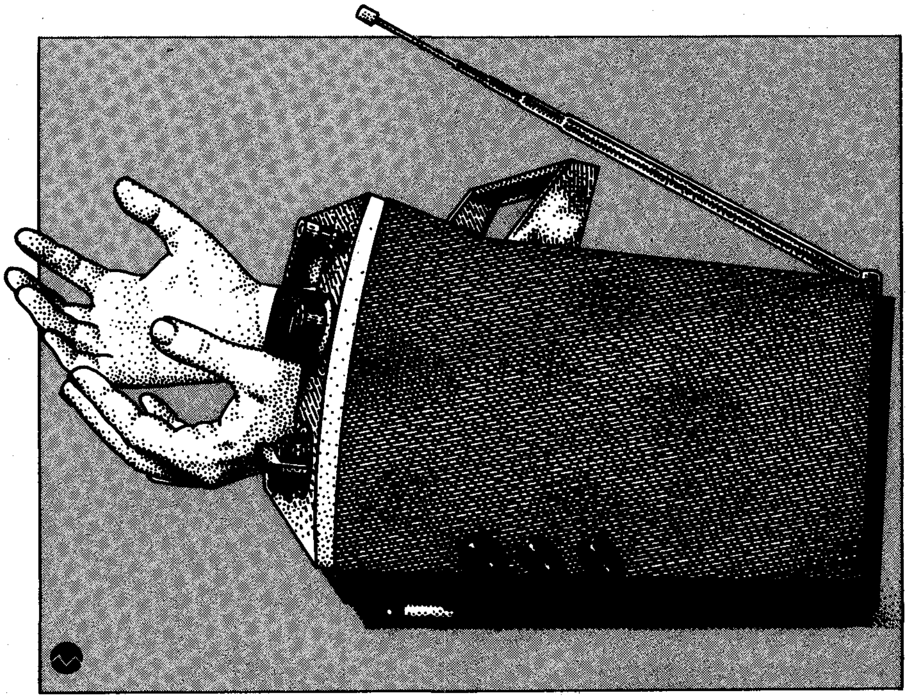
TV: GLITTER AMIDST THE LITTER

"...*The Glittering Prizes*, from the BBC, was surely the brightest show to grace the tube—or any size screen—in many a season..."

I caught up with **The Glittering Prizes** in time to get hooked, only to learn that Channel 13 had bought rights to the BBC series for a one-time-only airing. WNET is now talking of arranging a rerun, a move I urge in the name of all of us who never saw Tom Conti's Adam Morris in his Cambridge salad days, or John Gregg commit his David Frost–like impertinences. Perhaps writer Frederic Raphael can be persuaded to write a few more episodes, because the only failing of the show, surely the brightest to grace the tube—or any size screen for that matter—in many a season, was that there wasn't enough of it. Raphael, novelist and screenwriter (of *Darling*, among others), follows the fortunes of a group of Cambridge graduates of his own generation as they make their way in the worlds of show biz and academe, trying to negotiate their careers through straits that are never quite wide enough for both their ambitions and their exquisite moral sensibilities.

I happened to tune in to episode five, "An Academic Life," in which Joanne, a young black American doctor, is accompanying her professor husband to a position at a midlands university. It is one of those new, anti-elitist institutions that are trying to achieve what the prospectus would call "a fusion of the interests of both students and community." Incivility reigns. The dean graciously consents to being bossed and bullied by the maintenance man. Radical students demonstrate against a proposed media building because the benefactor doesn't employ a sufficient number of blacks. The one black student, dressed in coat and tie, never opens his mouth. The doctor-wife is discriminated against professionally and winds up serving coffee and cookies to the radical students while they force her husband into a political corner: If he signs their petition, he will look like a patsy and a fool; if he doesn't, like a fascist.

The true hero of this episode and the voice of sweet, sarcastic reason is a sociology professor, aptly named Gavin Pope. Played by Dinsdale Landen with the sardonic, seedy, dissolute elegance that makes him every college girl's dream of a professor and every Anglophile's fantasy of an English don, he manages to dissociate himself from the vulgarities of both factions and still remain the center of attention. Meanwhile, he is conducting a sub-rosa courtship of his own, turning up in the last scene at a London art gallery with none other than Joanne.


Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

My one objection to the next, and final, episode is that it fails to include at least a postscript on this unorthodox affair, which ended with Gavin informing Joanne that chastity was his way of honoring the letter, if not the spirit, of his marriage contract.

The protagonist of the last episode, entitled "A Double Life," is the hilariously and relentlessly witty Adam Morris, a man who can't stop himself from turning a phrase, even as he lets you know—or, rather, the splendid Tom Conti, who is one with the role, lets you know—he wouldn't stop himself if he could. Like Raphael himself, Adam is a writer of novels (yea!) and screenplays (boo!), hence the title which is also that of his just-published book. His humor turns on the moral axis of the series, the theme of the corruption of talent and the compromise of ideals, which he perceives in terms of the moral superiority of "serious" (i.e., novel) writing over movie work.

It's been my observation that those writers in whose work the distinction between "integrity" writing and the sellout variety is least apparent are the ones who make the biggest fuss over the division, insisting on preserving the barriers to prevent contamination. In truth, Raphael's novels are emanations of the same glittering satirical wit. If they are more precious (and, therefore, more esoteric) in their verbal acrobatics, they are infinitely less charming than the same material distilled into dramatic form and fleshed out by the likes of Julie Christie and Dirk Bogarde (in *Darling*) or of Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney (in *Two for the Road*). Whereas one usually goes to a novel to share in the sensibility of the writer, with Raphael one turns to the movies to escape the relentless self-display of that sensibility, and the impression of a cynically omniscient narrator predisposed to greet every new day as yet another cliché.

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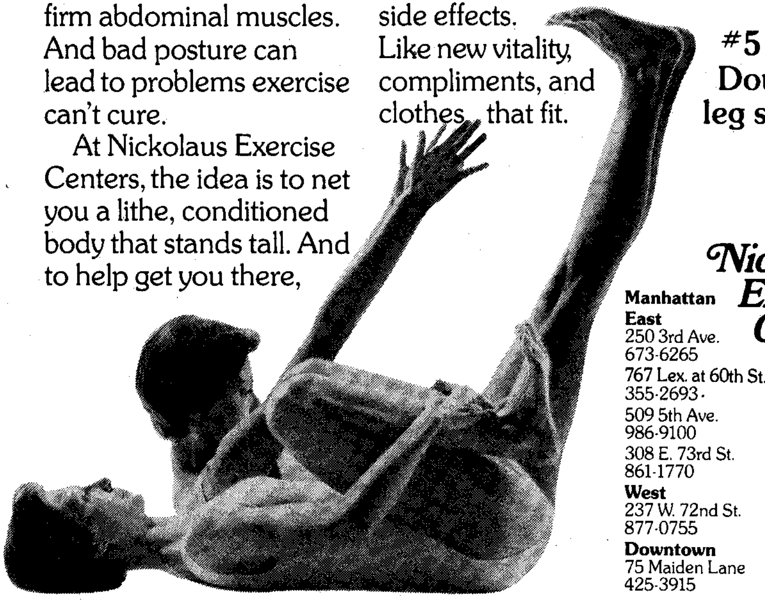

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Raphael has found the perfect vehicle for his unerring ear and gift for satirical situation. We feel we are watching a dramatic series in which everyone involved, from producer Mark Shivas to directors Waris Hussein and Robert Knights and the cast, has a particular affinity for the material, and in which the characters—to our occasional discomfort—have exact counterparts on this side of the Atlantic.

There is, for example, among the dozen hilarious encounters in the final episode, the one in which Adam asks Carol, his old friend who just happens to host a BBC show on which she might plug his book, for a drink. Guilt-ridden over his ulterior design, he is hemming and hawing when he is suddenly plunged knee-deep into the cesspool that Carol's life has become during the decade in which he hasn't bothered to keep up with her. Played by Prunella Gee as a tired-eyed, unmade-up woman in baggy sweater, she begins guzzling double whiskeys, announces with grim gaiety that she is an alcoholic, asks for a loan, and then rises in front of the bar's posh patrons and undresses down to her bra to prove her breasts have disappeared. And yet, all the while, and even as she tells him (final revenge on his luckless career as an opportunist) that she has been sacked from her job, she is extraordinarily beautiful.

Adam, as the character with not only all the wittiest lines but the finest feelings too, does have rather the best of it, as did Gavin in the previous episode. Simon Gray's Oxbridge intellectuals at least pay for their superabundant wit by having empty tanks where their feelings should be. I'm not sure but what the Butleys and the Simons are as much a literary cliché as the more romantic Adams and Gavins are a movie one, but it's ironic that Raphael, scourge of the silver screen, should provide us with the kinds of fantasy figures of which movie myths are made. Not that I'm complaining, mind you.

If the literal swordplay in **Crossed Swords** were half as sparkling as the verbal swordplay in *The Glittering Prizes*, then we might have ourselves a tolerable spectacle as the valedictory attraction at Radio City Music Hall. What little levity manages to survive in this plodding adaptation of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is provided (with a little help from George C. Scott as the king of the outlaws) by the English veterans: Rex Harrison as the Duke of Norfolk; Oliver Reed as Miles Hendon, the dispossessed lord who rides with the dispossessed prince (Mark Lester); Harry Andrews as another lord; and David Hemmings as Hugh Hendon, Reed's wicked brother. But our own Richard Fleischer, director most recently of *Mandingo,* paints a heavy canvas. No blow is given with dispatch if it can be prolonged, amplified, its victim pummeled, its administerer framed in porous, sweaty close-up.

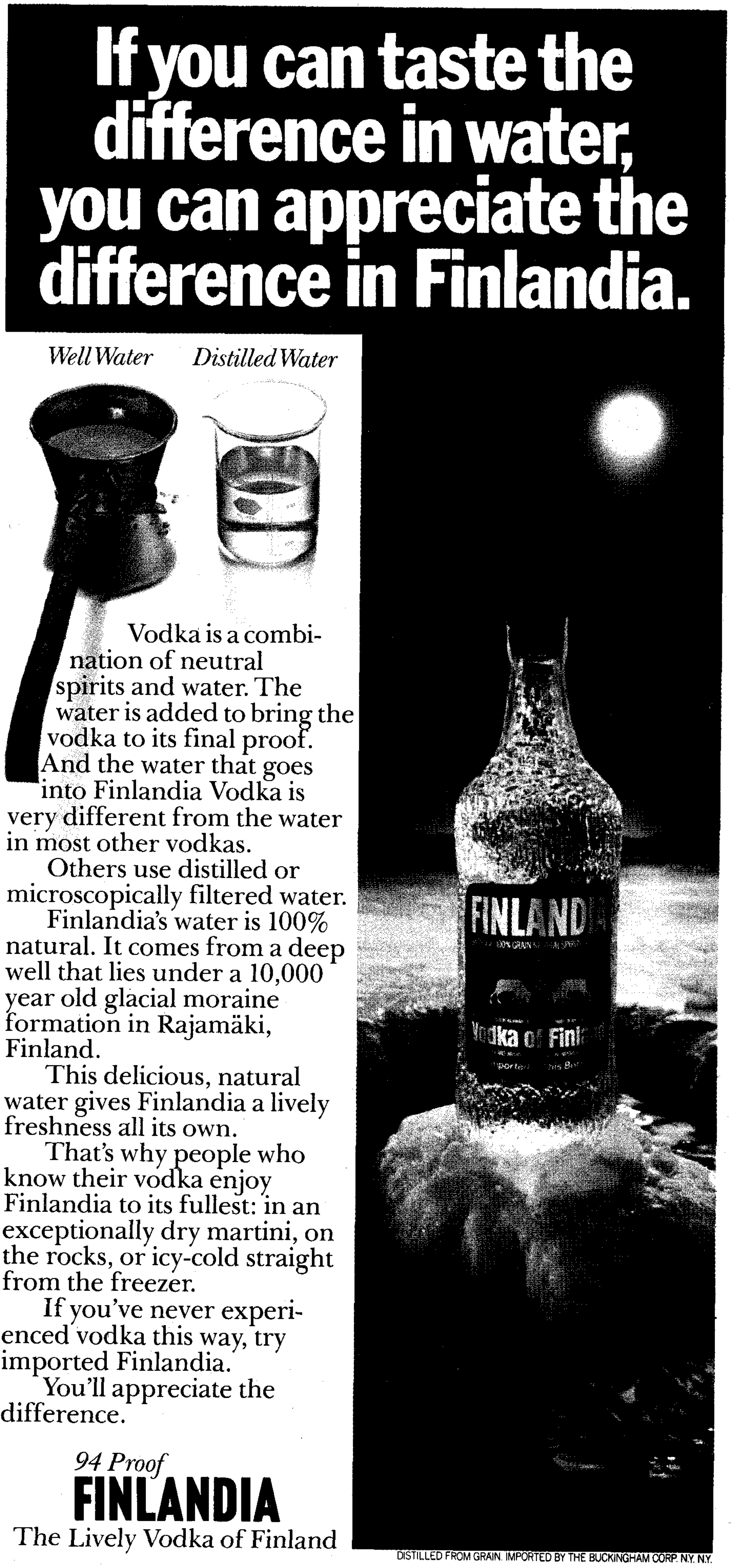
Not that Fleischer, a veteran himself, doesn't have an eye and a sense of composition, but that is not enough to enlist me in the Fleischer cult that currently flourishes in Britain, and these sometime virtues are what drag down a project that cries out for the inventiveness of a Lester.

There is one sidesplitting scene, having to do with Raquel Welch's long-anticipated entrance an hour and a half into the film, that might warrant a peek when the movie turns up on Home Box Office. Oliver Reed comes home to claim his bride (Raquel), who, unbeknownst to us, has been sworn to silence by her new master. Standing at the bottom of the stairs, Reed pleads with her while we gaze upward at Her Magnificence, her heaving breast the only sign of her anguish and, for long moments, the only movement in the film. Though she is obliged to do minimal vocal duties later on, it seems that here at last, in waist-cinching bodice and flared nostrils of a period hussy, they have found the perfect role for Raquel Welch. I just hope she's not getting paid by the word.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands is like one of those stories that somebody tells, and when nobody laughs the storyteller shrugs and says, "Well, you had to be there."

You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the nonstop merriment of this witless sex farce, a south-of-the-border version of *Blithe Spirit,* in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. She marries a proper pharmacist and after she has had time to grow restless, husband number one returns as a ghost, allowing Dona Flor to have it both ways. Life that is, or, rather, sex and security on either flank.

As the wife, Sonia Braga is marginally more attractive than Jose Wilker's wastrel, but for me the film's most sensual image is that of a crab casserole which Dona Flor, a cooking instructor, is preparing in succulent detail for her idiot husband. ▬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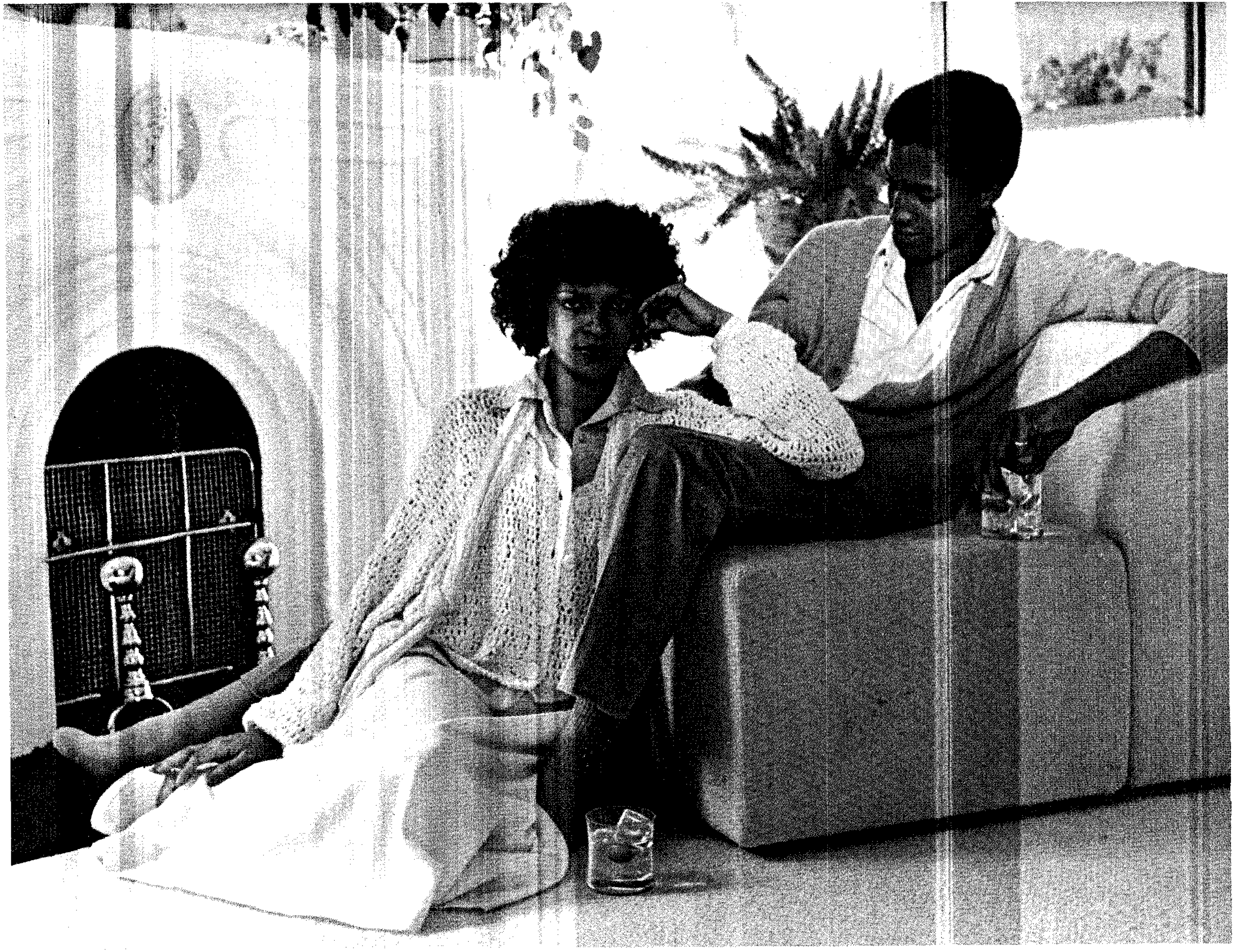

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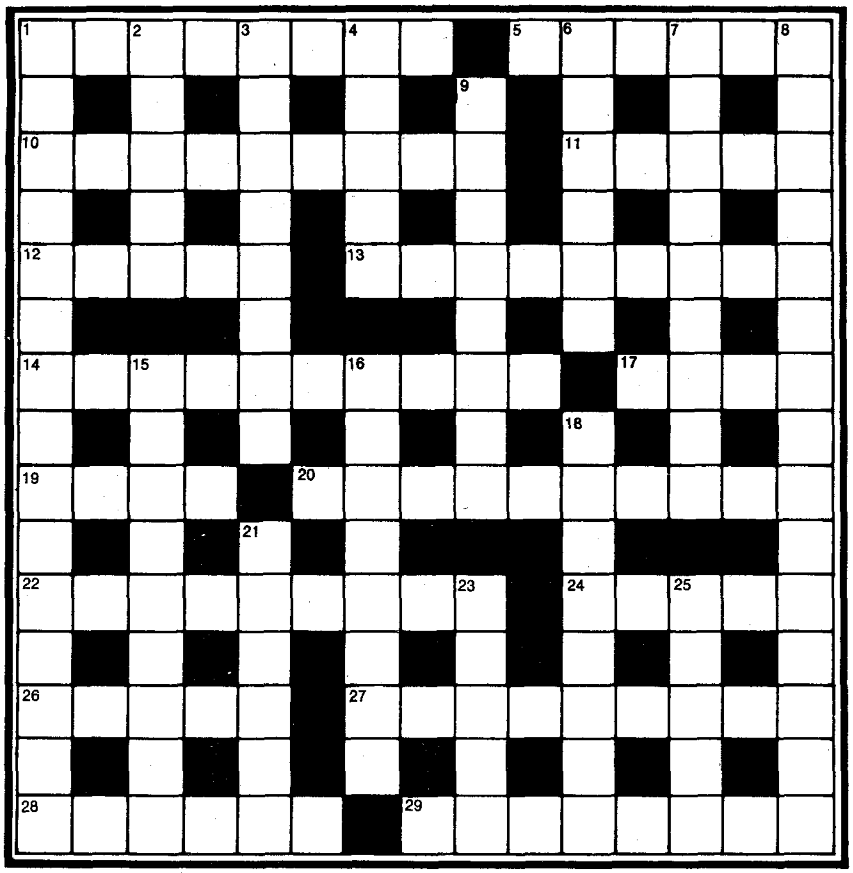

Solution to last issue's puzzle:

R	O	O	K	I	E	S	■	A	M	U	L	E	T	S
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D	E	L	A	Y	E	D	■	D	E	S	I	S	T	S

Clues

ACROSS

1 See a form strange and terrifying. (8)

5 Creature which is the opposite of a layer. (6)

10 Practice in which one again listens to nearly everything. (9)

11 A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing, according to Darlington. (5)

12 The street radio is back for sporting events. (5)

13 Noble fluff in the prelude to firing. (9)

14 The magic fifty-one possibly made of big stones. (10)

17 Go by and not make a call. (4)

19 Rush when the animal is backing. (4)

20 This is unoriginal but possibly Pam is a girl. (10)

22 Unsatisfactory conclusion for weary spouse. (9)

24 A writer or two. (5)

26 Effect of cold weather which is partly responsible for panic in gliders. (5)

27 Feature of end of verse in a dirge. (9)

28 "We were ——— upon the self-same hill" (Milton). (6)

29 One who values rough seas before returning part of Scotland. (8)

DOWN

1 Unconsidered opinion of fresh publication? (5, 10)

2 Woman comes in as a prize of victory. (5)

3 Poles appear over city in small numbers. (8)

4 "That suck'd the honey of his ——— vows" *(Hamlet)*. (5)

6 Degree of precision used in Germanic etymological studies. (6)

7 Musician who gets a fellow to disappear without a plea for silence. (9)

8 Elusive creature which may appear cross, then solemn. (4, 4, 7)

9 So glamorous she makes everyone phone about half of us. (8)

15 Ride range dressed as a soldier. (9)

16 All right for working although sick if there were no place to eat. (8)

18 Prevent having children to throw off a financial burden. (8)

21 Dog which is born before bird. (6)

23 Birds who go in to feather nests. (5)

25 Declares to be not quite opposed. (5)

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 312

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

DEAR FÜHRER—advice to lovelorn Aryans.

LI'L DUCE—cartoon strip about a rustic fascist who made the hogs run on time.

Above, fifth columnists from the "Daily Dictator," or der Führer and Il Duce meet Add-a-Letter. Competitors are invited to provide brief descriptions for two related names, each name altered by a one-letter addition.

Results of Competition 309, in which you were asked to redefine familiar terms of law, business, science, or the arts.

Report: A large entry, ipso fatso much duplication. Multiple definitions for any Latin or foreign word (not terms, per se), often just any old word. Not what was wanted. Also not wanted: elderly definitions, as in PSYCHO CERAMIC—a crack pot. An oldie, but an oldie. The repeats: AD HOC—Madison Avenue pawnshop. CLAUSETROPHOBIA—fear of insurance policies. KLAUSTROPHOBIA—fear of being enclosed in a chimney. NUN SEQUITUR—a novice. SOOEY GENERIS—a unique hog caller. SUEY GENEROUS—expansive Chinese restaurateur. CAVETT EMPTOR—let the talk-show host beware. CAVEAT EMPTYSTORE—let the gypsy fortune-teller beware. CRAVAT EMPTOR—let the tie buyer beware. And CAVIAR EMPTOR—let the buyer beluga. See that you do.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

PRO TEMPORE—George Plimpton.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

PALADINDROME—have gun, nug evah.
J. Evans, Cincinnati, Ohio

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

TURAILUROPHOBIA—fear of Irish cats.
Margie Rothenberg, Merrick, N.Y.

HIPPOTHALAMUS—the part of the human brain in which resides the vestigial ability to wiggle one's ears and rest submerged on the river bottom.
Cynthia Hull, Los Angeles, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

STATUE OF LIMITATIONS—*Venus de Milo.*
Susan Sande, Cleveland, Ohio

STASHU OF LIMITATIONS—mediocre Polish attorney.
Bill Wunder, Port Washington, N.Y.

INTRAVENUS INJECTION—hypodermic for those who cannot take a shot in the arm.
Michael Schreiber, Brooklyn

DE MINIMIS POPULIS NON CURAT LEX—the law does not care for, or take notice of, short people.
Douglas L. Day, Washington, D.C.

L'OCEANOGRAPHY—product research for the sponsor of *The Undersea World of Jean Naté.*
Karen Bracey, Fairfax, Va.

FACTOTUM—newspaper carrier.
Marjorie Stewart, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

NON SECUADOR—*lit.* Don't follow me to South America.
Thomas Z. Shepard, NYC

DEMENTIA PEACOCKS—addiction to double-knit leisure suits.
Anne Milton, San Francisco, Calif.

COUP DE GRAS—the final or finishing stroke administered by hitting one's adversary with pâté.
Coke Sams, Nashville, Tenn.

PSEUDO-MASOCHIST—typically, one who expresses a preference for Naugahyde clothing.
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

ABJECT EXPRESSIONISM—painting style primarily intended as an appeal for money.
Peter Menderson, San Francisco, Calif.

FETTUCCINE AL FRESCO—method of painting on walls by applying noodles directly to wet plaster.
Lion Nathanson, Newton Highlands, Mass.

OZONE—resting place for mail without zip codes.
Thurston Winchester, Bismarck, N.D.

BAMBIDEXTROUS—a doe which can cross its front left leg over the right while simultaneously crossing its hind right leg over the left and vice versa (see also DEER CROSSING).
Sal Rosa, NYC

COMATOSE ERGO SUM—medical term meaning "I sink, therefore I swam."
L. Weinstein, New Haven, Conn.
similarly: Grace Katz, Rutland, Vt.

ROBINSON-BATMAN ACT—law permitting masked Justice Department lawyers to infiltrate and destroy antitrust violators.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

SARANDIPITY—the ability to find unexpected favorable results in a clear plastic wrap.
L. M. Terman, South Salem, N.Y.

PATERFAMILIAS—gesture used by football players after a touchdown.
Stephen Gregory Feeser, NYC

CHANSON DE POLAND—a song of fivepence.
Norton Bramesco, NYC

NOUVEAU ROMAINE—fresh, but obscure, lettuce.
J. Z. Melson, Brooklyn

FOXYMORON—a figure of speech caused by a slip of the pen, e.g., "cunning as an ox."
Chris Doyle, Reston, Va.

AMOURTIZATION—the act or process of liquidating a divorce settlement by installment payments.
Michael J. Shuptar, Lancaster, Pa.

PULLETZER PRIZE—annual award in medicine given to the best chicken.
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

CURRICULUM VITA—a school of herring.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

Q.E.D.—a cruise ship of obvious distinction.
Arthur S. Ash, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

BOPPLER EFFECT—sonic principle that makes moving objects sound like Charlie Parker.
Alice Wofford, Port Washington, N.Y.

DADA PROCESSING—method by which Con Ed bills are computed.
Rose Corbett, Long Island City, N.Y.

AMPERESAND—pioneer in electrodynamics and father of George.
H. Wise, NYC

LIDDYGATE—to debate in court the innocence or guilt of the White House conspirators.
J. S. Weissman, NYC

NON COMPOS MANTIS—a praying insect, the female of which eats its mate and has a low I.Q.
David Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.
similarly: Mary Diamond, Glen Gardner, N.J.; Hilde Frisch, Staten Island
sp. mention: David Yarnell, Los Angeles, Calif.; Chuck Hansen, Matawan, N.J.

SUMMERY PROCEEDINGS—a court hearing held out of doors (June through August).
Joel F. Crystal, Esq., Scarsdale, N.Y.

POTTY OF THE FIRST PART—training commode used in Garden of Eden.
Suesan Catlett, NYC

MODUS VIVALDI—the musical way of life.
Sheila B. Blume, M.D., Sayville, N.Y.

MANEIGEMENT—*lit.* "My snow lies." *Colloq.*: Indian winter.
Robert M. Hunt, Cambridge, Mass.

TANG—Chinese dynastic period noted for the invention of powdered kumquat juice.
Anne Jones, Bronx

PTOOEYTARY GLAND—organ that secretes saliva.
Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

TRISKADOCAPHOBIA—fear of the thirteenth physician.
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

TRICKYDICKYPHOBIA—abnormal fear of a former president overcoming his thirteenth crisis.
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

PIMIENTIMENTO—condiment served with Hellman's mayonnaise and olives.
Grace Bottino, Bronx

AGRIPHOBIA—fear of missing one's tractor payments.
Joe Bennett, Suffield, Conn.
similarly: Jeff Monasch, Brooklyn; Bob Marino, Chicago, Ill.

ACCRAPHOBIA—fear of Ghana.
David C. Pollack, Los Angeles, Calif.

PERSONNA NON GRATIS—they don't give those blades away for nothing.
Stephen Klein, Cumberland Foreside, Me.
sp. mention: Ken Kriekenbeck, Seattle, Wash.

DEUS EX MACRAMÉ—a plot device for tying up loose ends.
K. B. Robinson, NYC

IN FRAGRANTE DELICTO—discovered in a compromising situation with a bottle of perfume (see also MY SIN).
Mary Lutton, NYC
sp. mention: Sandra Grossman, Chicago, Ill.

SELLING SHORT—plugging Randy Newman albums.
Bob Flisser, Scarsdale, N.Y.

VERTIGOGO—debilitating fear of dressing up like Kim Novak and going to a disco.
Amy Levine, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PEPSIMIST—one who sees a cola bottle as being half empty rather than half full.
Russ Rubin, Minnetonka, Minn.

TWERPSICHORE—the muse of somnambulism.
Debbie Walker, Cambridge, Mass.

ASTRONAUGHT — spaceperson with minimum I. Q.
Harold D. Silvey, Brooklyn

LEMAY'S METHOD—take a deep breath and lob one into the Kremlin.
Paul I. Kimmel, East Brunswick, N.J.

ELIMINADE—citrus-flavored laxative.
Sean McDonald, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MAILUM PROHIBITUM—seldom enforced law forbidding Jay Silverheels to post letters.
Mrs. Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

ASPENDECTOMY—surgical removal of ski pole.
Edward Linder, Decatur, Ga.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—taking a beating in the stock market.
Sara I. Friedman, Brooklyn

BLINDING ARBITRATION — a swift, albeit hazardous, alternative to litigation.
William Frievogel, Hinsdale, Ill.

ARS GRATIA ARTIST—Actors Equity motto.
Ben Patterson, San Diego, Calif.

STATUS CROW—blackbird carrying a very small Gucci handbag.
Robyn Frisch, Staten Island

FIAT ACCOMPLI—fully equipped foreign car.
George Robinson, Scarsdale, N.Y.

POLONIUS ASSAULT—the stabbing of an individual through the arras.
Michael Sage, NYC

ECONOCLAST—business traveler who refuses to fly in the front of any plane leaving Idolwild.
Trudi Pollack, Encino, Calif.

YESSURREALISTIC—able to follow orders.
Matthew Bram, NYC

GARBOHYDRATE—to be left alone to devour sweets.
Jack Schindler, Brooklyn Heights

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 312, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by March 17. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of April 10. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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Page of Lists / Terry Clifford

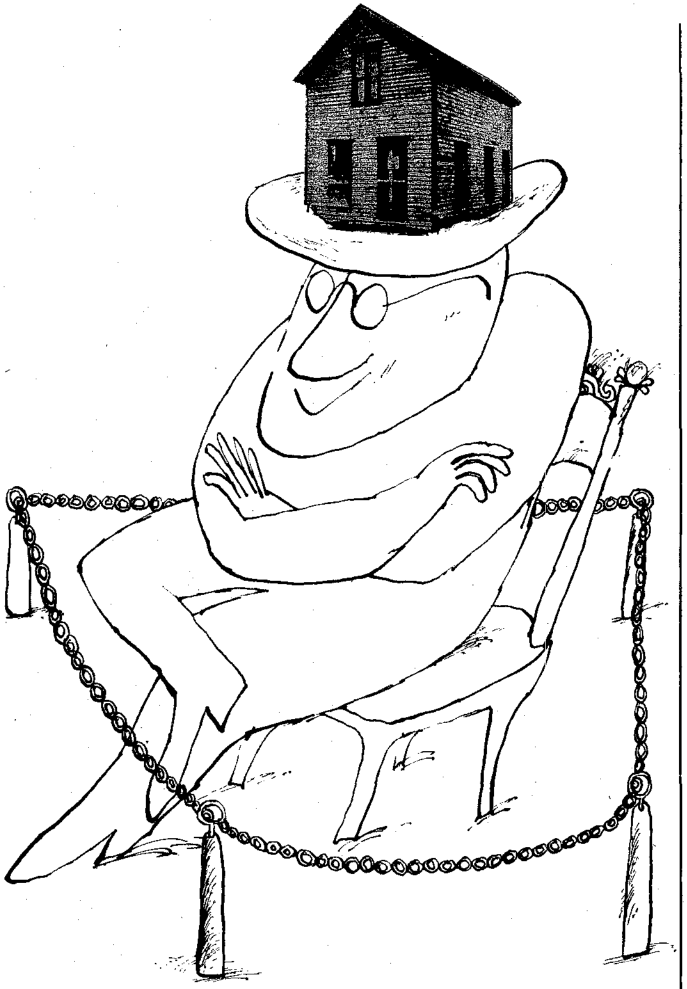
REAL-ESTATE ESOTERICA

...Being a random guide to New York's smallest, shortest, narrowest, and naughtiest curiosities of land and property...

The Indians sold all of Manhattan island for $24, as everyone knows, but did you know that Fifth Avenue alone is now worth more than *twice* that? Strange but true. And that's not all . . .

1. The smallest piece of real estate in New York is in front of the Village Smoke Shop at Seventh Avenue and Sheridan Square. It consists of a small mosaic triangle (24 by 24 by 26 inches) bearing this message: "Property of the Hess Estate, which has never been dedicated for public purposes." Thousands of people trespass on it every day.

2. There are two lighthouses in Manhattan, neither of them functioning. "The Little Red Lighthouse" stands in the Hudson River near the George Washington Bridge. It was built in 1921 at the point where, in 1775, sunken ships and chained logs were anchored in an attempt to block British ships. The other lighthouse, on the northern tip of Roosevelt Island, was begun, according to legend, by an inmate of a lunatic asylum there in the 1860s. The inmate feared an invasion by the British, so the warden of the asylum allowed him to build a fortress wall. When the city wanted to construct a lighthouse on the same spot, in 1872, the inmate surrendered his structure and helped build the new one, carving the following inscription: "This is the work [*sic*] was done by John McCarthy who built the Light House from the bottom to the top. All ye who do pass by may pray for his soul when he dies."



3. The narrowest house in New York is at 75½ Bedford Street, on a site that was once a carriageway. It is 9 feet 6 inches wide, 30 feet long, three stories high, and quite livable. Edna St. Vincent Millay once resided there.

4. The shortest street in Manhattan is Edgar Street. It runs from Trinity Place near Exchange Alley west to Greenwich Street. No buildings front on it.

5. A devilish joke was played on fashionable St. Thomas Church at Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street by a stonemason who was supposed to chisel two lover's knots in the niche over the Bridal Door. In place of one of them, he carved a dollar sign. His little jab at the wealthy went undiscovered for three years and was left intact by the church.

6. The only clock inside a sidewalk in America (there is another in London) is in front of Barthman jewelers on Broadway at Maiden Lane. The jewelers installed it as a promotional gimmick in 1899, and it is still running, although now it is electrified. Fourteen inches in diameter, it is covered by one-inch-thick plate glass rimmed in brass. Vandals have hacked away at it, millions have trod over its passing hours, but it just keeps ticking away.

7. The most elegant OTB parlor in town is at 18 Bowery, at Pell Street, in the oldest townhouse in Manhattan. The building, in the early Federal style, was erected in 1789. It has recently been restored by the Landmarks Preservation Commission and the present owner, Norman Lau Kee. No doubt its original owner, Edward Mooney, would be happy with what goes on in his home today. He was a horse trader.

8. The oldest dated cornerstone still part of a Manhattan building is in St. Paul's Chapel, bounded by Broadway, Church, Fulton, and Vesey streets. The stone, dated 1766, marks the chapel as the only extant pre-Revolutionary building in New York.

9. The greatest unfinished building in New York is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the largest cathedral in the world. Its foundation stone was laid in 1892. A temporary dome has remained for 50 years, the crossing has never been finished, the north transept is only half done, the south transept has yet to be begun, and the twin towers on the west front rise to only 150 of their planned 280 feet. No construction has been done since 1941, but as the subdean, Canon Edward N. West, reminds us, "Any great cathedral takes at least 500 years to finish." ▬

Illustrated by Jo Teodorescu

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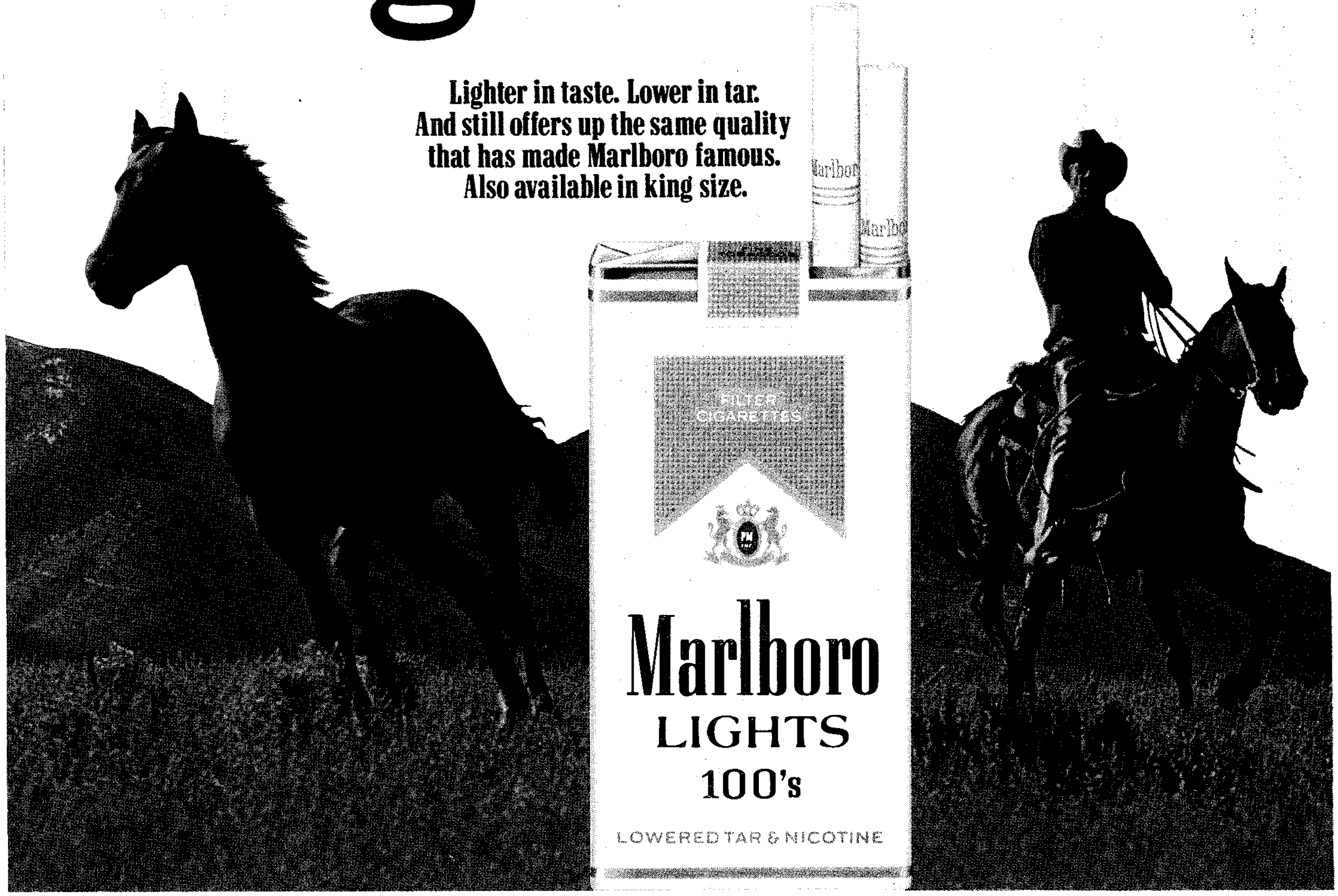
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